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Silas J. Rand

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John C. Smith

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LEGENDS
OF
THE MICMACS.

BY THE
REV. SILAS TERTIUS RAND,

D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

Wellesley Philological Publications.

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PREFACE.

THE following MICMAC LEGENDS were collected by the Rev. SILAS T. RAND, who was for forty years a missionary among the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia. The stories were related to him in Micmac, by the native Indians, and then translated and written down by him in English; the translations only have been preserved, in no case the narration in the original language. Of his mode of procedure in taking down these legends, Dr. Rand says: "The greater portion of these legendary remains were written out at first, not in Indian, but in English. I never found an Indian, either man or woman, who would undertake to tell one of these stories in English. I heard them related, in all cases, in Micmac. I usually had pen, ink, and paper at hand; if I came to a word I did not understand, I would stop the speaker, jot down the word with its meaning, make a few other brief notes, and then write out the story in English from memory, aided by the brief notes I had made. But this was not all; I always read over the story in English to the one who related it, and made all necessary corrections."

Concerning the origin of these Indian stories, and their relationship to European tales and myths, Dr. Rand says: "I have never found more than five or six Indians who could relate these queer stories; and most, if not all, of these are now gone. Who their original author was, or how old they are, we have no means of knowing. Some of them are evidently of modern date, because they refer to events that have taken place since the advent of the whites. Some of them are so similar to some of our old European 'fairy-tales' and 'wizard stories,' as told in our English story-books, as to lead to the impression that they are really one and the same." Mr. Charles G. Leland, in his "Algonquin Legends of New England,"¹ calls attention to some curious coincidences between the Norse myths and those of the Wabanaki or Northeastern Algonquins, to which branch the Micmacs belong; he inclines to the opinion that these resemblances are to be explained by the theory of direct transmission.

Soon after the death of Dr. Rand, in 1889, the Legends, together with other valuable Micmac and Maliseet manuscripts, were purchased by Professor E. N. Horsford for the library of American Linguistics, Wellesley College, and placed in charge of the Department of Comparative Philology for publication.

The value of this material, collected by the untiring industry of the Rev. Dr. Rand, was readily recognized by Professor Horsford; he did not fail to see in it a contribution of rare worth, alike to the philologist, the anthropologist, and the ethnologist; he believed that traces of the Northmen might be found in these

¹ Preface, p. 3.

Indian tales, and that the language of the Micmacs might, upon closer study, reveal the impress of the early Norse invaders. He therefore desired that these works should be published, and thus placed within the reach of investigators.

The ability and zeal of Dr. Rand have saved from oblivion the rich material of a whole language and literature; the generosity and scholarly enthusiasm of Professor Horsford have furnished the means whereby the publication of this material is made possible; the service which these two scholars have rendered to a trio of sister sciences will prove more and more a stimulus to research, the more the attention of scholars turns to the study of the aboriginal inhabitants of our country.

The original manuscript of *Legends* in Dr. Rand's collection is a volume of nine hundred quarto pages. A few of these legends have already been published.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, while preparing his volume entitled "*The Algonquin Legends of New England*," made use of the manuscript of Dr. Rand for some of his stories of Glooscap, of the adventures of Master Rabbit, and of the Partridge; also for the Chenoo legends, and some tales of magic.

The "*Dominion Monthly*" for 1871 contains nine legends by the Rev. Silas T. Rand.

The "*North American Review*" for 1871, in an article by William Elder, entitled "*The Aborigines of Nova Scotia*," contains several stories about the Kwedech Wars, Glooscap, Kâktoowâsees (Little Thunder), and Keekwâjoo (the Badger).

The "*American Antiquarian*," edited by Stephen D. Peet, Chicago, Illinois, contains the following legends :

Vol. XII. pp. 156-159, May, 1890. The Beautiful Bride.

Vol. XII. pp. 283-286, Sept. 1890. Glooscap, Chukw, Coolpujot.

Vol. XIII. pp. 41-42, Jan. 1891. A Giant Story.

Vol. XIII. pp. 163-170, March, 1891. The Story of the Moosewood Man.

While some portions of the Legends have thus already in substance been presented to the public, yet the entire collection, in the form in which Dr. Rand wrote it, now for the first time appears in print.

In preparing this work for publication, I have endeavored to preserve, as nearly as possible, the wording of the original; some changes have, however, been deemed necessary for the sake of greater clearness, or to remove such slight grammatical inaccuracies as have, evidently through inadvertence, slipped into the text. In the spelling of some of the Indian proper names there is considerable variation in the manuscript, due perhaps partly to oversight, partly to the fact that Dr. Rand, in spelling these words phonetically, availed himself of an admissible variation of characters to represent the same sound, and partly to a real difference in the sound of the words as spoken by different narrators. The English-Micmac Dictionary of Dr. Rand,¹ which I have followed in some cases where the manuscript showed various spellings, has been of great service to me.

Since the death of Professor Horsford on New Year's day of the present year I have felt deeply the loss of his friendly counsel and genial interest in the editing of this work; yet this loss has been lessened,

¹ Halifax, N. S., 1888.

in so far as might be, by the cordiality with which his family, especially Misses Lilian and Cornelia Horsford, have coöperated with me in the execution of his plans. My thanks are due to Mr. W. F. Ganong, of Harvard University, for valuable suggestions; and especially to Mrs. A. F. Harris, of Chauncy Hall School, Boston, for reading with me the proof-sheets.

A deep interest in the work, as a tribute of respect to his venerated and distinguished kinsman, has been shown throughout by Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard University.

HELEN L. WEBSTER.

DEPARTMENT OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY,
WELLESLEY COLLEGE,

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

I KNOW of no more satisfactory way of presenting to my readers a brief account of the life, viewed especially from the side of its philological achievement, of the Rev. SILAS T. RAND, than to repeat here the vivid sketch which the reverend gentleman himself gave in response to one who asked him to tell the story of his life.

"I was born," said Dr. Rand, "at Brooklyn Street, Cornwallis, six miles from Kentville, Nova Scotia. My grandfather came to this province after the expulsion of the French-Acadians. He was one of the English pioneers. I do not know how much land he obtained, but my own father and his youngest brother were allotted one square mile of woodland, — now some of the finest land in the Cornwallis valley. I was the eighth in a family of twenty-two children, and was born on the 18th of May, 1810. My father was married three times. By his first wife, Amy Tupper, he had three children. His second wife was Deborah Tupper, a sister of the late Rev. Dr. Tupper (father of Sir Charles, who is consequently my cousin); and by her he had five children, of whom I am the youngest. My father married, thirdly, a Miss Schofield, who bore him fourteen children. The mother of this Miss Schofield lived to be one hundred and six years old, and when she was one hundred, her memory was as clear as a bell. My father died at the age of seventy-four; and of the family of twenty-two, only five now survive. Whatever talent I

have been blessed with, I have inherited from my mother. My mother never went to school two weeks in her life; but she was a beautiful reader, and was a poetess of no mean ability.

I was educated in the greatest university of all time, ancient or modern, — a building as large as all out doors, and that had the broad canopy of heaven for a roof. My father taught me to read — and he taught me more thoroughly to work on the farm — when I was a small boy. My father and grandfather before me had been bricklayers; and when I was eighteen years of age, I commenced a seven years' apprenticeship to that honorable and muscle-developing profession. When I was a small boy, I went to school, such as schools were then, for a few weeks to Sarah Beckwith, Sarah Pierce, and Wealthy Tupper, respectively. None of them amounted to much as teachers, and Wealthy Tupper could not write her own name; but there was one thing she could do, — she could and did teach and show us the way to Heaven. During the evenings of three winters I went to school taught by a man, and 'graduated' when eleven years of age. Seven years later, I determined to study and master the science of arithmetic. This I did with the aid of a book.

"I took my first lesson in English grammar when twenty-three years of age from an old stager named Bennett. I paid him three dollars for the lesson, and after learning it, started and taught a couple of classes of my own at two dollars per pupil. Next, I studied Latin grammar four weeks at Horton Academy, when Rev. Dr. Pryor, now living in Halifax (1886), was principal of that institution. Then, in the spring of 1833, I returned to the work of a stonemason and the study of Latin. There was then no "ten-hour system" in existence. It was manual labor from sunrise to sundown. But I took a lesson in Latin before going to work, studied it while at work, took another lesson at dinner, and another at night. I should have told you that my first lesson in Latin was taken the first night of the four weeks I spent in Horton Academy. I heard a fellow-student, the late Rev. Wellington Jackson, repeat over and over again: 'The words *opus* and *usus*, signifying "need," require the ablative, as, *Est opus pecunia*, "There is need of money." That rule, and the truth it contained, was so impressed upon my memory and was such a perfect illustration of my own circumstances, that I never forgot it. In 1834 I was ordained a Baptist minister by Father Manning, and took charge of the

church at Parrsboro, where I preached and continued the study of Latin, as well as of Greek and Hebrew. In 1836 I went back to Horton Academy for a few months ; and from that time the study of languages became a passion."

Upon being asked whether he could speak and write a dozen languages, Dr. Rand replied : —

"I could twenty years ago, but perhaps I should have to refresh my memory somewhat to do it in my seventy-sixth year. Twenty years ago I knew English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Modern Greek, Micmac, Maliseet, and Mohawk ; I am a little rusty now, as I said, but I could then read Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish almost as well as English. And even now I am reading through, for the second time, Buchanan's Latin History of Scotland. Do you ask which is my favorite language? Micmac. Why? Because it is one of the most marvellous of all languages, ancient or modern, — marvellous in its construction, in its regularity, in its fullness, — and it is the language in which I have, perhaps, done the most good. It is a language into which I have translated the Bible, and in which I have been privileged to preach the gospel to thousands of semi-savages.

"After leaving Parrsboro, I was pastor of the Baptist churches at Horton, Liverpool, Windsor, and Charlottetown, respectively, until 1846, when, just forty years ago, I dedicated my life to missionary work among the semi-savage Indians of Nova Scotia. A wonderful foreign mission sentiment had swept over Nova Scotia. The Baptists had sent Mr. and Mrs. Burpee to Burmah ; and John Geddes and Isaac Archibald, two young Nova Scotians in the Presbyterian ministry, had devoted their lives to work among the savages of the South Sea Islands. Prof. Isaac Chipman, who was afterwards drowned with a party of students returning from Blomidon, was then at Acadia College ; he remarked one day that we should look after the heathen at home, and suggested that I should learn the Indian language. I took hold of the idea, and determined thenceforth to devote my life to the work of civilizing, educating, and christianizing the semi-savage Indians of the maritime provinces. I resigned the pastorate of my church, — that comparatively easy way of earning a livelihood, — gave up all the comforts, conveniences, prospects, and social happiness of

a pastor, and devoted a large portion of my life to association with savages, having such comforts as were to be derived from association with them, and spending portions of a lifetime in wigwams and in the woods. Of course, my first task was to master the language, which I can assure you was no easy matter. Fortunately I made the acquaintance of a Frenchman, named Joe Brooks, who had lived among the Indians nearly all his life, and could talk both French and Micmac very fluently; he was also an intelligent man. His father was a French man-of-war sailor, who was captured by the British during the wars between those two empires for supremacy on this continent, and was brought as a prisoner to Halifax. He did not return to France with his confrères, but went up to Digby and settled there. The son lived among the Micmacs, married one of them, and translated his name, Joseph Ruisseaux, into Joseph Brooks. He rendered me great service in mastering the Micmac language, and it was from his lips that I first learned of the wonderful legends that, after confirmation by many old Indians, I subsequently gave to the world.

"At that time (1846) the condition of the Indians was not materially different from what it was two hundred years previously. It was the policy of that day to keep them in ignorance and degradation. They were taught to preserve the traditions of barbarism, and on no account to become like white men. But, thank God, all this has been changed in forty years, in spite of bitter opposition and difficulties that were apparently insurmountable. They are now treated not only as human beings, but as citizens. They have the Gospel and other books in their own language; they live in houses, dress, work, and eat like other people, and have property and schools of their own. Forty years ago the power of caste and prejudice against the Indians was so strong in Nova Scotia that even such a good man as Isaac Chipman did not dare to allow me the use of an unfinished and unoccupied room in Acadia College in which I could obtain lessons from one solitary Indian, for fear of affecting the prosperity of the college in which his heart was so bound up. But to-day not only are the doors of that institution thrown wide open to boys and girls, and Indians and negroes, and all other nationalities, but Indians and negroes will be found sitting side by side with whites in the common schools and academies all over the provinces. Of the present condition of the Indians of this province, eighty per cent of the improvement has taken place within the past twenty-five years.

"The Indians are not dying out, as some believe ; on the contrary, they are increasing. Here are the census statistics of the Indian population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for the past thirty years : —

Year.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.
1851	1,056	1,116
1861	1,407	1,212
1871	1,666	1,403
1881	2,125	1,401
[1892	2,151	1,511]

"This shows that the Indians in Nova Scotia have more than doubled in one generation. There are, besides, 281 on Prince Edward Island, which gives us 3,807 Indians in the maritime provinces at the present time. People are deceived by the fact that, whereas they were formerly accustomed to see large numbers of Indians encamped in one place, they now generally find them scattered and broken up into small settlements.

"As regards my support, that was provided for in the early years of my work among the Indians, by the Micmac Missionary Society, which agreed to pay me two hundred pounds a year. That was a nominal salary ; but it was saddled with one condition, — provided I could get it. Of course that was a very unsatisfactory method. Twenty-two years ago I adopted the Müller system of living by faith. George Müller is one of the most remarkable Christian philanthropists of the age ; he maintains more than five thousand orphan children at Bristol by public charity, and never asks any man for a dollar. Since 1864 I have had no fixed salary, made no public appeals for money, demanded no collections, and never asked any man for a dollar. For twenty-two years I have lived by faith in God, — that my bread would be given me, and that my water would be sure, — and during the whole of that time I have never had a demand which I could not meet. Indeed, I could relate to you many wonderful instances of answers to prayer. The good Lord has always supplied my wants, — not always in the way I looked for it, but in his own way."

From November, 1853, until his death in October, 1889, Dr. Rand resided in Hantsport, Nova Scotia. One who visited

him in his home at that place thus describes the venerable missionary and scholar: —

“One mile back of that pretty little village of Hantsport, stands the home of Dr. Rand. His study is filled, mostly, with old musty books of ancient languages and literature. On his writing-table, and piled on the shelves, are manuscripts of his unpublished Indian works. The sight of this veteran missionary in his study, surrounded by his twelve thousand manuscript pages of Micmac Scriptures, Dictionary, Grammar, and Legends, is a picture worth going to Hantsport to see. He sits at his desk as straight as an arrow; his marvellous memory is still unimpaired; and his remarkable energy and ability to work are apparently as great as ever. For fifty years he has kept a personal journal, and in it are recorded many racy passages on men and events in Nova Scotia during the past half century. But the ordinary man who undertakes to read it is met by one great drawback, — it is written in English, French, Latin, Greek, Micmac, and shorthand, respectively. Dr. Rand devotes about ten hours a day of his time to the preparation of the manuscript of his Micmac-English Dictionary for publication, which has been assumed by the Dominion Government. When he tires of literary work, he seeks recreation with the axe and wood-saw. “I learned to use the axe,” said the almost octogenarian, “at the age when a certain piper’s son is said to have become proficient in the art. I would like to have a race with Mr. Gladstone with the axe; I think I could compete with him as well at chopping as at Latin versifying.”

Dr. Rand inherited his passion for versifying from his mother. He published a volume containing about one hundred “Modern Latin Hymns.” These Latin hymns were constructed, not according to ancient rules of prosody, but according to the modern English methods of rhyme and rhythm. Among the familiar hymns thus turned into Latin are, “Abide with me,” “A mighty fortress is our God,” “From Greenland’s icy mountains, “Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,” “Jesus, refuge of my soul,” “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,” and many others. Frank Leslie’s Sunday Magazine for December, 1885, published the Latin trans-

lation of the hymn "Rock of Ages" of Mr. Gladstone and that of Dr. Rand, side by side. Speaking of the circumstances under which his translation was made, Dr. Rand said: "When I saw Mr. Gladstone's translation, I thought a better one could be made. He had omitted the word 'rock' altogether; and I thought he had poorly translated the line, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.' Several other lines were not literally translated. So I made an attempt myself, and in sending Mr. Gladstone my translation, freely criticised his own. He acknowledged my letter in a proverbial post-card, which I finally deciphered as follows": —

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for the kind terms used in your letter, and I at once admit that your version of the "Rock of Ages" is more exact than mine. Indeed, I can scarcely say that I aimed at a literal translation throughout. The verse you quote is quite accurate, and so, I have little doubt, is the rest that you have seen.

Your faithful serv't,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Aug. 22, '78.

Dr. Rand has been called the Elihu Burritt of Canada; and he well deserved the name. He possessed a marvellous memory and wonderful linguistic power; he was a man of remarkable energy and ability. The work which he accomplished was unique. The value of that which he has done in the Micmac and Maliseet languages will become more and more apparent as the attention of philologists turns more and more to the investigation of the aboriginal languages of America. He has translated into Micmac almost the entire Bible; he has compiled a dictionary in that language of more than forty thousand words, and he has, in addition, furnished to the philologist a large amount of other valuable linguistic material. He was the discoverer of Glooscap, that mythological character which Mr. Leland calls "the most Aryan-like of any ever evolved from a savage mind;" and he has saved from oblivion the mythological lore of a people that are losing with every generation their hold upon ancient customs and manners.

II.

WORKS OF THE REV. SILAS T. RAND.¹

THE following list shows that the forty years which Dr. Rand spent as a missionary among the Indians were also years of indefatigable industry as a linguist:—

- A Short Statement of Facts relating to the History, Manners, Customs, Language, and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians, in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. Halifax, N. S. Printed by James Bowes & Son. 1850. *Copies in possession of:* J. B. Dunbar (Bloomfield, N. J.), W. Eames (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Pilling, Harvard, Wellesley.
- Cisulc Uceluswoen Agenudasie. [Halifax? 1850.] *Literal translation:* God, His Word Told-about. This volume contains also the Ten Commandments; a short sketch of Bible History; a Christmas hymn of four stanzas, beginning "Sesus, Acjinicsam," which with the addition of two stanzas has been reprinted separately. *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- The History of Poor Sarah; a Pious Indian Woman. In Micmac. Rules for pronunciation, three lines. Agenudemocn ujit eulegit Sali, sabewit Elnui ebit. Elnuisimca. [Halifax? 1850.] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- Hymn. [Four verses in English.] Translation into Micmac by S. T. Rand. [Four verses in Micmac.] [Halifax? 1850?] Four stanzas, in broken English, of a hymn beginning "In de dark wood, no Indian nigh," followed by a Micmac translation. *Copy:* Wellesley. Reprinted as follows:—
- [Halifax, 185-]. In Micmac language, phonetic characters. Six stanzas, beginning "Njbuuctuac encudegwobjan," etc. *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- Psalm XXIII. [Halifax, 185-?] Text in Micmac language, phonetic characters. Six stanzas. *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

¹ For a fuller description of the works of the Rev. Silas T. Rand, the reader is referred to the following bibliographies, which have been prepared by Mr. J. C. Pilling, and published by the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C.: Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages (1891); Bibliography of the Iroquoian Languages (1888); Bibliography of the Eskimo Language (1887); and Proof-sheets of a bibliography of the languages of the North American Indians (1885).

- Hymn. [Halifax, 185 ?]. Christmas hymn of six stanzas, in Micmac language, phonetic characters, beginning "Sesius Uccj-niescam," etc., and Micmac version of "Now I lay me down to sleep," one stanza, in phonetic characters. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- The Gospel according to Saint Matthew, in the Micmac language. Printed for the use of the Micmac mission by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Charlottetown: printed by G. T. Haszard, 1853. Text in phonetic characters. *Copies*: American Bible Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, J. H. Trumbull (Hartford, Conn.), Wellesley.
- Pelā kesagūnoodūmkāwā tan tūlā uksakūmamenoo wēstowoolkw'. Sāsoogoole Clistāwt ootenlnk. Megūmoweeslnk. Chebooktook [Halifax]: megūmageā' ledakūn-weekūgēmāwā moweeomee. 1871. The Gospel of Matthew, in the Micmac language, phonetic characters. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Dunbar, Eames, Massachusetts Historical Society, Quebec Historical History, Pilling, J. G. Shea (Elizabeth, N. J.), Trumbull, B. Rand (Cambridge, Mass.), Boston Public, Harvard, Wellesley.
- The Gospel of Saint John, Printed by W. Cunnabell. Halifax, N. S., [1854]. In Micmac language, phonetic characters. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Rand, Wellesley.
- Woolēgūnoodūmkāwā tan tūlā Sanēkū. Megūmoweeslnk. Chebooktook [Halifax]: megūmageā' ledakūn-weekūgēmāwā moweeomee. 1872. The Gospel of John in the Micmac language, Roman characters. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.
- Ferst reding buk in Mikmak. Kompeild bei the Rev. S. T. Rand, Miçonari tu the Mikmak Indianz, Nova Scotia. London: Fred Pitman, fonetik depo, 20, Paternoster ro. Charlottvil, Prins Edwardz eiland, North Amerika: Djordj T. Hazard, 1854. Preis Sikspens. *Copies*: Eames, Shea, Boston Public.
- A First Reading-Book in the Micmac Language: comprising the Micmac numerals, and the names of the different kinds of beasts, birds, fishes, trees, &c., of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Also, some of the Indian names of places, and many familiar words and phrases, translated literally into English. Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1875. Text in Roman characters. *Copies*: British Museum, Dunbar, Eames, Massachusetts Historical Society, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.
- [Vocabulary of the Micmac Language.] In Schoolcraft [H. R.], Indian Tribes, vol. 5, pp. 578-580, Philadelphia, 1855. Contains about 250 words. Dated from Halifax, Dec. 10, 1853.
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- [The Lord's Prayer in the Milicete Language.] In Schoolcraft (H. R.), Indian Tribes, vol. 5, p. 592, Philadelphia, 1855.

- The Gospel akording tu sent Luk.* In Mikmak. Printed for *the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti*, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1856. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, Congress, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull.
- The Gospel according to Luke.* [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1874.] Text in the Micmac language, Roman characters. *Copies*: British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.
- The Buk ov Djenesis.* In Mikmak. Printed for *the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti*, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1857. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Congress, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.
- The Buk ov Samz.* In Mikmak. Printed for *the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti*, bei Eizak Pitman. Bath, 1859. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.
- Tan Teladakadidjik Apostalewidjik. The Akts ov the Aposelz.* In Mikmak. Printed for *the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti*, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1863. *Copies*: American Bible Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, B. Rand, Harvard, Wellesley.
- The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, etc.* In the Maliseet language. Printed for the Micmac Missionary Society, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1863. Text in the Maliseet language, phonetic characters, some headings in English. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, J. W. Powell (Washington, D. C.), Shea, Trumbull, Yale, Wellesley.
- The Book of Exodus* in Micmac. Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1870. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.
- The Gospel according to St. John* in the Language of the Malliseet Indians of New Brunswick. London, 1870. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Powell, Trübner, Trumbull.
- [Terms of Relationship of the Micmac, and Etchemin or Malisete, collected by Rev. S. T. Rand, Missionary, Hantsport, Nova Scotia.] In Morgan (L. H.), *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family*, pp. 293-382, lines 59-60, Washington, 1871.
- Tracts in Micmac: No. 1, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 7, Tălekesuhsütadüks? How are you to be saved? London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows:—
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- Tracts in Micmac: No. 2. Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 2, "Wökümāyān." "Be thou clean." London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows:—

- "Wökümāyāān." "Be thou clean." [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- Tracts in Micmac: No. 3, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 4, "Uktūloowāwoodeel abīksīktāsīgūl." "Thy sins are forgiven thee." London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows:—
- "Uktūloowāwoodeel abīksīktāsīgūl." "Thy sins are forgiven thee." [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling.
- Tracts in Micmac: No. 4, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 8, Wēn tēlédāgēt? Who is to blame? London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley.
- [Micmac Lesson-card, No. 3. Halifax, 1872.] The text is in the Micmac language, Roman characters, and begins "Nee-dap, pis-kwa, base." *Copies*: Pilling.
- A Short Account of the Lord's Work among the Micmac Indians. By S. T. Rand, Hantsport, N. S. With some reasons for his seceding from the Baptist denomination. Halifax, N. S. Printed by William Macnab, 1873. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, B. Rand, Wellesley.
- The Gospel according to Mark. [Halifax, Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1874.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.
- The Epistle of Paul to the Romans. [With the other Epistles of the New Testament and the Book of Revelation.] [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1874.] *Copies*: British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.
- The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, with the Epistles and Revelation: translated from the Greek into Micmac, the language of the aborigines of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and P. E. Island. By Silas Tertius Rand. Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1875. *Copies*: British Museum, Harvard, Eames.
- A Specimen of the Micmac Dictionary being prepared at the Expense of the Dominion Government of Canada. By Silas T. Rand, of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, Missionary to the Micmac Indians of the Maritime Provinces. [Halifax? 1885.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- The Micmac Language. In Canadian Science Monthly, nos. 10-11, pp. 142-146, Kentville, N. S., Oct.-Nov., 1885. A general discussion, including a few polysynthetic words.
- The Micmac Indians. In Our Forest Children, vol. 2, no. 4, pp. 10-12. Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, 1888. Grammatic Remarks, p. 11.—Vocabulary, about 80 words and sentences, Micmac and English, pp. 11-12.
- Dictionary of the Language of the Micmac Indians, in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. [English-Micmac.] By Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, D.D., LL.D.

- Halifax, N. S.: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1888. *Copies*: Bureau of Ethnology, Eames, Pilling, Boston Athenæum, Boston Public, Harvard, Wellesley. Address for copies, Mr. Porter, Hantsport, N. S.
- Promissiones Domini Nostri Jesu Chr'isti factae B. Marg. m. Alacoque. Kūlooswōkūnūl ēloowedūmāsoodeaāl wējetēlooēm̄kūl Sāsoo Goole ootenink, oochit wējeoollāoot Malgalet Male Alakok, oochit nēgoola tanik ēlegāsootijik Nēgūm wasogawā' ookwōmlamoonk. [Dayton, Ohio: Philip A. Kemper, 1888.] A small card, 3 by 5 inches in size, headed as above, and containing twelve "Promises of our Lord to blessed Margaret Mary," translated into Micmac by Silas T. Rand. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.
- The Only Place of Safety. Tan tēt pasūk āhk oohsūtogūn. [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling.
- Hymni recentes latini, translationes et originales per Silum Tertium Randium, D.D., LL.D. Hantsportūs, Novæ Scotiæ. Halifax, N. S. 1886. *Copies*: Harvard.

MANUSCRIPTS.

- Micmac Catechism. Manuscript, 38 pp. 16°. Written in a small blank book, labelled "Translations from [the Roman Catholic] Indian Prayer-book — Micmac. S. T. Rand, Charlottetown."
- Micmac Ollendorff. Manuscript, 86 pp. folio. Title-page reads "Ollendorff's Short Method of Teaching Micmac." Hawksbury, 1866. In the possession of Wellesley College
- The Decalogue as read from the [Roman Catholic] Indian Prayer-book by Peter [Christmas] at Escisogunic, June 12, 1852. Manuscript, 4 pp. 16°, apparently incomplete. This is written in the same blank book as the Catechism described above.
- Sentences in Micmac. Ēlēnu wegādigūn. Manuscript, pp. 1-63, 16°. In possession of Mr. J. C. Pilling, Washington, D. C.
- List of Micmac words resembling Greek, Hebrew, Latin, etc. Manuscript, 34 ll. 16°, in a blank book, leather cover. This is a collection of about 300 words. A portion of this list, comprising words which Dr. Rand considered his best specimens, is repeated in a quarto volume of manuscript, now in possession of Wellesley College.
- Legends of the Micmac Indians, and Extracts from the Micmac Prayer-book, with interlinear translations into English by Silas T. Rand. Manuscript: title verso blank, 1 l., introduction, 2 ll., text, 191 ll. 4°. Legends in Micmac and English, 96 ll.
- Notes explanatory on the Micmac Translation of the Psalms. Referring principally to the cases in which the Micmac version differs from the English. Written about the year 1855. By Silas T. Rand. Hantsport, Nova Scotia. Manuscript: a copy; 94 unnumbered ll. 4°. In possession of Wellesley College.

- Dictionary of the Language of the Micmac Indians. [Micmac-English.] 4 vols. 4°. General plan of the work: 1. To record as many Micmac words as possible. 2. To give their English equivalents correctly. 3. To give the principal parts of the verbs. 4. To write the words phonetically. 5. In possession of the Canadian Government.
- [Manuscripts relating to the Micmac language.] 1 volume. 4°. It contains: 1. A lecture on the Micmac and Maliseet languages, pp. 1-63. 2. Sketch of Micmac grammar, by Irwin, pp. 87-134. 3. Conjugation of Micmac verbs, 135-245. 4. Maliseet words, 253-346. 5. Names of places, 373-404. 6. List of particles in Micmac, 405-520. 7. Subjunctive and potential moods, 521. In possession of Wellesley College.
- Extracts from the Micmac Hieroglyphic Prayer-book, translated into Roman letters, with some of the words in English. [187-?] Manuscript, pp. 1-11, 16 bis-25, 25 bis-38, 40-44, 46-80, 4°. In possession of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- [The Small Catechism in Micmac Hieroglyphs, with the corresponding Micmac words in Roman characters. 187-?] Manuscript, 12 unnumbered pages, 4°. In possession of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- [Tracts and Hymns in the Micmac Language.] Manuscript, pp. 1-340, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- Psalms in Micmac and in Maliseet, arranged so as to be sung. Manuscript, pp. 1-17, sm. 4°.
- [Hymns in Micmac and Latin.] 1 volume, 4°, pp. 1-196. In possession of Wellesley College.
- [Manuscripts in the Maliseet and Micmac Languages,] About 400 pp., mostly unnumbered, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- A Lecture delivered before several literary institutions in Nova Scotia, on the Peculiarities of the Micmac and Maliseet Tongues. 52 pp. 4°. "A fair copy is bound up in a volume now in the hands of Mr. Lucius L. Hubbard, of Boston, Mass." — RAND.
- A Vocabulary of Maliseet Words. About 500 unnumbered ll., 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- [Hymns in Maliseet Language.] Manuscripts: 1. Psalm 50. 2. Psalm 51. 3. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. 4. I'm going home to die no more.
- [Maliseet, Ollendorff, and other Translations.] pp. 1-418, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- [Manuscripts treating principally of the Maliseet language.] About 400 pp. 4°, bound. This volume contains: 1. The first draught of the tract in Maliseet, entitled "The Ten Commandments," etc. 2. A grammar of the Maliseet language. 3. Translation of the 34th Psalm. 4. A hymn in Penobscot, and one in Maliseet. 5. A vocabulary of the Maliseet language. In possession of Wellesley College.

- [Manuscripts in the Maliseet and other languages.] 275 pp. 4°, bound. This volume contains: Bible history in the Maliseet dialect, pp. 1-141. Sketches of a grammar of the Maliseet language, pp. 142-224. The numerals in the dialect of the Penobscot Indians, p. 225. The numerals of the St. Francis Indians, p. 231. Hymns, etc., 239-272. In possession of Wellesley.
- List of Indian Names of Places in P. E. Island, obtained November, 1888, by the aid of Peter Jim. Manuscript, pp. 207-210 of a large folio account book, in possession of Wellesley College.
- Grammar of the Micmac Language, by Silas T. Rand. Hantsport, N. S. pp. 132, 12°, bound. Manuscript in possession of Wellesley College.
- Report of the Micmac Mission for 1892. Also a supplement containing my reasons for leaving the Baptists and uniting with the "so-called" Plymouth Brethren, by S. T. Rand, Missionary to the Micmac Indians. pp. 229, 4°, unbound. Manuscript in possession of Wellesley College.
- Dreams and Visions and Religion in Common Life. By Silas Tertius Rand, Missionary to the Micmacs. Manuscript, pp. 241, 4°, unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- A Lecture on Psalm XXIII. pp. 43, 4°, unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- An Ancient Icelandic Tale. Translated from the Latin. Manuscript. pp. 50, unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- [Micmac Lesson Book.] pp. 370, 4°, bound. No titlepage. Contains also a list of Maliseet words. pp. 21, unnumbered. Wellesley.
- About a thousand Esquimaux words, gathered from the New Testament in that language. pp. 35, 4°. In possession of Wellesley College.
- Mohawk Vocabulary. By Silas T. Rand. [1876.] 200 pp. folio, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.
- No. 2. Mohawk Vocabulary. By Silas T. Rand. [1876.] 175 pp. 4°, bound. It bears the date "Tuscarora, Aug. 8, 1876." In possession of Wellesley College.
- Mohawk Words, and a translation of the ninth and eleventh chapters of Luke, and of the ninth chapter of Mark. Mohawk and English in parallel columns, with a few sentences in Mohawk and English. 1876. About 125 pp. 4°, bound. In the possession of Wellesley College.
- [Manuscripts pertaining to the Mohawk Language]. pp. 210, folio, bound. Contains: 1. Translation into Mohawk of first, sixth, and eleventh chapters of John; of Matthew sixth (by Joab Martin); Luke fifteenth (Marceaux, N. O.) and of the Ten Commandments. 2. List of Mohawk words. 3. Prayer-book. 4. Micmac characters. In the possession of Wellesley College.
- The Gospel of Mark. Capt. Brant's Mohawk translation. [1876.] Manuscript, 48 pp. 4°, unbound. It extends only to the fourteenth

verse of the third chapter. A discontinuous interlinear translation runs throughout. The interlinear translation is mostly by Mr. Rand, with emendation thereof and fillings in by Joab Martin, a Mohawk Indian.

[Mohawk, Seneca, and Tuscarora words. 1877.] 4°, unbound.

Numerals in Mohawk, Tuscarora, Cayugan, Seneca, and Oneidah, Mohawk sentences and a list of Mohawk words. Manuscript, 16 pp. 4°, unbound.

Diary of the Rev. S. T. Rand. Miss Hattie Rand, Hantsport, N. S. This diary and numerous copies of Dr. Rand's printed works are in possession of Miss Hattie Rand, Hantsport, N. S.

III.

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, LANGUAGE, AND LITERATURE OF THE MICMAC INDIANS.

IN November, 1849, Dr. Rand delivered two lectures on the History, Manners, Customs, Language, and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. These lectures were afterwards published in pamphlet form.¹ A few of the facts therein presented may be of interest to the reader.

After calling attention to the fact that all Indians of North America, except the Esquimaux, strikingly resemble each other in their features, languages, manners, and customs, all of which are modified by the approach of civilization, Dr. Rand thus describes the condition of the tribe of Micmacs: Formerly they dressed in skins, painted their bodies, and adorned themselves with shells and feathers; they used bows and arrows, stone axes and stone arrowheads; they lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, and delighted in war. They have now very extensively changed not only the material of which their clothing is made, but also the fashion, adopting that of their white neighbors. They now make baskets, buckets, and barrels. In some places they till the land on a very limited scale, and dwell in houses. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent among them, though not so much of late years as formerly, and other vices resulting from the proximity of what we proudly call "civilization." But while we mourn over some of these changes, there are others which call for different emotions. There are no wars with bordering tribes.

¹ This pamphlet is entitled "A Short Statement of Facts relating to the History, Manners, Customs, Language, and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians, in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island." Halifax, 1850.

No ambitious chieftain gains immortal fame by pursuing for months his enemy, waylaying and killing him. The Micmac chief does not reckon among his *sakamoundel* (regalia) the scalps of his slaughtered foes; and there are no torturings and burnings of prisoners. Chiefs are, however, duly elected. The Indians assemble, on such occasions, to give their votes; and any one who knows any just cause why the candidate should not be elected is at liberty to state it. Councils, too, are held, to which ten different tribes, extending from Cape Breton to Western Canada, send their delegates; and they seem to consider the affair as important as it ever was. The mystic dances, too, of the ancient Indians are not wholly omitted. Part of the ceremonies of their great annual religious festival of St. Ann's day consists of the *wigubaltink* and *neskouwadjik*, the feast and mystic dance of the *sakawachkik*, the Indians of olden times. At the proper time a chief comes out of a camp, sings a singular tune, dances a singular step, and is responded to by a singular grunt from the assembled crowd. They assert that during the ceremony the body of the dancer is impervious to a musket-ball; but woe betide the audacious wight who might venture on the experiment of attempting to shoot him!

The wedding ceremony, which consists mainly of the feast, is exceedingly simple. The old people have the disposing of their daughters. If the young man's suit is favorably received, the father of the girl thus addresses him, as he enters the "camp," *Kutakumugual n'tlusuk* ("Come up to the back part of the camp, my son-in-law"). This settles the matter. A feast is then prepared; all the neighbors are invited; they eat, drink, and dance; then, after having engaged in various sports, they finally disperse. The young man then takes his bride home with him. They now, of course, call in the aid of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

The wigwam is a curious structure. No little skill is displayed in its erection. The frame is first raised and fastened. The rows of bark are carefully put on. In the winter it is

lined in the inside with spruce boughs, and a thick coating of the same material put on the outside, to prevent the cold winds from entering. Boughs are neatly spread down inside the camp, forming an admirable substitute for carpets, cushions, and beds; and the doorway in winter is also partly closed with them, placed so as to spring back and forth as you pass and repass. A piece of a blanket hangs over the doorway. Every post of the wigwam, every bar, every fastening, every tier of bark, and every appendage, whether for ornament or use, has a name, and all the different portions of the one room their appropriate designations and uses. The fire occupies the centre. On each side is the *kamigwom*. There sit, on the one side of the fire, the master and mistress; and on the other the old people, when there are old people in the family, and the young women when there are young women and no old people. The wife has her place next the door, and by her side sits her lord. You will never see a woman sitting *above* her husband; for towards the back part of the camp, the *kutakumuk*, is *up*. This is the place of honor. To this place visitors and strangers, when received with a cordial welcome, are invited to come. *Kutakumagual, upchelase* ("Come up towards the back part of the wigwam"), they say to him.

The children are taught to respect their parents. Many a white family might take a lesson from them in this respect. The rod is applied unsparingly, to tame their rebellious spirits and teach them good manners. They do not speak disrespectfully of their parents. The ordinary word for being drunk (*katheet*) a child will not use when stating that his father or mother is in that state; but he says *welopskeet*, a much softer term, though it is not easy to express the difference in English. They do not pass between their parents and the fire, unless there are old people or strangers on the opposite side.

The inmates of a camp have their appropriate postures as well as places. The men sit cross-legged, like the Orientals.

The women sit with their feet twisted round to one side, one under the other. The younger children sit with their feet extended in front. To each of these postures an appropriate word is applied: the first is *chenumubasi* ("I sit down man-fashion"), that is, cross-legged; the second is *nimskulugunabase* ("I sit down with my legs twisted around"); the third is *sokwodabase* ("I sit with my feet extended").

When a stranger, even a neighbor, comes into the wigwam of another, if it be in the daytime, he steps in and salutes them. *Kwa* is the usual word of salutation, resembling both in sound and signification the Greek salutation *χαίρε* (hail)! Should it be in the night or evening, this is uttered while standing outside. In that case the response is, *Kwa wenin kel* ("Who art thou")? You give your name; and if they know you, and are glad to see you, you are invited in at once. If they either know you not, or care not for you, they again ask, *Kogwa pawotumun* ("What is your wish")? You must then, of course, do your errand, and go about your business. When you enter in the daytime, you will not go and sit down in the highest room or the most honorable seat, — that is to say, if you are a well-bred Indian, you will not; but you will make a pause at the lowest place, the place next the door. The master of the camp will then say to you, *Upchelase* ("Come up higher"). As soon as the visitor is seated, the head man of the camp deliberately fills his pipe, lights it, draws a few whiffs, and then hands it to the other; if there be several, they pass it round. Conversation goes forward; all the new and strange things are inquired after and related, and the greatest respect is mutually shown. When the business of eating is going forward, all who are in the wigwam assist; to withdraw during the process of cooking would be rudeness. It would be a most disreputable thing not to invite a stranger to partake; it would be a grievous offence for him to refuse.

The women are still accounted as inferiors. They maintain a respectful reserve in their words when their husbands are

present. "When Indian make bargain, squaw never speakum," — thus was a merchant's lady once coolly but pointedly reproved by an indignant son of the forest when she objected to her husband's giving him his full price for his feathers. The Indian woman never walks before her husband when they travel. The men at table are helped first. When one comes into your house for a cup of water, he drinks first himself, and hands it next to the other man, and last of all to the woman.

The language of the Indians is very remarkable. One would think it must be exceedingly barren, limited in inflection, and crude; but just the reverse is the fact, — it is copious, flexible, and expressive. Its declension of nouns and conjugation of verbs are as regular as the Greek, and twenty times as copious. The full conjugation of one Micmac verb would fill quite a large volume; in its construction and idiom it differs widely from the English. This is why an Indian usually speaks such wretched English; he thinks in his own tongue, and speaks in ours, following the natural order of his own arrangement. He commits such blunders as the following: "Five hundred musquash killum my father," "Long time ago, when first Indians makum God;" for "My father killed five hundred muskrats," and "When God first made the Indians." There are fewer elementary sounds in Micmac than in English. They have no *r*, and no *f* or *v*; instead of *r* they say *l*, in such foreign words as they adopt. And droll enough work they sometimes make in translating back and forth from one language to the other, and in attempting not to confound *r* and *l* while speaking English. The name of an hour is in Micmac the same as that of an owl (*kookoogues*), because when they first attempted to say it, they had to say *oul*, and then they could think of the name of that nocturnal bird in their own tongue more readily than they could recall a foreign term.

There is no article in Micmac. The verb "to be" is irregular, and is never used for the purpose of connecting a subject

with its predicate. They have a dual number like the Greek. They express the different persons and numbers by the termination of the verb, and like the Greek have a great number of tenses. There are also some words in the language which resemble Greek. The Micmac word *Ellennu*, an Indian, is not very different from *Ἑλλην*, a Greek. *Ellennu esit* ("He speaks Micmac") is strikingly like the Creek *ἑλληνίζει* ("He speaks Greek"). But in other respects the language resembles the Hebrew, especially in the suffixes by which the pronouns are connected in the accusative case with the verb. There are words evidently derived from the English and French; but *wellae* ("I am well") appears in so many compounds, and occurs in some form so constantly, as to make the impression that it is original Micmac.

The following are the personal pronouns: *Neen*, I; *keel*, thou; *neggum*, he and she; *neenen*, we; *keenu*, we; *negumou*, they. The gender is not distinguished either in the singular or plural of the pronouns. The distinction between *neenen* and *keenu* is this: The former signifies he and I; the latter, you and I. This distinction obtains in all the Indian dialects, so far as I have been able to learn. And it extends through the declension of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the conjugation of verbs.

They have various methods of marking the sex of animals: sometimes by different words, — as *cheenum*, a man, *abit*, a woman; sometimes by an additional word, — as *keegulleeguech nabao*, a cock, *keegulleeguech esquaoo*, a hen. The word "squaw" is not Micmac; but a termination, somewhat resembling it, is added to epithets denoting rank, station, or employment, to distinguish the female sex, — thus, *eleegawit*, a king; *eleegawesqu*, a queen; *sakumou*, a chief; *sakumasqu*, a chief's wife. But as neither adjectives, verbs, nor pronouns are varied to denote the gender of animals, there is no necessity for the distinction of masculine and feminine for any grammatical purpose; but there is a broad distinction between things which have life and those which are inanimate. This

requires the distinction of the animate and inanimate gender. The plural of these two classes of words is formed in a very different manner, *k* being the termination of the animate, and *l* of the inanimate: *cheenum*, a man; *cheenumook*, men; *soon*, a cranberry; *soonul*, cranberries. The adjectives, pronouns, and verbs are varied to agree in gender: *kaloosit*¹ *abit*, a pretty woman; *kaloosit cheenum*, a pretty man; but *kalulk koondou*, a pretty stone; *nemeek cheenum*, I see a man; *nemedu koondou*, I see a stone. By varying the termination of nouns, they distinguish the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, and vocative cases; this makes the same number as in Greek. But they are in advance of that elegant language, they have two more terminations, — one denoting that the person or thing spoken of is absent; and the other that the word ends the sentence. The former may be called the case absentive, and the other the case terminative. It is proper to state that these additional endings may be added to each of the real cases.

The following are the numerals: *na-ookt*, one; *tah-boo*, two; *seest*, three; *na-oo*, four; *nahn*, five; *ussookum*, six; *elooiggunnuk*, seven; *oogummoolchin*, eight; *peskoonahduk*, nine; *m'tilu*, ten.

The Indian can count as far as he pleases. The prevalent notion that he can count only ten is an error. It is true he enumerates by tens, as all other nations do, and often, like the rest of mankind, uses his fingers in counting; and he happens to have, as others have, just that number of these convenient appendages.

An Indian once boasted to me of the variety of his language, and affirmed that he had at least two words for every idea. "Always, everything, two ways me speakum," said he. But this is not literally true; though I will not affirm that it is not as correct as some of the general rules we meet with in other languages.

The verb is emphatically *the word* in Micmac. Whole

¹ Compare *kaloosit* with the Greek *καλός*, pretty.

sentences, and long ones too, occur constantly, formed wholly of verbs. All adjectives of the animate gender are real verbs, and are conjugated through mood and tense, person and number. There being no such thing as the verb¹ "to be" used as a copula, the copula is in the adjective itself. I know not how to distinguish the two ideas, a good man, and the man is good. Even the numerals are verbs, and any noun can assume the form and nature of a verb without any difficulty.

They have the indicative, imperative, subjunctive, potential, and infinitive moods, and in the indicative the forms of eleven tenses. They have the active, passive, and middle voices; and by a slight variation of the termination they add to, take from, and vary the original idea almost endlessly.

The present, imperfect, and future are the principal tenses. They use also an auxiliary verb for the rest.

A curious feature of the language is the double negative, which reminds one of the double negative sometimes used in Greek. In Micmac it extends to nouns and adjectives as well as to verbs. It doubles the labor of learning the conjugation, as it consists in placing a negative before the word, and then changing the termination: thus, *Witnessawe*, I witness; *Moo witnessawe*, I do not witness; *Moo witnessawikw*, He does not witness.

They have a remarkable facility for compounding words. Here again there is a resemblance to the Greek. The long words of the Indians are compounds, which, though they lengthen words, shorten speech, and render it more effective. These seem to be common to all the Indian dialects. Cotton Mather said they looked as though they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel, — a remark which perhaps contains as much philosophical truth as it does wit. The following specimen occurs in their Prayer-

¹ They have a verb corresponding to the verb "to be," but it always denotes place: *ayum*, I am here; *aik wigwomk*, he is there in the wigwam.

book, in the account of the Last Supper; it contains fourteen syllables, when spelled with English letters, and can be made, without much exaggeration, to occupy forty characters: *Najdejemourweecoolowguoddullaoltteedissuneega* ("They were going to eat supper together"), — in the Prayer-book, written in symbols, one small character represents this formidable word. It is compounded of several by taking their principal parts and dovetailing them into one. The roots are tied together, and they become one long tree.

Some people are astonished to hear us speak of the grammar of the Micmacs. They did not suppose these people had any such thing, or that they ever troubled themselves about "Orthography, Etymology, and Syntax." Nor do they. They are like the man who, beginning to learn late in life, expressed his astonishment on ascertaining that he had been speaking in prose all his life without knowing it. Grammar is the "art of speaking and writing a language correctly." But what is it to speak or write correctly? Is it not just this, "to speak and write like those who understand and speak the language best"? Were the English language spoken nowhere but in Devonshire, then all the rules of English grammar would have to be constructed in accordance with that fact. The way in which words are pronounced in that place would be the correct mode of pronunciation. Their manner of constructing sentences would form our rules of syntax. So of any other language or any other place. Now the best usage of Micmac is the only usage which prevails. Although they have neither grammars nor lexicons in use among them, yet they have higher authority, — one on which these, wherever they exist, are based, the Micmac *usus loquendi*, — the authority of the best usage. It is interesting to hear them appeal to this authority. "They don't say it so," you will be told when you mispronounce a word or construct a sentence improperly; or, *Net na* ("That is it"), *Telekelusultijik* ("That is the way they speak"), when you succeed in expressing yourself correctly. Some diversity, it

is true, exists in the language as spoken in different places. It extends merely to the use and pronunciation of a few words. The Indians of Cape Breton amuse themselves occasionally at the expense of the Nova Scotians, and are themselves laughed about in turn by the latter party for their improper or uncouth utterances; and the Indians on Prince Edward Island and at Miramichi are as susceptible of the ludicrous as their brethren, and as conscious of their own superiority.

What can be meant, it may be asked, by the *literature* of the Micmacs? We have been in the habit of looking upon them as miserable, ignorant, stupid-looking beings. We have been aware that there have never been, to any extent, schools established among them, and that no effort, except on the smallest scale, has been made by the whites to teach them. We have treated them almost as though they had no rights, and as if it were somewhat doubtful whether they even have souls. Now have they a literature? By what effort of imagination can it be made out? Truly the term must be taken with some restriction in its meaning. They possess, however, some knowledge of the arts and sciences. They have a book which they read. Some of them can write both English and Micmac in a very fair hand. Some of them have a knowledge of arithmetic. An instance has occurred in Prince Edward Island of an Indian who prided himself on being able to add up the longest and most complicated sums as rapidly as the most expert accountant. They are in the constant habit of corresponding among themselves by letter. I have obtained a couple of letters written by an Indian who has been several years at Quebec,—one addressed to his father, and the other to the chief in Cape Breton,—and the handwriting would be no discredit to anybody. The method of writing and spelling is curious; the letters for the most part resemble the English, but are sounded like the French. Their book is written in peculiar characters; they have nothing in Roman print. Most of them are acquainted with the contents of this book, but few, however, can read it cor-

rectly. Copies of it are multiplied indefinitely by transcribing. And it embraces important matter. It enters into some of the most elevated regions of knowledge and thought. I cannot approve of it as a whole. It states things which are false in fact, and ruinous in tendency; but it also states much that is truth, and truth of the most momentous import. It is their Prayer-book. It contains condensed extracts from the historical portions of the Bible; a catechism of religion; psalms and hymns and prayers. The contents are early instilled into their memories. The children are taught by their parents; and many a Protestant family might take a lesson from them in this respect.

But they are also versed in other subjects. They have studied botany from Nature's volume. They know the names of all the trees and shrubs and useful plants and roots in their country. They have studied their natures, habits, and uses. They have killed, dissected, and examined all the animals of North America, from the *nestugepegajit* to the *gulwakchech* (from the buffalo to the mouse). They have in like manner examined the birds and the fish. They are therefore somewhat acquainted with natural history.

The Indian has studied geography, — not, however, that of Europe, Asia, and Africa; but he knows all about America. And most especially does the Micmac know about Nova Scotia and the places adjacent. Show him a map of these places, and explain to him that it is "a picture of the country," and although it may be the first time he has ever seen a map, he can go round it, and point out the different places with the utmost care. He is acquainted with every spot; he is in the habit of making rude drawings of places for the direction of others. One party can thus inform another at what spot in the woods they are to be found. At the place where they turn off the main road a piece of bark is left, with the contemplated route sketched upon it. The party following examine the *luskun*, as they term it, when they come up, and then follow on without any difficulty.

An Indian is a first-rate hand to give you directions respecting your road. He marks it out for you on the ground, and you cannot have a better guide, especially through the woods. When roads were fewer and more difficult in Nova Scotia than they are now, the Indian's aid was frequently called into requisition. And "Here," said the tawny guide who was years ago directing a party in their travel from Nictaux to Liverpool in the winter, — "here, just half-way." When the road was afterwards measured, it was found that the Indian was correct. Arriving at another spot, he informed them that the preceding winter he had killed a moose at that place. Digging down through the deep snow, he immediately showed them the horns.

They have some knowledge of astronomy. They have watched the stars during their night excursions, or while laying wait for game. They know that the North Star does not move, and call it *okwotunuguwa kulokurwech* (the North Star). They have observed that the circumpolar stars never set. They call the Great Bear, *Muen* (the Bear), and they have names for several other constellations. The morning star is *ut'adabum*, and the seven stars *ejulkuch*. And "What do you call that?" asked a venerable old lady a short time ago, who, with her husband, the head chief of Cape Breton, was giving me a lecture on astronomy, on Nature's celestial globe, through the apertures of the wigwam. She was pointing to the Milky Way. "Oh, we call it the Milky Way, the milky road," said I. To my surprise she gave it the same name in Micmac.

Besides these branches of knowledge they have among them historical facts, as already intimated, and facts mingled with fable, and fables apparently without any mixture of facts, treasured up carefully in their memories, and handed down from generation to generation. These singular tales display some talent in their composition, and many of them, all things considered, are exceedingly interesting, as the genuine compositions of a primitive race, just as the wildest

or most ridiculous tales of the nursery (some of which, by the by, they very much resemble), such as Sinbad the Sailor, Beauty and the Beast, Jack the Giant-killer, or Cinderella and the Glass Slipper would be, could we but be certain that they were the genuine compositions of the ancient Britons, in the days preceding the Roman Conquest, when our forefathers were barbarians. And viewed in a similar light, why should not the traditionary romances of the Micmacs be worthy of attention? They are, no doubt, genuine. They must have been composed by Indians, and many of them by Indians of a former generation. Some of them are composed with great regularity. One event springs out of another, and the story goes on with a wildness of imagination about magicians and giants and transformations and love and war and murder that might almost rival the metamorphoses of Ovid, or the tales of the ancient Scandinavians. Children exposed or lost by their parents, are miraculously preserved. They grow up suddenly to manhood, and are endowed with superhuman powers; they become the avengers of the guilty, and the protectors of the good. They drive up the moose and the caribou to their camps, and slaughter them at their leisure. The elements are under their control: they can raise the wind, conjure up storms or disperse them, make it hot or cold, wet or dry, as they please. They can multiply the smallest amount of food indefinitely, evade the subtlety and rage of their enemies, kill them miraculously, and raise their slaughtered friends to life. Huge serpents are occasionally introduced as big as mountains. A monstrous bird called the *kulloo*, the same possibly as the fabled condor, often makes its appearance. It is a powerful friend or terrible enemy to the Indians: when the former, it saves them from all sorts of troubles, and furnishes them with every good; when the latter, their condition is sad indeed.

Now, all these facts relate to the question of the intellectual capacity of the Indians, the degree of knowledge existing

among them; and the possibility of elevating them in the scale of humanity. If such be their degree of mental improvement with all their disadvantages, what might they not become were the proper opportunity afforded?

The various tribes of North America seem to have differed but little from each other in their ideas of religion when they became known to the Europeans. With scarcely an exception they were without images. They believed in a Supreme Power, a Great Spirit, the author of good, and also in an evil spirit, the author of evil. The latter is said to have been their principal object of worship. The Indians of Canada call the Great Spirit Manitu, or Menedu, — different tribes probably making some difference in the pronunciation, — and they add the epithet "good" or "bad" to indicate which one they mean. The Micmacs have several names for God. They call him Nixkam, which intimates that we are all his offspring, Nixkamich signifying a grandfather or progenitor. Another word so used is Nesulk, which is a form of the verb *kesedu* (to create), and literally means, "He makes us." "Our Maker" is, of course, the correct translation. They also call him Ukchesakumou, which signifies the Great Chief. Mundu, which is evidently the same as the Manitu or Menedu of the tribes of Canada, is the Micmac word for devil.

Everywhere the Indians believe in necromancy. *Boöwin* is the Micmac word for wizard. The present generation appears to be as firmly rooted in the belief of supernatural powers exercised by men as ever their fathers were. It was owing to this belief that their powwows (medicine-men, or priests) were formerly able to exercise so much influence over the others. These men were everywhere the most formidable opposers of Christianity. It is so the world over. The Indian of Nova Scotia now believes *mundu abogunnu-muaje* (that the devil helped those fellows); but he has no doubts of the reality of their powers. The devil, he will assure you, is very strong. The ancient *boöwin* could, he firmly believes, fly through the air (even without a broom-

stick), go down through the earth, remain under water as long as he chose, transform himself into an animal, and do all the other feats of witchcraft which our forefathers, as well as learned divines of Salem, in Massachusetts, attributed to the poor old women of their day.

But the most remarkable personage of their traditions is Glooscap. The Indians suppose that he is still in existence, although they do not know exactly where. He formerly resided in Nova Scotia, but, of course, shifted his habitation. He was, to say the least, almost an object of worship. He looked and lived like other men; he ate, drank, smoked, slept, and danced along with them. But he never died, never was sick, never grew old. He lived in a very large wigwam. Cape Blomidon still bears his name, Glooscap-week (Glooscap's home). The Basin of Minas was his beaver-pond, — for he had everything on a large scale. The dam was at Cape Split; and we are indebted to this wondrous personage, so goes the tradition, for the privilege of sending our ships down this passage. For there he cut open the beaver-dam, — and the fact is established by the name which it still bears. The Indians call it Pleegum (the opening made in a beaver-dam). Spencer's Island was his kettle, made of a stone. That is still its name; and two rocks, somewhat resembling dogs seated on their haunches, near *u'toowome* (his kettle) are called *u'teck* (his dogs). The kettle is now bottom upward, and the dogs were transformed into rocks when he went away. His canoe was also of stone.

Glooscap was unmarried. A venerable old lady whom he called grandmother kept house for him, and a little fellow named Abistānāooch' (Marten) was his servant. He could do anything and everything. The moose and the caribou came around his dwelling as tame as cattle; and the other beasts were equally obsequious. The elements were entirely under his control. He could bring on an intensity of cold when he chose, which would extinguish all the fires of his enemies, and lay them stiffened corpses on the ground.

Glooscap frequently figures in their legends. He seems to have been, on the whole, a noble-minded, generous sort of personage. You do not often meet with any mischievous exercise of his power. Strangers were always welcome to his wigwam, and the needy never failed to share in his hospitality, until some act of treachery on their part or some distrust of his ability called for castigation. His bounty, however, did not cost him much. When hungry travellers arrived, there was no necessity for slaughtering a moose or killing the "fatted calf." The old lady would hang on the kettle, Marten would make up the fire and pour in the water. She would then pick up a piece of an old beaver bone and scrape it into the kettle. As the boiling commenced, these scrapings would thicken up, and the huge kettle would be soon full of fat pieces of flesh. If the necessity of the case required, a very small piece of this meat would satisfy the most hungry visitor, — for as fast as he cut off one piece, it would immediately appear again.

Glooscap, they say, became offended at the encroachments of the whites; but what displeased him most of all, and drove him away, was their treachery. By direction of the king, an attempt was made to take him prisoner, — an attempt, as it proved, quite as foolish as it was wicked. Little Marten was decoyed before the mouth of a loaded cannon. The match was applied, the powder blazed; but no sooner had the smoke cleared away than the astonished spectators beheld the boy astride on the gun, composedly smoking his pipe. A second attempt was made; this had, of course, it was pretended, been a pure accident. Marten was induced to enter the cannon's mouth, — he must have been small or the cannon very large. The gun was again discharged. Nothing was to be seen this time of the boy; no doubt was entertained of his annihilation. One of the bystanders after a little while peeps into the gun, and behold, there sits the little gentleman, as easy as possible, quietly puffing away at his pipe as though nothing had happened. But unavailing as were these at-

tempts, Glooscap gave vent to his anger, and in his rage abandoned the country, turned over his kettle as he went off, and changed his dogs into rocks. There the faithful sentinels still keep watch; and when he returns he will be as able to restore them to their former life and vigor as he was at his departure to fix them where they now are.

Through this vivid sketch of the Micmac Indians, given by Dr. Rand in the pamphlet referred to, we get a glimpse not only of the home life, the out-door life, the social life of this tribe of Indians, but also of their mental life; we can measure their intellectual capacity and their knowledge. Their curious tales show high imaginative power; the flexibility of their language and the copiousness of their vocabulary show a remarkable power of discrimination and expression. One can easily image the constant wonder and delight which Dr. Rand felt as his researches into this unknown tongue revealed to him, more and more, nice distinctions of thought, and varieties of fitting expression for a given object or thought; even the Indian himself felt pride in his linguistic versatility, and boasted, "Always everything two ways me speakum." Of all the languages which Dr. Rand knew, that of the Micmacs interested him the most; he found it remarkable, not merely in its richness of vocabulary and regularity of formation, but especially in its expressiveness, its simplicity, and its melodiousness. In all of these respects he declares that the Micmac will bear comparison with any of the most learned and polished languages of the world.

HELEN L. WEBSTER.

MICMAC INDIAN LEGENDS.

I.

ROBBERY AND MURDER REVENGED.

TWO men once lived together in one wigwam in the woods, on the borders of a lake. The name of one was Pūlowěch' (Partridge); and that of the other was Wejěk' (Spruce Partridge). These two men were always associated together, and they lived by the chase.

One day Pūlowěch' was walking along the shore in the winter-time, and he discovered three girls seated on the ice, arranging and braiding their hair. He stole up towards them in order to spring upon them and seize one or more; but they were too spry for him, and plunged all together into a hole in the ice, and thus effected their escape. Shortly after this he saw them again, and this time he was more cautious. He took some fir boughs and concealed himself behind them, and slowly creeping along he came so near, before the girls took the alarm, that in her haste one of them dropped the string with which she fastened her hair, the *sakūlo'bee*. This he picked up and carried home with him, and tied down to the place where he usually sat and slept in the wigwam. It was not long before the girl who had dropped her hair-string returned to search for it. She proceeded to the wigwam where it was fastened, and quietly decided to remain and be the wife of him who had thus wooed and won her.

After this, Pūlowčch' her husband (her "old man" is the term usually applied, and is, contrary to our notions, a term not of disrespect, but of honor) goes away into the forest to search for game. In the mean time his comrade returns, and to his surprise finds a woman installed in the place of female authority. He quietly sits down by her. But soon after, his friend arriving, he is informed that he has made a mistake; that he must not sit there, but march over to the opposite side of the wigwam, as the woman is his (Pūlowčch's) wife. This is done without dispute or delay, and everything goes smoothly on.

On their next hunting-excursion the two men go away together, and leave the woman in charge of the establishment. Her husband charges her to keep the door closed, and to suffer no one to enter, — not even her own nearest relatives, not brother or sister, father or mother; for should she open to any one, she would be carried off and murdered. She promises obedience, and the two men depart. They are to be gone all night, and she prepares to take care of the house, and to take care of herself, as directed. She carefully closes the door and fastens it, and lies down to rest. But at midnight she is awakened by a call outside; some one is asking to be allowed to come in: *Pantahdooë!* — "Open the door for me!" But she pays no heed to the call. It is a magician, — a *Booöñu* (a *Powwow*), — and he can imitate the voice of her relatives with spirit-rapping accuracy. There are several of her relatives there. She soon hears, as she supposes, her own brother calling, *Pantahdooë!* — "Open the door for me!" Still she remains firm to her promise; she pays no heed to the call. After a little she hears, or seems to hear, her own mother call, '*Ntoos* ("My daughter"), *pantahdooë* ("open the door for me")! Still she stirs not, answers not. Shortly after, she hears her father call, '*Ntoos* ("My daughter"), *pantahdooë* ("open to me"); *loke cyowchee* ("I am very cold")! Her resolution now gives way; she cannot refuse to let in her old

father; she cannot resist his earnest pleadings for admission. She rises and opens the door. Alas for the poor thing! There stands the wily wolf in the form of a man possessed of magical arts and powers, who carries her off, and finally kills her.

Wejčk' comes in from his hunting, and is surprised to find the woman gone. He goes in quest of her. He soon comes among the scoundrels who have carried her off, and is himself overpowered and killed.

Finally, Půlowčch' arrives home, and perceives that his wife and his friend are both among the missing. He cannot tell what has become of them, but he has some skill in magic, and puts this skill in practice, first, to ascertain what has become of his wife and his friend, and next, to discover and punish the robbers and murderers. The mode of procedure is this: he takes a wooden dish and fills it half full of water, and places this carefully close to the back part of the wigwam just opposite the door, this being the chief seat or place of honor (as in the Syrian house). Then he lies down on his face and sleeps. In the morning, on awaking, he examines the *wóltz's*, the wooden dish, and finds it half full of blood. He knows by this that his wife and his comrade have been murdered. He now resolves on revenge. He will seek out and kill those who have robbed him and killed his friends. He gathers up his weapons and equips himself for the expedition. He takes his hatchet, his spear, his bow, and flint-headed arrows, and starts. He goes on a long distance, carefully reconnoitring and examining every unusual appearance. Soon he sees a man's knee protruding from a high cliff, the owner of the knee being apparently embedded in the solid rock. He knows what this means. The fellow is trying to hide, but is displaying unconsciously a vulnerable part. One blow from the hatchet severs the knee close to the rock, and leaves its possessor hard and fast. A short distance farther on he discovers a fellow's foot sticking out from the face of the cliff. The chopping process is repeated;

the foot is severed, and the wretch is killed. A little farther on he discovers a poor little squirrel crawling along half dead, and he takes it up and puts it in his bosom, and talks to it. "You must fight to-day, my brave little fellow," he says, "but I will be near to aid you. When I tap you on the back, you will bring forth your young."

His next adventure was with a flock of wild geese sporting in a lake, — magicians they were in reality who had assumed the form of *Senümkwak*. He assails them with his bow and arrows, and kills them all. He ties them together by their heads, strings them across his shoulders, and pursues his course in search of more enemies.

The next one he discovers is in the guise of an ordinary mortal. He is quietly seated in a wigwam, which our hero enters without ceremony, according to Indian custom. He gets a very cool reception. The usual invitation, *Küt-kümooqwaäl* ("Come up higher"), is not given. The owner of the establishment is sulky and taciturn. He cooks some food, however, and divides it, dipping out a portion for his unwelcome guest. But just as the stranger reaches out his hand to receive it, he twitches it away from him and tells him in a grossly insulting tone that he would rather give it to his dog. He offers it to him again, and again twitches it away with the same insulting remark. He then inquires, "Have you met with any adventures to-day?" "I have," is the answer: "I saw a fellow's knee sticking out from a cliff, and I chopped it off; a little farther on I saw a fellow's foot sticking out in the same way, and I chopped it off. Then I fell in with some wild geese in a lake, and I shot them, and have brought them to your wigwam; just step out of doors, and you will see them."

"Come on, then," he replies; "our dogs must fight." "All right!" is the answer. "Bring out your dog!" This is done, when, lo! instead of a dog (*ülümooch*) there comes forth a large, formidable, savage beast called a *weisum*.

Pūlowēch produces *his* 'dog,' — a great contrast to the

other, — a tiny squirrel, and half dead at that, which he lays carefully before the fire. But soon the little thing begins to move and stretch and shake itself and grow larger, until its dimensions almost equal those of its antagonist. The conflict now commences, and rages with unabated violence for some time, when the *weisum* begins to get the better of his antagonist. Then the master steps up and gives her a tap on the back, and she immediately brings forth two young ones, that grow up in a twinkling, and are as large, as strong, and as active as their mother. They rush in and mingle in the fray, tearing away with tooth and nail at the poor *weisum*. He is soon overpowered, and his master begs for his life, owns that he is beaten, and entreats the other to call off his dogs. "Friend," says he, "let us part our dogs; this is not my own dog, but my old grandmother's." That is the last thing in the world Pŭlowěch' would think of doing. He pays no attention to the entreaties of his antagonist, and the *weisum* is soon stretched lifeless upon the ground. Whereupon his owner expresses great regret, but not so much professedly on his own account as on account of his poor grandmother, who set a store by her "dog," and will take it grievously to heart that he has been overcome, and has fallen in the fray.

He then proposes an excursion upon the river in a canoe. This is agreed to, and the two launch the fragile "vessel" and set sail. They are soon out into the middle of the river, and are borne rapidly down by the current. Presently they reach a high perpendicular cliff, against which the water is dashing with great violence. It is soon discovered that there is a passage through these rocks, and that the water goes thundering through. Into this narrow, dark passage-way, amidst the boiling surges, the canoe is driven and forced furiously on. Pŭlowěch' maintains his seat and steadies the "bark," as it flies; but looking round he sees that he is left alone, his wily companion having leaped ashore just as the canoe was about entering this horrid hole. Soon, however, he emerges out into the light, and finds the water calm and

smooth,—so smooth and still that he can scarcely discover any current at all. He now begins to use his paddle, and moves quietly on. He soon discovers a smoke near the shore, and lands. The smoke issues from a cave, and standing near the door he hears the voices of parties within engaged in earnest conversation: some one is relating to another the adventures of the day. He soon ascertains that it is his "host," who has deserted him so unceremoniously in the hour of danger, telling his grandmother of the death of the several worthies who had fallen under the superior "magic" of Pūlowčh'. When he relates how the last magician who had assumed the form of the *weisum*, her special friend and favorite, is killed, the old lady's wrath knows no bounds. "If he were only still alive," she asseverates, "and would come this way, I would roast him alive,—that I would." "But he is not alive," replies her friend. "I sent him where he'll not see the light again very soon, I can assure you."

Their conversation is now interrupted by our hero's stepping boldly in and presenting himself before them. "But I am alive," he says, "after all, old boy; now come on" (addressing the old lady), *Bákstkboksoo'*, "roast me to death!" The old woman gives him a hideous scowl, and says nothing, and he takes his seat. She is of the porcupine "totem," and shows her quills. She begins to rouse up the fire. She has formidable piles of hemlock bark all dried for the purpose, and she piles it on with an unsparing hand. The fire blazes, crackles, and roars, and the heat becomes intense; but he does not stir until they have exhausted their supply of fuel. It is now his turn. He goes out and collects fuel, and bestows it unsparingly upon the fire, and then closes and fastens the entrance to the cave. He hears them calling for compassion, but he is deaf to their cries. The roof and sides of the cavern glow and crack with the heat, and by and by the fire goes down and all is still. The last of the robbers and murderers are killed and burned to cinders.

II.

THE MAGICAL DANCING-DOLL.

NOOJEKĚŠĠNODĀŠĠT.

THERE was once living in the forest an Indian couple who had seven sons, the oldest of whom was very unkind to the youngest. He used to impose hard tasks upon him, deprive him of his just allowance of food, and beat him. Finally, the lad determined to endure it no longer, and resolved to run away. His name, from his occupation, was NoojekĚšĠnodāšĠt.¹ His particular work was to take the rags from the moccasins, when pulled off, wring them and dry them.

So he requests his mother to make him a small bow and arrow, and thirty pairs of moccasins. She complies with his request, and when all are finished he takes the moccasins and his bow, and starts. He shoots the arrow ahead, and runs after it. In a short time he is able to outrun the arrow and reach the spot where it is to fall before it strikes the ground. He then takes it up and shoots again, and flies on swifter than the arrow. Thus he travels straight ahead, and by night he has gone a long distance from home.

In the mean time his six brothers with their father have all been out hunting. When they return at evening, he is not there, and the older brother finding him absent is greatly enraged; he wants him to wring out and dry the wrappers of his feet. He inquires what has become of him. Being told that he has gone away, he resolves to pursue him and

¹ *KĚšĠnodāšĠt*, to wring and dry socks; *NoojekĚšĠnodāšĠt*, the sock wringer and dryer.

bring him back. So the next morning off he goes in pursuit, carefully following in his brother's tracks. For one hundred days in succession he follows on, halting every night and resting till morning. But during all this time he has only reached the spot where his brother passed his first night. He sees no sign before this of his having kindled a fire or erected a shelter; so he becomes discouraged, gives up the pursuit, and returns home.

The little boy in the mean time has been pursuing his way; he has met a very old man and had an interview with him. *Tame ālēn ak tame wējēn?* ("Whither away, and where are you from?") the old man asks. "I have come a long distance," says the boy; "and you, — where are you from?" "You say, my child, you have come a long distance," the old man replies; "but I can assure you the distance you have come is nothing in comparison with what I have travelled over; for I was a small boy when I started, and since that day I have never halted, and you see that now I am very old." The boy answers, "I will try to go to the place from whence you came." "You can never reach it," the other answers. "But I will try," replies the boy. Seeing that the old man's moccasins are worn out, the boy offers him a new pair; he accepts them gratefully and says: "I, in return, will do you a great favor. Here, take this box; you will find it of essential service to you in your travels." He then gives him a small box with a cover properly secured, which he puts in his "pouch;" and each goes his way.

After a while the boy begins to wonder what the box contains. He takes it out and opens it. As soon as he has removed the cover, he starts with an exclamation of surprise; for he sees a small image in the form of a man dancing away with all his might, and reeking with perspiration from the long-continued exertion. As soon as the light is let in upon him, he stops dancing, looks suddenly up, and exclaims, "Well! what is it? What is wanted?" The truth now flashes over the boy. This is a supernatural agent, a *māntloo*,

a god, from the spirit-world, which can do anything that he is requested to do. "I wish," says the boy, "to be transported to the place from whence the old man came." He then closes the box; suddenly his head swims, the darkness comes over him, and he faints. On coming to himself again, he finds himself near a large Indian village, and knows that this is the place from whence the old man had strayed. He walks into the first wigwam he comes to (a point of etiquette usually observed by the Indians on visiting a village), and is kindly received and invited up toward the back part of the wigwam, the place of honor. There is but one person in the wigwam, and that is an old woman, who begins to weep bitterly as soon as the young man is seated. He asks the cause of her grief, and is told that it is on his account. She takes it for granted that he has come in quest of a wife, and that such hard conditions will be enjoined as the price of dower that he will be slain. This she proceeds to tell him, and to relate how many who were much more brave and mighty than he appears to be, have fallen under the crafty dealings of their old chief, who imposes the conditions and works the death of those who come as suitors for his daughters. "Never mind," says our hero; "he'll not be able to kill me. I am prepared for any conditions he may be disposed to enjoin."

Meanwhile it is soon noised abroad through the village that a strange youth has arrived, to solicit in marriage one of the old chief's daughters. The chief sends him a somewhat haughty message to come and present himself before him. He answers the summons in a tone still more haughty. "Tell him I won't go," is the answer returned. The chief thereupon relaxes somewhat in his sternness, and sends a very modest request, intimating that he shall have one of his daughters in marriage, provided he will remove a troublesome object, a small nuisance, that hinders him from seeing the sun from his village until it is high up in the morning. This is a high granite mountain; he will please remove that

out of the way. "All right," is the quiet response; and the young man sits down in great composure.

So, when the shades of evening have gathered over the village, he quietly takes out his little box and opens it. There, still dancing lustily, is his little comrade (*weedipcheejul*). He stops suddenly, looks up, and exclaims, "Well, what is it? What do you want of me?" "I want you to level down that granite mountain," is the answer; "and I want it done before morning." *Ah* ("All right"), is the answer, — *kesetülah-dëgëdës* ("I will have done it by morning"). So he shuts up his little box, lies down, and goes to sleep. But all night long he hears the sound of laborers at their work. There is pounding, trampling, shouting, shovelling; and when he awakes, lo! the whole mountain has been removed. When the chief awakes he hardly knows where he is; he is astonished out of measure. "He shall be my son-in-law," he exclaims; "go, call him, and tell him to come hither." The young man now obeys his summons. But the chief requires something further before he will give him the hand of his daughter. He happens to be at war with a powerful neighboring tribe, and he indulges the hope that by engaging the young man in the war, he can cause him to fall by the hands of his enemies. He informs him that he wishes to surprise and destroy a village belonging to the enemy. "I will join you," says the young man. "Muster your warriors, and we will start to-morrow upon the expedition." Arrangements are accordingly made, and everything is got ready for an early start. But our hero departs that very evening, and comes in sight of the village. There he uncovers his box and explains his wishes to the "dancing doll." He then lies down and sleeps. All night long he hears the noise of war, the shouts of men, the clash of arms, the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying. The noise and commotion grow fainter and fainter, and at length cease altogether. Morning dawns; he proceeds to view the village. All is silent and still; every soul is cut off, — men, women, and

children are all dead. He now returns, and on his way meets the chief and warriors moving on towards the enemy's village. He reports that he has destroyed the whole place as requested. They send, and find that it is even so. The chief now inquires his name. He says, "Noojekčsigūnodāsīt;" he is surprised, but fulfils his promise and gives him one of his daughters for a wife. He builds a large and commodious lodge, and takes up his residence there with his wife, and has a servant to wait upon him. He himself joins the hunters in their expeditions in the forest for game, and all goes on smoothly for a time. But, alas for human happiness! there is always something to mar our repose. This servant manages to steal the "household god," and to run away with it, — wife, wigwam, and all. He accomplishes the feat thus: One day the master of the house went out a hunting, and carelessly left his coat behind with the "Penates," "Tera-phim," "Manitoo," or "dancing-doll," "magical box," or whatever else you may choose to call it, quietly stowed away in the pouch or pocket. Now it so happened that his servant had often been led to inquire in his own mind what could be the secret of his master's wonderful prowess. Seeing the coat on this occasion, he takes it up and slips it on. "Halloo! what is all this?" he exclaims, as he feels the box. He takes it out and opens it. "Hie! what are you?" he shouts, as his eyes rest on the dancing image. The little fellow stops his dancing suddenly, looks up, and exclaims, "Well, what is it? What do you want of me?" The truth is now out. It flashes over the fellow. This is a "Manitoo," and he it is that works all the wonders. The opportunity is not to be lost. "I want," says he, "this wigwam with all its contents removed to some spot where it cannot be discovered." The Manitoo replies, "I'll do it for you." Then the man grows dizzy, faints, and soon finds himself, wigwam, mistress, and all, far away in the depths of the forest, and surrounded on all sides by water. Of course he takes quiet possession, — is lord of the place, the "palace," and all.

But his triumph is brief. The original owner comes home, and finds himself minus wife, wigwam, magical box, and all. But he still has his magical bow and arrow; and shooting his arrow and giving chase, he is soon at the secluded wigwam, and has discovered his stolen home and wife.

No small management is required to regain the wonder-working box. He waits till nightfall; he looks in and sees the perfidious servant asleep with the coat under his head. He steals softly in, and directs the woman to withdraw it carefully from under him. He then slips it on, opens the box, and wishes himself back, wigwam, wife, servant and all, to their original home. No sooner said than done; and back the faithless servant is in his hands. Summary punishment is inflicted; he is killed, flayed, and a door blanket is made of his skin.

One more adventure and the story ends. The old chief himself is a great *boöin* ("medicine man" or "wizard"), whose tutelar deity is a *chepëchalm* (a huge horned serpent or dragon, fabulous of course, but about the existence of which few doubts are entertained by the Indians). He is chagrined to find himself outdone by his son-in-law. So he makes one more effort to rid himself of him. He says quietly to him one day, "I want you to bring me the head of a *chepëchalm* for my dinner." "I will do so," he replies. The dancing-doll is commanded to bring one of these frightful monsters to the village. He does so. The inhabitants see the danger, and they scream and fly in every direction. Our hero walks out boldly to meet him, and gives battle; the fight is long and fearful, but finally victory declares for the man, and he severs the dragon's head from his trunk. He takes this head in his hand, and walks over to the chief's lodge and tosses it in. He finds the chief alone, weak and exhausted, and sitting bent nearly double; he walks up to him and pounds him on the head with the dragon's head. The old necromancer's magic is gone; his *teömil*, his "medicine," his "tutelary deity," is destroyed, and he falls and dies.

[Here the story abruptly ends. One feels strongly inclined to supply what may be supposed to be a "missing page" in the history, and to install the young son-in-law in the old chief's place, and to give him a long, peaceful, and prosperous reign, numerous progeny, and a good time generally. I shall take no liberties of that kind. I simply *translate* the story as it lies before me, — not translating literally certainly, which would be gross injustice to my original; but faithfully, as I wrote it down from the mouth of a Micmac Indian in his own language.]

III.

THE MAGICAL COAT, SHOES, AND SWORD.

[THE following story embodies so many unnatural marvels that I cannot easily fix upon a title. It relates the adventures, however, all through, of one personage, a young prince, who ought therefore to be mentioned in the title of the story. As towns, intoxicating liquors, soldiers, and sentinels are referred to, the story must be of comparatively recent origin. But it is none the less interesting on that account. Its reference to transformations and magic, in general, seems clearly to point to an Indian origin, though the "invisible coat," "shoes of swiftness," and "sword of sharpness" look wonderfully like some fairy tale of European birth. It is as follows:]

THERE was once a large town where a very rich king resided. He had so much money that a particular house was appropriated to it, which was carefully guarded by sentinels. After a time this king became intemperate, and wasted his money in rioting and drunkenness. His queen became alarmed lest he should spend the whole estate and they should be reduced to poverty. To prevent this, she gives directions to the soldiers that guarded the treasure not to allow the king to take any more. They obey her directions, and when the king applies for more money he is told that it is all gone. Thereupon he takes a turn in the fields, thinking over his situation, when a very well-dressed gentleman meets him and asks for one of his daughters in marriage. He agrees to give him his eldest daughter (he has three in all) for a large amount of money. The terms are accepted, the

money paid, the girl delivered up, and taken away, nobody knows where. The king spends the money in intoxicating liquors, and keeps himself drunk as long as it lasts.

He then takes another turn in the fields, and has a similar adventure; he meets a gentleman who asks for his next eldest daughter, for whom he pays a large price, and whom he carries off, no one knowing whither. The king again expends the money in dissipation. After a while this money is all used up; the king is obliged to be sober and keep so for a time. But a third time, as he is strolling over his fields, he meets a remarkably good-looking gentleman, bringing a "cart-load" of money, which he offers for the king's youngest daughter. The offer is again accepted, and the girl is carried off, to come home no more, no one knowing whither she is taken. The king carouses until he has again exhausted his money (a matter which requires but little time at best, and especially in dreams and fictitious tales). He then becomes sober, and continues so of necessity.

After a while his queen presents him with a son. The little fellow grows, goes to school, and mingles with the other children in their sports. Here he begins to learn something of his own domestic history. He is told that he has three sisters somewhere, but that his father has been a great drunkard, and has sold all three of the girls for intoxicating liquors, — *wegoopsbänegü kämiskühü* (a very curious expression, defying translation; one word denoting that the article referred to has been sold for rum, and that the seller has drunk himself drunk upon it). This information, tauntingly bestowed by the other boys upon the young prince, is received with emotions very far from pleasant. He goes home and tells his mother what the boys have said to tease him, and inquires if there is any truth in it. His mother puts him off, assuring him that the story is false. After a while he begins to believe that there is some truth in it, and he insists that his mother shall tell him all. Seeing the anxiety of the boy, she

concludes to tell him, and gives him in detail all the particulars. "You had three sisters born before you, but your father sold them all for rum." "But where do they live?" the little boy inquires. "I do not know," says the mother. "I'll go in search of them," replies the boy. "You cannot find them," she says. "Indeed, I can," he rejoins; "and I will too."

So, one day, the boy directs his servant to harness the "chariot" and put two horses to it. They start off, and drive a long distance until they come to a river which is crossed at a ford. Having crossed the river, the boy sends back the horses and the servant, and goes on alone.

He soon comes upon three robbers who are so busy talking that they do not notice him until he comes close upon them. They seem to be puzzling over some matter that they cannot decide. He inquires what the trouble is, and is informed that they have taken a coat, a pair of shoes, and a small sword, which they find it impossible to divide. He inquires about the goods in question, and learns that there is remarkable magic in them all. The coat will render the wearer invisible, the shoes will carry him with incredible swiftness, and the sword will do whatever the wearer wishes.

"Oh," he says, "I can assist you; I can divide them in the most satisfactory manner. Give them into my hands, turn your backs towards me, stand one before the other, and don't look around until I speak." To this they all agree, and arrange themselves accordingly. He slips off his own shoes and slips the new ones on, pulls off his coat and puts on the other, seizes the sword and wishes himself at the home of his eldest sister. In an instant he seems to awake as it were out of a sleep, and, lo! he stands at the door of a large and stately mansion. The three robbers stand still and wait without speaking a word until night gathers over them, when they look around and find to their dismay that they are deceived. Then the three great "loons" go home.

The young man knocks at the door of the house where he

finds himself standing, and a lady comes to see who is there. He recognizes her, and salutes her as his sister, older than himself. But she meets him with a cold reception. "I have no brother," she replies, "so that I cannot be your sister." "But I am your brother," he rejoins; "our father is a king. I was born after you and my other two sisters were sold and carried off." This knowledge of her family history convinces her that he is no impostor, and she joyfully receives and leads him in. "But where is my brother-in-law?" he inquires. "Out at sea, hunting," she answers, "whither he constantly goes, but turns himself into a whale when he does so. But," she adds, "he knows you are here, and will be home in a few minutes. There, see! in the distance, throwing up a shower of spray, he comes!" This frightens the young man, and he looks around for the means of flight or concealment. But his sister calms his fears. "You need not be alarmed," she says, "for he will not hurt you." Forthwith up from the shore walks a well-dressed gentleman, who immediately salutes the young man as his brother-in-law, and gives him a very cordial reception.

After a few days he proposes to leave them and go to find his second sister. But he is told that the distance is great. "Still," says he, "I will go." His brother-in-law offers to supply him with money, but he declines the offer. After he has gone out, his brother-in-law detains him a moment, and gives him a fish-scale, carefully wrapped up, telling him that should he ever get into trouble he would be at his side to assist him if he would warm that scale a little. He takes the scale and departs. After he is out of sight, he arrays himself in his magical garb, and is in a twinkling at his second sister's house. She receives him just as the other had done, but is convinced by the same arguments that he is not an impostor. She is exceedingly glad to meet him, as he also is to meet her (*wēledaswōltīnk*). He immediately inquires for her husband, and is directed to a large sheep feeding in a distant field. Instantly the sheep tosses up his head, and

makes a leap towards the house; he comes in upon the full run, and assumes the form of a man as soon as he arrives. This man recognizes his brother-in-law, and says, *Nāmāktēm, pēgesinoosīp* ("My brother-in-law, have you arrived?") *Alājūl āā* ("I have"), he replies. Then they are glad to see each other, and he remains there a number of days.

After a while he announces his intention to visit his youngest sister. He is told that her residence is a long way off. "But I can reach it," he says. His brother-in-law offers to furnish him with money for the excursion, but he declines receiving any. He can travel free of expense. Before his departure, he is asked to receive a small *lock of wool*, and is told to warn that a little, should he get into any difficulty, and his friend would be at his side in an instant to help him. So he departs.

When he is alone by himself, he again clasps his dagger and wishes to be at his youngest sister's house. Instantly he awakes as it were from a sleep, and finds himself standing at the door of a splendid mansion. This time he is recognized at once by his sister, who welcomes him in, and is overjoyed to see him. On inquiring for his brother-in-law, he is shown a gray tame goose in the distance, and is told that that is he. Instantly the goose flies up, makes a dart towards the house, and leaps up at the threshold into the form of a well-shaped, beautiful man. He accosts him as the others had done: "My brother-in-law, have you found your way hither?" *Alājūl āā* ("Yes, I have"), he answers. So again all three are very glad to meet each other (*wēledahsoolitjīk*).

After a few days he intimates to his sister that it is time for him to look after his own private affairs, and he intends "to seek a wife." "To-morrow," says he, "I shall start." She tells him that there is a town where he may find a lady to his liking; but the distance is great. This, to a man who can travel by "telegraph" or "magic," is a matter of small moment. When ready to start, his brother-in-law offers him all the money he needs; and this time he accepts it. In

addition to the money, a small *feather* is given to him, which he is directed to warm a little in any time of trouble, and his friend will immediately be at his side to aid him.

Thus equipped, he starts, and grasping his trusty dagger, he wishes himself at the town specified, and at one of the remotest houses. There he is in a twinkling, awaking, as usual, out of a deep sleep, not having been sensible of the process of transition. The house where he stands is a mean one, of humble dimensions; he enters, and is cordially welcomed. There are two old women there, whom he found on arriving most earnestly engaged in conversation, as though the affair which they were discussing were one of grave importance. He soon finds out what it is all about. There is to be a royal wedding next day; "but," say they, "the bridegroom will not see his bride long." "Why not?" he asks. "Because," they answer, "she will be immediately carried off." "Who will carry her off?" he asks. They point out to him a very high bluff across the arm of the sea, around which a fierce storm of wind and rain is always raging, and they tell him that within those rocks is a cavern inhabited by an "ogre," who cannot be killed, as he takes care to keep his "soul" and "seat of life" in some distant place where it cannot be reached; and as soon as a girl is married he instantly carries her off to his cave, and she is never heard of more.

Next day, all the town is alive with the wedding at the royal residence. The parties stand up; and no sooner are the mystic words pronounced that make them man and wife than the bride vanishes. She is gone, but no one sees how; but all know why and where. Instantly all is turned into mourning. This is the second daughter the poor king has lost; and he weeps bitterly.

The stranger's arrival is now made known to the king. After mutual inquiries and explanations, he agrees to take the other daughter, and to fight the "ogre." The wedding is arranged to come off the next day. The young man then returns to the lodge where he was first entertained, and tells

the news. They assure him that he will lose his bride, and he avers that he will recover her again.

So, the next day, the wedding takes place as arranged, and also, as was expected, the bride is instantly spirited away from his side. Nothing daunted or disconcerted, he returns to the lodge and relates all to his friends. "We told you so," say the old ladies. "But," says he, "to-morrow I shall go and bring her home again." They doubt it.

Next morning he equips himself for the expedition. He has an ugly customer to deal with, but he goes not in his own strength. He can pit magic against magic; and in case he is worsted in the encounter, he can call his three powerful friends to his aid. Putting on his shoes of swiftness, his magical coat, and grasping the wonder-working dagger in his hand, he demands to be placed at the entrance of the ogre's cave. There he stands in an instant of time, in spite of the roaring waves and raging storm. But the face of the rock is smooth and solid; there is no door, and no appearance of a door. He draws his wonder-working dagger, and with its point marks out a door in the face of the bluff. Immediately the door rolls open and displays a vast apartment within, with a great number of women seated in a circle, very evenly arranged. He passes in, shielded from the sight of all by his invisible coat. Even the ugly owner of the cave is outgeneralled. There sits his wife, who was yesterday carried off, and the ogre sits by her side leaning his head on her bosom. All at once he starts up, exclaiming, "There is a wedding in the city," and darts off. In another instant he is back, bringing another woman, who takes her place in the circle. This is repeated from time to time, and in the intervals of his absence the young chief is enabled to converse in hasty snatches with his wife. "Ask him where he keeps his soul," he says to her. She accordingly puts the question to him on his return. He replies, "You are the first one that ever made such an inquiry of me, and I will tell you." He goes on to state that it is at the bottom of the sea, far out from

land, but in an exact line perpendicular to the cave where they are. It is locked up in an iron chest, that chest being enclosed in another, and that in another, seven in all, and every one is locked. This information the "prince," who, all invisible, is standing by, receives. He next directs her to ask him where he keeps the keys. He tells her this also. They lie in a direct line from the chests on this side.

Having obtained all the information he wants, the young man retires from the cave. First he warms the "fish-scale" given him by his eldest sister's husband, and instantly the whale appears, inquiring what is wanted. He relates what has happened, and asks him to find and fetch the iron boxes and the bunch of keys. This he does without difficulty; and the boxes are unlocked, one after the other, until they come to the last. In attempting to open this, they fail, and break the key. Then the "lock of wool" is warmed, and instantly the ram with his twisted horns is on hand to render service. He is directed to butt open the box. This he does in a trice by butting against it, when, *presto!* out hops the ogre's soul, and flies off in a trice. Then the "feather" is heated, and the gray gander comes. He is sent as a winged messenger to catch and bring back the "soul" and "seat of life" of the ogre. Away he flies in pursuit, and soon returns bringing his prisoner, and receives the hearty thanks of his brother-in-law, who then commences operations on it with his magic sword, and by dint of pounding, piercing, and hacking at the soul subdues and after a while kills the magician of the cave. Those around him know not the cause, but they see that he is growing weaker and weaker, that his voice is growing feeble and faint, until at length he ceases to breathe or to move. Then our hero walks boldly and visibly in, and after throwing the ogre out and pitching him into the sea, he crosses over to the city and directs a large apartment to be prepared. The women are then all conveyed to this apartment; proclamation is made; and every man whose wife has been carried off is called to come and pick out his own and take

her away. After all the rest have found and carried home their wives, the young hero takes his, and goes over to the royal palace.

[Here the story ends, the reader being at liberty of course to finish it out on his own responsibility, and to imagine how the young hero was thanked, feasted, honored, and raised to the highest dignities, and lived long and well. Mine is but the humble office of translator. I add nothing essential to the story. I simply translate freely, or rather tell the story in English in my own language, guided by the Micmac original, as I wrote it verbatim in Micmac from the mouth of Capt. Jo Glode.]

IV.

GLOOSCAP AND THE MEGŪMOOWĒSOO.

A MARRIAGE ADVENTURE.

[NOTE.—The Micmacs believe in the existence of a superhuman being in the form of an Indian, named Glooscap. He is benevolent, exercises a care over the Indians, lives in a wigwam, an old woman keeps house for him, and a small "boy fairy" is his servant. The servant's name is Abistānāooch (Marten).

They believe in other supernatural beings, living in the woods, formed like men and women, and possessing vast powers, who can sing most charmingly, and play on the flute exquisitely. They sometimes are very friendly to mortals, and are able to convert them into Megūmoowēsoos. Glooscap has the power to make the same transformations.

One more remark may help to add interest to the following tale. The custom of giving a price for a wife is an ancient Eastern custom, as may be seen in the case of Jacob. To set the intended son-in-law to do some dangerous exploit in order if possible to destroy him, has an historical verification in the case of Saul, who demanded of David an hundred foreskins of the Philistines (1 Sam. xviii. 25). Saul thought to make David fall by the hands of the Philistines. But to the tale.]

THERE was once a large Indian village, from which, on a certain occasion, two young men started on an expedition, one to obtain a wife, and the other to be his companion and friend. After journeying a long distance, they reached an island where Glooscap was residing. He lived in a very large wigwam. Glooscap himself, the old woman, his house-keeper, and his waiting-man, Marten, were at home. The young men enter the wigwam and take their seats. A meal is immediately prepared for them and placed in a very tiny

dish. This dish is so small and there is so little food, that they conclude that it will make but a sorry dinner. They find out, however, that they are mistaken. Small as is the portion of food assigned to them, they may eat as much as they like, but they cannot reduce the amount; there is just as much in the dish as ever. They finish their meal, and are well satisfied and refreshed.

When night comes on, they lie down to sleep; one of them lies next to Glooscap, his head at Glooscap's feet.¹ Now it happens that as this poor fellow is very hungry, he eats enormously, deceived by the fact that the food remains undiminished; consequently he is ill of colic in the night, and during his sleep meets with an unlucky accident. Thereupon Glooscap arouses him, goes with him down to the river, causes him to strip off and take a thorough ablution. He then furnishes him with a change of raiment, combs his hair, and gives him a magic hair-string, which imparts to him supernatural power, and turns him into a "Megūmoowěsoo." He gives him a tiny flute, and teaches him to discourse sweet music therefrom. He also teaches him how to sing. He had not been at all skilled in the art of song before; but when Glooscap leads off and bids him follow, he has a fine voice, and can sing with all ease.

The next day this young man solicits the loan of Glooscap's canoe. Glooscap says, "I will lend it to you willingly, if you will only bring it home again; the fact is, I never lent it in my life, but that I had to go after it before I got it home again." (The business of lending and borrowing is, as it would seem, about the same in all places and in all ages.) The young adventurer promises faithfully that he will bring the canoe back in due time, and the two young men go down to the shore to make ready for their journey. They look round in vain for the *kweedūn* ("canoe"); there is no such thing to be seen. There is a small rocky island near the shore with

¹ This is the way in which, among the Indians, a man and his wife usually sleep. *Witkusoodijik*, — they lie heads and points.

trees growing on it, but there is no canoe. Glooscap tells them this island is his *kweedān*. They go on board, set sail, and find the floating island very manageable as a canoe. It goes like magic.

Straight out to the sea they steer, and after a while reach a large island, where they land, haul up the canoe, hide it in the woods, and go forth in search of the inhabitants. They soon come upon a large village. There a chief resides who has a beautiful daughter; he has managed to destroy a great many suitors by imposing upon them difficult tasks, as the condition of marrying the girl. They have accepted the terms, and have either died in the attempt to perform the tasks, or have been put to death for failure. The two young men enter the chief's wigwam: they are politely invited up to an honorable seat; they sit down, and the Megūmoowēsoo introduces the subject of his visit in behalf of his friend. There is no long preamble. A short but significant sentence explains all: "My friend is tired of living alone." This tells the whole story, and it takes but two words in Micmac to tell it: *Sewincoodoo-gwahloogwēl' nīgūmachū* (they are words of somewhat formidable length). The chief gives his consent, but he imposes a somewhat dangerous condition. His intended son-in-law must first bring in the head of a *chepēchcalm* ("horned dragon").¹ The terms are accepted; the two young men go out and retire to another wigwam, where they pass the night.

Some time in the night the Megūmoowēsoo leaves the lodge and goes dragon-hunting. He finds a hole in the ground where the serpent hides, and lays a stick of wood across it. Then he dances round and round the hole to induce the enemy to come forth. Presently his "dragonship" pokes up his head to reconnoitre, and then begins to come out. In doing this he drops his neck upon the log that has been purposely placed there for his accommodation, and one blow from the hatchet severs his head from the trunk. The

¹ See pages 12, 53, and 116.

Indian seizes it by the shining yellow horns, and bears it off in triumph. He lays it down by the side of his sleeping friend, rouses him, and directs him to carry it over to his father-in-law. He does so; and the old man, astonished, says to himself, "This time I shall lose my child."

But the young man has further trials of skill to undergo. The old chief coolly says, "I should like to see my new son-in-law coast down hill on a hand-sled." There happens to be a high mountain in the neighborhood, the sides of which are rugged and steep; and this is the place selected for the coasting expedition. Two sleds are brought out. The intended son-in-law and his friend are to occupy one of them, and two stalwart fellows, who are *boov'nák* ("wizards") withal, are to occupy the other. They ascend the mountain in company; when all is ready, Megūmoowēsoo and his friend take the lead, the former undertaking to steer the sled; the two wizards follow, expecting that their friends will be tumbled off their sleds before they go far, and that they will be run over and crushed to death. The word being given, away they speed at a fearful rate, down, down, down the rough path, and the young man soon loses his balance, and away he goes. His companion, however, seizes him with all ease, and replaces him upon the sled, but makes this a pretext for turning a little aside to adjust matters, and the other sled passes them. In an instant they are again under way, and, coming to some of the rugged steepes, their sled makes a bound and leaps quite over the other, which it now leaves behind; the Megūmoowēsoo shouting and singing as they fly, the sled thunders on to the bottom of the mountain. Nor does its speed slacken there; on and on it darts towards the village, with the same velocity, until it strikes the side of the old chief's wigwam, which it rips out from end to end. The poor old chief springs up in terror, and exclaims aloud, "I have lost my daughter this time!" He finds that he has his match.

But there are other trials of magical prowess to be made. He must run a race with one of the magicians. They get

ready, and MegūmoowĒsoo slips his magical pipe into his friend's hand, thus arming him with magical power; and off they start, quietly side by side at first, so that they can converse together. "Who and what are you?" the bridegroom asks his friend. "I am Wĕgādĕšk' (Northern Lights)," he answers. "Who and what are you?" "I am Wōsog-wōdĕšk (Chain-lightning)," is the answer; each of course intending these high-sounding epithets as a boastful declaration of his speed in running. Chain-lightning wins. He arrives about noon, having made the whole course round the world, but not till towards evening does Northern Lights come in, panting. Once more the chief exclaims, "I must lose my daughter this time!"

One more game finishes the dangerous sports of the occasion. They must swim and dive, and see which can remain the longer under water. So they plunge in, and again inquire each other's names. "What is your name?" the bridegroom asks the *boōñn*. "I am Ukchigūmooĕch (Sea-duck)," he answers. "And who are you?" "I am Kweemoo (Loon)," he answers. So down they plunge. After a long time Sea-duck bobs up, but they wait and wait for the appearance of Loon. Then the old chief declares that he is satisfied. The young man may take the girl and go; but the wedding must be celebrated by a regular dance in which all may participate. A cleared, well-beaten spot near the chief's wigwam is the dancing-ground. When all is ready, the MegūmoowĒsoo springs up and begins the dance. If there is any concealed plot connected with the dance, he determines to disconcert it; at all events he will show them what he can do. Round and round the circle he steps in measured tread. His feet sink deep into the smooth compact earth at every step, and plough it up into high uneven ridges at every turn. He sinks deeper and deeper into the earth, until at last naught save his head is seen above the ground as he spins round the circle. He then stops; but he has put an end to the dancing for that day, as the ground has been rendered totally unfit for the exercise.

The games are now all over, and the young man and his friend have come off victorious in every trial. The "lady fair" is given him for his bride, and the happy bridegroom and his friend, taking her with them, launch the magical canoe and start for *boosijik* ("home"). Their troubles and dangers are not over. The wily old chief sends some of his magical band to thwart them on their way. As they paddle quietly along over the glassy surface of the sea, they perceive that a storm has been conjured up ahead, and it is bearing down apace upon them; but if one conjurer can raise the wind, so can another; and when "Greek meets Greek," then comes the tug-of-war. The only question is which is the more expert warrior of the two. In a trial of enchantment it is the same. If one can blow, so can the other; and the one that can blow the harder beats. The *Megūmoowēsoo* stands up in the canoe, inflates his lungs, swells out his cheeks, and blows for dear life; he puffs the stronger gale. Wind meets wind; the approaching storm is driven back, and leaves the sea all (*āwibūncāk*) calm and smooth as before.

They now proceed on their way, but keep a good lookout for "breakers." Presently they perceive something sticking up in the water, which on closer examination proves to be a beaver's tail. They understand it in an instant. A *boōōin* has assumed this form to lull suspicion; and intends, by a blow of his tail as they pass, to capsize the canoe. *Megūmoowēsoo* steers directly towards the tail, and just as they come up to it he exclaims, "I am a capital hand to hunt beavers; many is the one I have killed;" and he deals a blow with his hatchet, which severs the tail from the body and kills the wizard.

They then proceed, but haul close in shore in order to round the point. They see an animal about the size of a small dog, which bears a somewhat unsavory name, and which sometimes deluges his pursuers with a still more unsavory perfumery. This animal is termed in Micmac *abookcheeloo*; in English he is commonly known as the skunk, but by way of euphony he is called Sir John Mephitis. Sir John on this

occasion happens to be a necromancer, sent out by the disconcerted old chief to oppose the progress of the wedding-party. He has arranged his battery, and stands ready to discharge his artillery as they approach. But the Megūmoowēsoo is too much for him. He has a spear all ready; he has whittled out a small stick, which he sends whirling through the air with unerring aim, and the poor skunk gives two or three kicks and dies. His destroyer steps ashore and takes a pole, sharpens the end, transfixes the animal upon it, sticks the pole up in the ground, and leaves poor Sir John dangling in the air. *Lik-cho-je-nain'* ¹ he exclaims. "There, sir, you can exhibit yourself there as long as you please."

Their dangers are now all over. They soon arrive at Glooscap's habitation. They find him waiting for them at the shore. He says, "Well, my friends, I see you have returned my canoe." "We have, indeed," they reply. "And what kind of a time have you had?" he inquires. They assure him that they have had a splendid time, and have had uninterrupted success. At this he manifests his great satisfaction; he has been cognizant of everything as it went along, and has had no small share in their triumphs. After entertaining them he dismisses them, telling the Megūmoowēsoo that should he get into trouble, he is but to think of him, and assistance will be sent forthwith. The two friends with the bride go home, and then they separate, — one to pursue the course of ordinary mortals, the other to move in that higher sphere to which he has been raised.

¹ *Lik-cho-je-nain'* will not bear literal translating.

V.

THE BOY THAT WAS TRANSFORMED INTO
A HORSE.

NOW, on a certain time in a certain place there were many people living. One man was very poor and had a large family. A gentleman came one day and offered him a very large sum of money for his little boy. He accepted the offer and sold the child, though he was aware of the evil character of the man who bought him, and knew that it would be the means of his eternal destruction. He had sold him to the devil.

After this he had another son born to him. At the age of eighteen months the child was able to talk, and immediately made inquiries about his elder brother. He said to his mother, "Where is my brother?" Then the mother began to weep, and told him that he had been sold by his father. The child asked, "Where has he been taken?" The mother replied, "An evil spirit has carried him off." The child said, *Měnišcák!* ("I will go and fetch him back!")

Shortly after this a man entered the house whom no one could see except the little boy. This man said to the child, "Are you intending to go and bring home your brother?" He replied, "I am." The man said, "I will give you directions respecting the way, and will assist you when you are ready to go."

The next morning the child goes out, and the man meets him and says, "Are you ready for your expedition?" The child replies that he is all ready. The man gives him a tiny horse-whip, telling him to conceal it about his person, and let no

one know he has it, and at the proper time he will learn to what use he has to put it. He then points out to him the road that he must take. "Do you see away yonder that road that passes right through a cloud? Go you on to that place, and when you have passed through the cloud you will come to a large house. Go up to that house, and you will meet the owner, and he will inquire of you what you want. Tell him you are looking for work. He will inform you that if you can take care of horses he will give you employment. Tell him you can, and accept the situation. While you are tending the horses, one of them will speak to you, and tell you that he is your brother, and he will inquire what has induced you to come hither. Tell him you have come as his deliverer."

The boy, having received these instructions, proceeds on his journey. He takes the straight road ahead, reaches the thick cloud, passes through it, and comes out on the further side; here he sees a large fine house and goes up to it. He meets the master of the house just coming out. *Cogoorvā ālēñ?* ("What are you here after?") he asks. The child replies, "I am looking for work." The man says, *Aw! pēskwahl!* ("Very well! come in"). He goes into the house, and engages with the owner to attend the horses.

Installed in his new employment, he daily attends punctually to the duties of the situation, feeding the horses and tending them (*šāmāje*). Not many days have passed, before one of the horses addresses him in human speech. "My brother," he says, "what has brought you here? It is an evil place; I was once myself what you are now, and I was set to tend the horses as you do, until I myself was turned into a horse." The child answers, "I have come with the design of taking you home." He answers, "You will never be able to effect your purpose." He replies, "I will try, however."

And try he does, and succeeds too. One day he asks permission to take a ride on horseback, and is allowed to do so. He knows which horse to choose for the excursion; he brings

him out, mounts his back, and trots and gallops to and fro for a while, displaying his agility in horsemanship. Then he tells his brother, "To-morrow we will go home." His brother replies, "We cannot do that, we shall be overtaken and brought back." The little fellow answers, "They will not be able to overtake us."

The next morning he again asks and obtains permission to take a ride. First he rides very slowly back and forth; but soon he starts for home, first walking the horse, then starting him into a trot, and finally into a smart gallop. They are now suspected, and parties are sent after them in great haste. If they can pass the cloud, they are safe; but before they reach it the boy looks back, and finds that his pursuers are rapidly gaining upon him. He now bethinks him of the whip the angel guide had given him, draws it out of his pocket, and applies it vigorously to his horse's sides. This puts new life into the animal, which, dashing on with double speed, soon begins to distance the pursuers, and arriving at last at the separating cloud, springs into it, passes through it, and is safe.

He there meets the man who assisted him in his work. "You have brought away your brother!" he exclaims. He answers exultingly, "I have." He then tells him not to go into the village, but to go and pass the night in the woods. With this he takes off his cloak and throws it over his horse. Then the boy takes the horse into the woods, ties him to a tree, and lies down to sleep. The next morning he awakes and sees his brother sitting by, restored to his natural shape; but he is naked: whereupon he leaves him, and goes into the village to beg some clothes for him. These he carries back, and puts upon his brother.

The heavenly messenger now meets them again, and directs them to go home, and carry this cloak, with which the horse had been covered, and put it on their father. Before he dismisses them, he gives them a prayer-book. They have never been taught their prayers. So he opens the book, and calls

them to him, and gives them a lesson; they immediately remember the prayers, and can repeat them correctly.

They then go home. They enter their father's house, but are not recognized. They throw the cloak over their father's shoulders. He immediately goes out, and is instantly transformed into a horse. An evil spirit leaps upon his back and gallops off with him.

Then the two boys go out and travel on, but are not seen except by a very few, being invisible to all others. They at length enter a house, and go up into an upper room. In the evening they are again visited by the "angel," who now appears doubly angelic. He says to them, "We will all remain together for the night." The next morning people call to inquire after them, but they are gone. The doors and windows are all fastened, and the boys' clothes are left in the room; but no tidings can be obtained of the boys.

[The above story was related to me by Joseph Glode, a Micmac Indian, and I wrote it down from his mouth in Micmac. It has too much Indian coloring to have been learned from the white men. The marvellous feats of a "tiny boy," as well as the unnatural transformations, are just in harmony with the wildest Indian mode of thought. But the "angel," the "devil," and the "prayer-book" attest to a somewhat modern invention; but for all that, the tale is none the less interesting.]

As in the other cases, I simply relate the story according to the English idiom, not adding to or diminishing from any of the incidents.]

VI.

THE MAGICAL FOOD, BELT, AND FLUTE.

[THE following story has a tinge of modernism about it. The actors are civilized, not savage; and it may be some ancient fairy tale, first learned from the whites, and remodelled by design or accident into the Indian style of the marvellous. The hero's name given by the Indian from whose mouth I wrote the story down as he related it in Micmac, was Jack, which seems to confirm the suspicion that the tale itself is not of Indian origin. The discovery of such a tale in the regions of romance would of course settle the question. I here give the story as I heard it, translating it from the Micmac which lies before me.]

THERE was once a king who owned a large farm in the neighborhood of the town where he resided; the farm was cultivated by a man who paid rent for it to the king. This man had but one child, a son, who was considered only about half-witted; he was very stupid, and was continually doing silly things.

After a while his father died; but as he had left a large store of money, the rent was easily met for a year or two. Finally a pay-day approached when there was no cash. The mother consulted with her son as to what was to be done. "The king will call in a day or two for his money, and we have none for him. What can we do?" He replies, *Looööh'* ("I don't know"). She concludes to select one of the finest cows, and send the boy off to market to sell it. He agrees to the proposal, and starts with the cow to market.

As he drives his animal along, he passes a house standing near the road; there is a man on the steps who has come out to hail him. He inquires, "Where are you going with that cow?" "I am driving her to market," Jack answers. "Come in and rest yourself," says the man, pleasantly. Jack accepts the invitation, goes in, and sits down. "I want you to make me a present of that cow," says the man. "Can't do it," replies Jack; "but I will be glad to sell her to you, for we are in need of the money." The man replies that he will not buy the cow, but that he wants Jack to make him a present of her. This the boy refuses to do. The man asks if he will have something to eat. He answers in the affirmative, and on a tiny dish is set before him a very small piece of food.¹ The boy looks at the food, and ventures to taste it. He finds it very palatable, and eats away, but does not diminish the amount. After a while the distension of his stomach indicates that he has eaten sufficiently; but his appetite is as keen as ever, and the morsel that lies on the tiny plate is not in the least diminished. He endeavors to stop eating, but finds that he cannot do so. He has to keep on eating, whether he will or not. So he calls out to the man, "Take away your food." The man coolly answers, "Give me your cow, and I will." The boy answers indignantly, "I'll do no such thing; take your dish away." "Then eat on," quietly answers the man; and eat on he does, until he begins to think that his whole abdominal region will burst if he continues much longer. He gives over the contest, cries for quarter, and yields up the cow. In return he receives the little dish with the food, undiminished in quantity or quality, remaining in it. He then returns home with the magical food in his pocket.

Arriving at his home, he is questioned as to the success of his mission. He relates his adventures and says, "I have

¹ This is an unmistakable Indian stamp to the story. Their legends delight in making tiny, insignificant things perform great wonders.

been robbed of the cow." His mother calls him a thousand fools, upbraids him outrageously, and seizes the fire-shovel in order to knock him down. He dodges her, however, and taking a particle of the magical food on the tip of his finger, adroitly touches her mouth with it as he jumps by her. She stops instantly, charmed with the exquisite taste, and inquires, "What is this that tastes so delicious?" Thereupon he hands the dish over to her; and she falls to eating greedily, while he quietly looks on. But soon sensations and difficulties similar to those which he had himself experienced lead her to call out to him to remove the plate. "Will you beat me then?" he coolly asks. "I will," exclaims the mother, now more than ever enraged, finding herself thus caught in a trap. "Then you may eat away," says the boy. The indignant old lady eats on, until she can really stand the strain no longer, when she yields, and promises to lay aside the "rod of correction;" then he releases her by removing the tiny platter and its contents.

The next morning the old lady sends Jack off to market with another cow. Passing the same house, he is again accosted by the man, who is waiting on the door-step to meet him; in the same manner as on the former occasion, the man makes the modest request that Jack will give him the cow. Jack, however, has learned some wisdom by his late adventure, and has no idea of repeating the experiment. *Jigūlahse winsit* ("Be off with you, you evil spirit"), he exclaims. "You robbed me yesterday; you're not going to do it again today;" and he hurries on. The man takes off his belt, and throws it down in the middle of the road. Instantly the belt leaps up around both Jack and his cow, binds the animal's legs fast to her body, and lashes the boy to her side. There they lie, unable to stir. *Apkwahle!* ("Untie me!") shouts the struggling boy. "Give me your cow and I will," the man answers. "I won't do it," says Jack. "Then lie there!" is the answer. But the belt, like a huge boa-constrictor, begins to contract, and to press upon Jack and his

cow, so that they can scarcely draw their breath. At length the poor fellow gives up the cow, is unfastened, receives the magic belt in return, and goes home. He informs his mother that the same man has again robbed him. The old woman is now more angry than ever. She calls him hard names, threatens to beat and even to kill him, and searches for a suitable weapon; then Jack unclasps his belt, casts it upon the floor, and instantly the poor woman is bound hand and foot, and calls lustily to be released. Jack looks on and says, *Mätaedukstüh?* ("Will you beat me, then?") "Yes, I will," she screams; "untie me, you dog!" Jack pulls the magic cord a little tighter round her, and the violence of her wrath abates; she begins to gasp, and promises if he will let her go she will not beat him. Thereupon he unties her, and she keeps her word.

The difficulty still remains; the rent is not yet paid, and the mother determines to make one more attempt to sell a cow. Away goes the boy again towards the town, driving the third animal, when the same man again encounters him with the same proposal. "Give me your cow." "Give you my cow, indeed!" exclaims the boy in wrath. "I'll give a stone and hurl it at your head." He is about to suit the action to the word, when the man pulls out a tiny flute and begins to play on it. Jack's muscles instantly contract in different directions; the stone drops from his hand, and, literally charmed with the music, he begins to dance. The cow joins in the jig; and both dance away with all their might, unable to stop. "Hold! hold!" he exclaims at length; "stop your music! Let me get my breath!" "Give me your cow, and I will," answers the man. "I won't do it," Jack replies. "Then dance away!" is the answer; and the poor fellow dances until he is ready to drop from very weariness. He then yields, gives up the cow, receives the magic flute, and returns to his mother to report his ill success for the third time. This time the old woman's rage knows no bounds. She will kill him outright. But while she is in the act of

springing upon him with some deadly weapon, he commences operations on his magical flute. The old lady is enchanted with the music, drops her weapon, and begins to dance, but retains her wrath, and long persists in her determination to deal summary vengeance upon the boy. Again and again she orders him to cease playing; but in answer to his interrogatory, *Mätaedukstäh?* ("Will you beat me then?") she answers, "Indeed I will." Soon she becomes so weary that she can scarcely keep on her feet, but sways to and fro, almost sinking. Finally she falls and strikes her head with great force. She yields, and promises to let him alone, and he withdraws the enchantment of his music.

There was another effect produced by the magic flute when the man who met Jack commenced playing; no sooner had the boy and cow begun to dance, than they were joined by a great swarm of hornets. These hornets hovered over them, and danced in concert in the air; they followed the flute; whenever it played they came, but they were invisible to all eyes except those of the musician, and his commands and wishes they implicitly obeyed.

The difficulty of paying the rent remains. The mother is still in trouble about it; but the boy quiets her fears, and undertakes to manage the affair. "To-day," she says, "the king will be here. What can we do?" He says to her, "I'll pay him; give yourself no uneasiness." He then takes a lot of earthen dishes and smashes them up fine, packs the pieces into a bag, and fills it so full that he can scarcely tie it up, then seals the strings with *upkoo-gum*.¹

Presently a carriage containing the king himself and two servants drives up to the door. They have come to collect the rent. They enter the house, and the terrified old woman runs and hides. The boy, however, meets them at the door, and politely conducts them to a seat. They sit down and wait, and he immediately fetches them what seems to be a well-filled money-bag, and sets it down on the table,

¹ *Upkoo-gum*, wax, tar, or any adhesive substance.

making it rattle and chink like a bag of money,¹ as he sets it down.

He then produces his little magic platter and food, and gravely informs the king that his father, before he died, had given him instructions to set that before his Majesty as a portion of exquisitely delicious food. The king takes the bait and falls into the trap; he first tastes a morsel, then falls to eating, and the two servants join him. Meanwhile the boy seems to be very busy getting ready to count out the cash, bustling round, going into another room where he remains a good while, then coming out and lifting up the bag, and, as if having forgotten something, going back into some other apartment of the house.

Meanwhile the king and his servants become gorged with the food; but they can neither refrain from eating, nor push away from the enchanted platter. They call to the boy to come and remove his dish; but he is altogether too busy to hear or to notice them. Meanwhile their troubles increase. Their stomachs become distended beyond endurance, and they are glad to purchase a respite by giving up rent, house, stock, farm, and all. On these conditions the dish and food are removed, and the king and his retinue return to the palace, leaving the good people in quiet possession of everything.

After they have retired, the old woman, who has been watching the manœuvres from her hiding-place, comes out, and this time praises her boy for his adroitness. He makes over all the property to her, and starts off to seek his fortune and a wife, taking with him the enchanted dish, belt, and flute.

So he travels on, and finally arrives at a town where a king resides who has one beautiful daughter. She has many suitors, for the king has promised her hand to the first one who will make her laugh three times in succession. Now, it happens that our hero is very ill-shaped, ugly-looking, and awkward, and can, by a little affectation, make himself appear

¹ Money in all the *Ahtookwótkuns* that I have seen is *coin*, not paper, — which indicates a somewhat ancient date to the story.

much more so than he really is. He strolls about the city, hears the current gossip, and learns about the domestic arrangements of the palace. So one day he strolls into the king's palace among the other suitors and visitors, and looks round at everything, and soon attracts the attention of the servants, who inquire what his business is there. At first he makes no reply. But he knows that, according to rule, unless he answers the third challenge, he will be summarily ejected. So he answers the second time. "Is it true, as I have heard, that the princess will marry the first man who can make her laugh three times in succession?" He is told that it is true, and he says he wishes to make the trial. So he is allowed to remain in the palace.

Being admitted into the apartment where the young lady is in waiting, surrounded by her suitors, who are to be umpires in the trial, he first brings out his magical dish with the enchanted food, and requests her to examine and taste it. She does this cautiously, following the bent of curiosity, and finds the taste so agreeable that she continues to eat, and offers it to the others, who also eat. To their astonishment the quantity of food does not diminish in the platter, nor does the taste become any less exquisite, although their distended stomachs protest against any further infliction. Finally the protestations of the gastric regions overcome the clamors of the palate, and they attempt to stop eating and to push away the plate. But they can do neither the one nor the other, and so call upon the youth to take away his food. He will do so, but upon one condition: *The princess must laugh.* She hesitates; she had only thought of laughing from pleasure, not from pain. She refuses to comply, but he is inexorable; she may do what she pleases, — laugh, or continue to eat. Finally she can hold out no longer, and she laughs, saying to herself, "He'll not make me laugh a second time." As soon as he releases them from the enchantment of the food, they fly furiously at him to expel him from the palace. But they "reckon without their host." Quick as lightning he unclasps

the magic belt, tosses it on the floor, and instantly they are all bound together in a bundle wound round from head to foot, and lie in a helpless heap before him. "Untie us," shouts the tortured and terrified princess. *Oosīgāwāyān* ("Laugh, then"), he coolly answers. But no, she will not laugh. But he knows how to bring her to terms. He has but to will it, and the obedient belt will tighten its embrace. When she and her guardians can endure the pressure no longer, she gives forth a forced and feeble laugh. Then they are all released. No sooner done, than the men draw their weapons and rush furiously at him. Before they reach the spot where he stands, however, he has the magic flute to his lips; their steps are arrested, and princess, suitors, umpires, guards, and all are wheeling in the mazy dance. They are charmed, not figuratively but literally, with the music of the tiny magic flute.

At length they grow tired of the exercise, and vainly endeavor to stop; but they cannot do it. "Stop your playing!" they shout. "I will," he answers, "when the princess laughs." But she determines that she will not laugh this time, come what may. But the stakes are for a princess and a kingdom, and he will not yield. She dances till she can no longer stand. She falls upon the floor, striking it heavily with her head. She then yields to her fate, performs her part nobly, and gives forth *tokoo wēskāwāke* ("a hearty laugh"). The music then ceases, the umpires are left to decide the case, and the young man walks away and leaves them.

The news of the affair reaches the ears of the king, and he commands that the young man shall be introduced into his presence. This is done; and the king is disgusted with the looks and manners of the young man, and declares the contract null and void. But the matter must be hushed up, and not allowed to get abroad. The "victor" is to be privately despatched, and another more suitable match substituted in his place. By the king's direction the stranger is seized, conveyed to the menagerie, and thrown in with the beasts. This

is a large apartment surrounded by high walls. The ferocious animals rush upon him ; but the magic belt is tossed down, and they are all tied up in a heap, their legs being bound fast to their bodies, while he sits quietly down awaiting the issue of events in one corner of the yard.

Meanwhile word is circulated that one of the suitors at the royal palace has won the princess's hand, and the wedding is to be celebrated that very evening. "All goes merrily as a marriage-bell," until the hour arrives for the bridegroom to be introduced into the bridal chamber. There the whole affair is quashed. Hosts of invisible foes are there who have entered at the key-hole, and are waiting to vindicate the innocent, defend his rights, and punish the intruder. The victorious Jack has taken his flute and called the troops of hornets to his aid ; he bids them enter the key-hole and wait until his rival has unrobed, and then ply him with their tiny weapons about his lower extremities. This they do ; and the poor fellow, unable to see the hornets, but fully able to feel their stinging, begins to jump and scream like a madman. The terrified princess rushes out of the room, and screams for help. The domestics run to her assistance, and she declares that the bridegroom is a maniac. They, hearing his screams and witnessing his contortions of countenance, and unable to learn the cause, come to the same conclusion, and hurry away from the palace. Another bridegroom is substituted, who shares the same fate. The king at length concludes that he is outgeneralled ; that the young man who has won the hand of his daughter still lives ; that he must be a remarkable personage, possessed of miraculous powers. He sends to the menagerie for him. The animals are all tied up ; but a thick mist fills the place, and they cannot see the young man. They attempt to release the beasts, but find this impossible. They bring the report to the king. "Ay," said he, "it is just as I said ; he is a necromancer, a remarkable man. Go again, seek him carefully, and if you can find him bring him in." This time they find him. They recognize him ; but he is now

transformed into a most lovely person. All admire his portly bearing and his polished manners. The wedding is consummated with great pomp. He builds a splendid palace, and, when the old king dies, is crowned in his place.

And now a long and prosperous reign.

[This last sentence is added as a finishing touch by the translator.]

VII.

THE HISTORY OF USĪTĚBŮLĀJOO.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE were once two Indian families living near together. The name of one of the men was Pūlowěch' (Birch Partridge), and that of the other Weechūk' (Spruce Partridge). Each had a large family. One severe winter they were greatly straitened for food. Weechūk' lost all his children but two, and finally died himself. His wife survived. Pūlowěch' lost his wife and all his children, so he married the widow of Weechūk'; she had two children, a son and a daughter. Pūlowěch' used to hunt and provide for his wife and step-children.

One day he did not succeed in obtaining any game, and so he cut the flesh from his back and brought it home. They cooked and ate it. Another day, when he had like ill-luck, he cut the flesh from the calves of his legs and brought that home. This also was cooked and eaten.

After supper the old man lies down and goes to sleep. While he lies there, his wife discovers that he has removed the flesh from his back and the calves of his legs, and she says to herself, "Ah! have I been eating your flesh? I'll go away and leave you to-morrow." So the next morning Pūlowěch' goes out as usual to his hunting. After he has gone his wife washes and dresses herself in her best apparel, and makes herself so pretty that her very eyes are red and sparkling. Then she pulls up her door post, and goes down the hole into an underground passage, telling her children to

close the passage after her by re-inserting the door-post. She travels on a long distance, comes to a river which she follows down, and finally reaches an Indian village, where there are many wigwams. She enters the first wigwam she comes to, where she finds seated on the ground an old woman named Mooĭnāsque;¹ she sees also a boy whose name is Abistā-nāooch (Marten). The old woman directs her to go over to the wigwam of the chief. She does so; the chief's wife receives her kindly, calls her her daughter-in-law, and introduces her to their son, who takes her for his wife, and she remains with him.

When her former husband, Pūlowēch', returns at evening from hunting, he inquires of his step-children, "What has become of your mother?" They say, "We do not know." He goes off in search of her. After he is gone the little girl says to her brother, "Come on! Let us wash ourselves, and go out and see if we cannot find our mother." He agrees to the proposal; they get ready, pull up the door-post, go down into the underground passage, follow on, and come out at last to *Miskēek oodĭn* (the large Indian town). The little girl tells her brother not to speak to their mother should they discover her, but wait and see what she will say or do.

So, arriving at the town, they enter the first wigwam they come to and make inquiries. The old woman, Mrs. Bear, tells them that a stranger arrived there some time before, and that she went to the chief's wigwam, where she still is. They inform her that this stranger is their mother. "But do not let her know," say they, "that we have come." The old woman tells them that she has no food to give them. "But," she says, "go over to the chief's wigwam, and there you may succeed in obtaining a little." So the two children go over to the chief's wigwam; on entering, they see their mother sitting there, but she takes no notice of them. After a while the mother rises, takes down some lean meat and

¹ *Mooĭnāsque*, the wife of Mooĭn, the bear. An exact translation into the English idiom would be "Mrs. Bear."

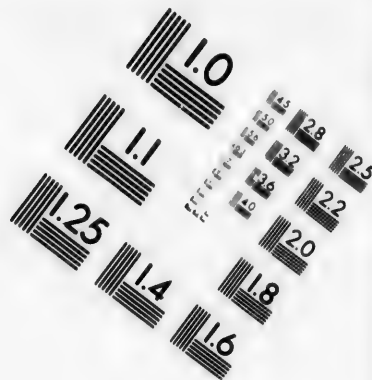
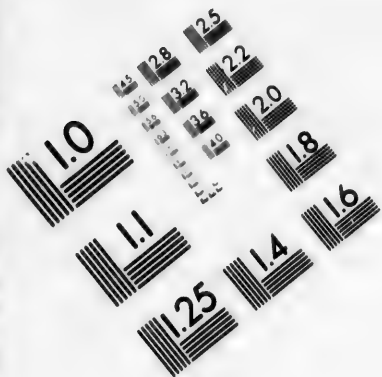
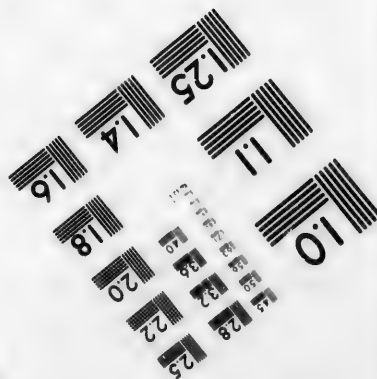
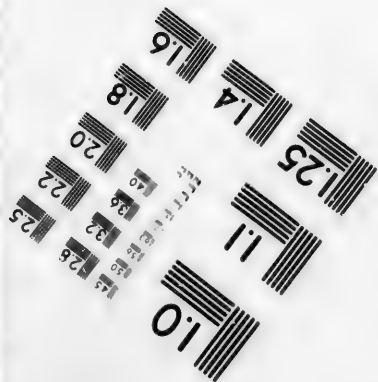
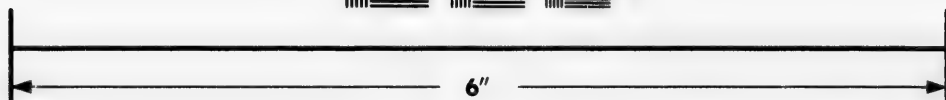
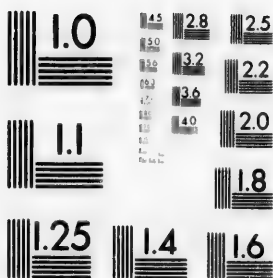
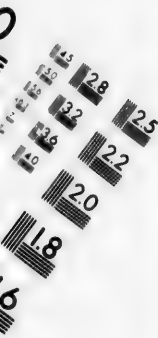


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some fat, and gives it to them, telling them to go somewhere else and roast it. So they take the meat and go back to the first wigwam which they had entered, and there, together with the little boy Marten, they cook their dinner and eat it. They do not go back to see their mother, but remain where they are.

The next day poor old Pūlowēch' arrives in search of his wife; but she has no idea of going back. She recommends to her present husband to rally his men, seize and kill this stranger, take off his skin, dress it, and make a door-blanket of it. This counsel is followed. The old man is seized and killed; his hide is taken off, and made into a door-blanket. Weechūkēskw (Weechūk's wife, or, in English phraseology, Mrs. Weechūk) next cautions the people against those two strange children that have arrived. "Just such an event once happened," she says, "in my former place of residence. Two strange children came there, and were kindly entertained; but they turned out to be evil geniuses, who cut off the supplies of game by witchcraft; so that all the people came near perishing with starvation. Take these two children," she adds, "and tie them together by the legs. Do not attempt to kill them, but hang them up on a tree; then let us all remove, leaving them hanging there."

This advice is taken. The two children are tied together by the heels, back to back; a tree is bent down, they are fastened to it, and are left dangling in the air.

The whole village pack up and remove, "bag and baggage." Little Marten is on the watch. He sees the old lady, his grandmother, lighting a piece of touch-wood, and carefully hiding it away to preserve some fire against the time of need. After all have gone, little Marten begs his grandmother to have compassion on his two little comrades, and allow him to let them down. She consents; and he goes to them, kindles a fire at the bottom of the tree and burns it down, then piles up moose-hair for them to fall upon; then by a vigorous application of his teeth and nails, he soon loosens the knots and

sets them at liberty. At this stage in the story the boy is named. He is called Usĭtĕbŭlĕjoo (hanged up by the heels). The two remain in the deserted village to shift for themselves; but Usĭtĕbŭlĕjoo asks the old woman with whom they have stayed to remember them in future time. "Pity us, poor creatures," he says; "and when the heavy snows of winter fall, sweep it away from before your door, and we shall derive the benefit."

So the people of the village travel on three days before they encamp. They then pitch their tents, and soon raise a large village of wigwams. But they cannot escape the punishment of their cruelty to strangers and orphans. The Great Spirit is angry and sends them no game, and they are soon reduced to extremities: *kāwesooltijĕ* (they suffer from hunger). The cruel mother, however, has no idea of taking the blame to herself. She blames, or affects to blame, for it all those two evil spirits, those necromancers, her own little children.

The two children, however, are not left uncared for. First they live on small game. They kill mice, roast and eat the flesh, and make clothing of the skins. Afterwards they succeed with larger game. They pray for rabbits; and the rabbits flock into their wigwam, and are easily taken and killed. Their skins are also made into clothing. The little girl does this work, and soon presents her brother with a coat made of this warmer and more substantial material.

After a time the boy asks of Keswolk (the Great Spirit; the Creator, literally) to allow them to grow up at once into a man and a woman. That evening the boy draws into the wigwam two logs of wood as large round and as long as a man. He then says to his sister: *Nĭmees* ("My sister"), after I lie down and get to sleep, do you stand these logs up, one at my head and the other at my feet. In the morning, I shall get up and make a fire; when I first call you, do not rise. When you hear me say, 'Sister, the fire is all out,' do not mind; but lie still. After a good long while, however, get up."

She attends carefully to these directions, and when she arises the next morning, her brother has grown up, sure enough, to the full size of a man.

That evening he stands the logs up at her head and feet, and the next morning she has grown up *stāgā' ābītos* (like a young woman).

Now, then, *Usītēbūlājoo* prepares for himself deadly weapons of a more effectual kind. He makes a spear and arrows with stone heads. Having prepared his weapons he says to his sister, *Numees, sabonook ēskitpoonook 'ntoogoolean'* ("tomorrow, early in the morning, when I go a hunting"), *akūdagīskūk āpkēsūtēs* ("and return at mid-day"), *tīlea' tūtemoolan, tooyū* ("although I shall say to you, 'Come out'"), *mooñktooeow* ("do not come out"). "After I have called to you three times, then come out." The next morning, accordingly, he gets up very early and goes away to his hunting; at *akūdegīskūk* (mid-day), he returns, and his sister hears a great trampling and shouting outside; her brother is calling, *Nūmees, tooyū abogññūmoe!* ("My sister, come out and help me!") She keeps quiet according to orders and lets him call once, twice, three times, as loud as he can: "Come out and help me!" Then all is quiet, and she has still waited a long time. She goes out, and lo! there is her brother sitting astride of a moose, and there are piles of dead moose and caribou lying there slaughtered; her brother is covered with blood, the plain proof of his labors as a butcher. He has brought home his drove and butchered them at his door, which saves the trouble of taking home the meat. *Wcledahsit abītāse* (The girl is much pleased).

Immediately they both go to work to skin the animals, slice the meat, and dry it in flakes, it being the girl's part of the work to do the cutting up and the drying. They have now a large quantity of food. They have also a bountiful supply of *ūtkwāgñneme* (marrow, tried out from the crushed bone), and *kūmōō'* (tallow, tried out and preserved in cakes).

One of the uses to which the young lady applies the tallow is to adorn her person. She uses it for hair-oil, and uses it freely. Her hair flows down over her shoulders, and becomes stiffened around her with tallow, into *pedoogooich, memā kumoo:uh*¹ (a regular white cloak). This singular toilet arrangement receives in the story a still more singular explanation. It is done to suit the taste of her lover, for she has attracted one to her magical bower. He comes in the shape and form and with the habits of *mooīn wopskw* (a huge white bear). He is a man, however, — a magician, who assumes this form. Their meetings are carried on on the sly. The place of assignation is some distance from the lodge, on the borders of a lake. There Sir Mooīn Wopskw awaits her approach. He quietly and very lovingly licks off all the tallow from her head; then she returns to attend to her domestic duties, but says nothing to her brother of this new object of attraction and attention, by whom she has been enchanted.

Meanwhile the Indians who had taken the advice of the cruel mother, and had forsaken the children in their apparently helpless condition, are suffering all the rigors of continued famine. After a while an old woman named Ka'kakooch (Crow) leaves the rest, and returns to the deserted village in quest of food. She hopes to find the two partridges there, and to make a meal of them. What is her astonishment, on approaching the place, to see smoke arising out of the wigwam! Her astonishment is increased by the discovery of such vast quantities of meat lying there in the flakes. Madame Crow, true to her nature (for individuals or tribes retain largely the character of the animals whose name they bear), does not wait to be invited, and does not ask leave, but commences operations on the dried meat. The girl goes out, sees what is going on, and tells her brother, *Uchkeen'* ("My brother"), *mtjesīt ka'kakooch' koojūmoogū'* ("the crow is eating out of doors"). He replies, *Nūmees', piskwack'* ("My sister,

¹ The *uh* at the end of a word simply makes the case terminative: that is, the end of a sentence.

let her come in"). So the girl invites her in, and furnishes her with food. Then taking a portion of the entrails of the animals, she winds them carefully around the shoulders of her guest, so that she can carry them home conveniently. She then charges her to tell no one, but to go home and feed her children. She is directed to gather mushrooms as she goes, and to show them to the neighbors if they happen in while the children are eating, and tell them that these are all that she has for them. She promises compliance and goes home. She prepares the portion for her children, and they eagerly feed upon what is brought. The other Indians see that this woman is feeding her children, and they send a little girl as a spy over to her wigwam to find out what is going on, and to report accordingly. She sees nothing but the mushrooms, and goes back and tells this.

There is another family which is, however, well supplied. Little Marten and the kind old grandmother lose nothing by the kindness they have showed to the deserted orphans. They are bountifully supplied by the skill and magical prowess of those they have rescued from destruction,—so deeply seated in the human consciousness is the idea that virtue is rewarded and vice punished.

In the mean time Usitëbülājoo has an abundant supply. But he observes that the cakes of tallow diminish very rapidly, and he inquires the cause. The girl assures him that she has eaten it. The next morning in his hunting excursion he ascends a high hill which overlooks the lake where Sir Mooñ's haunt is. What is his surprise to see his sister walk out and take her seat near the lake, and soon after to see the huge white bear come out of a copse, walk up to her, and commence his loving caresses. Having finished his meal, he retires, and she goes home. When her brother returns at evening, he asks for an explanation. *Taladegët nüt mooñ?* ("What is this bear about? Why do you allow him to lick your head?") She replies, "Should I not allow this, he would kill us both." "Well, then," says her brother, "to-

morrow I will go out with you, and we'll see how it will be."

So the next morning he takes a quantity of tallow and melts it, and applies it to her flowing tresses, stiffening them into a tallow cloak around her shoulders. Then taking his bow and a good supply of *lūt cahmūn* (flint-headed arrows), they go out together to meet Sir Mooīn Wopskw. He arranges his sister so that from the place of his concealment he can have a fair shot at the bear's heart. Nor does he have to wait long. The huge monster soon makes his appearance; and, all unconscious of the trap that is set for him, applies his tongue to his favorite food, the tallow. A twang and a whiz send an arrow straight into his heart; but white bears, and some black ones, are exceedingly tenacious of life. This part of the fiction is therefore in harmony with fact, when the *Ahtookwōkūn* goes on to state that not until six arrows are shot into him does he die. They then proceed to strip off his white mantle, and to reduce his huge fat carcass to dimensions suitable for conveyance to the wigwam. The girl's part of the labor is, as usual, to slice up the meat and dry it.

In the mean time Madame Crow comes frequently over to her neighbors in quest of food (*nēdookstktūmat*). She cannot long conceal her success from those around her; they come suddenly in upon her, and see her supply of provisions. Whereupon she flies up and utters the familiar cry, *Cah! cah! cah!* *Ustēbūlājooḡk wēstāsūneek* ("The two children you hanged on a tree are safe and sound"). They wonderingly inquire, *Tāloot?* ("What does she say?") Those who have understood her words explain them to the rest, — Usītēbūlājoo and his sister are all right, alive, and well! and off goes Mrs. Crow. Having learned how the case stands, the whole village remove next day, and return to their former place. It is evening when they arrive. They find one wigwam inhabited, and sure enough there is Usītēbūlājoo living in luxury. Mooīnāskw (Mrs. Bear) and her little boy Abistānāooch (Marten) enter, and meet with a very cordial reception. Not so the

rest. Mrs. Partridge, their mother, goes in; but they take no notice of her. She reminds them that she is their mother, but they are deaf to all she says. She uncovers her bosom, and reminds them that she has fed them from her gentle breast and hushed them in her arms to rest. They say nothing in reply. In their hearts they say, "Yes, and afterwards you would have killed us if you could." So she goes out and returns to her own wigwam. After her departure, Usitëbülājoo directs his sister to send round a portion of food to each family. So she rises and takes a portion of the bear's meat, both fat and lean pieces, which she sends round to each. But little Marten and his grandmother are entertained on the best fare in their own quarters. He luxuriates on the soft skins in which he rolls himself. He feasts on the fat of the land; pieces of moose and caribou meat carefully roasted are set before him. All eat enormously. Even little Marten is made sick, and gets little rest during the night; but he is all right in the morning. Not so the others. They gorge themselves with the meat of the white bear. But vengeance no longer sleeps. There are magic and poison in the food. They fall asleep, and it is their last sleep; they never awake. In the morning every one lies dead. Then Usitëbülājoo and his sister move from the place. They leave Mooñāskw and her little boy in possession of the camp and all the food. They promise to return and supply them when this is all gone.

Meanwhile the two travellers move on until night overtakes them; *wēlahk kētkoonijlk* (at evening they halt for the night). Early the next morning they start again, and at evening they come out to the sea. There they take up their abode, and Usitëbülājoo erects a large wigwam. He goes into the forest, as he has done in the other place, drives up the moose and caribou to his door, and performs the same process of butchering them, thus saving the labor and trouble of carrying home the meat, as ordinary mortals are obliged to do. But trouble awaits him also. There are other Indians in the neighborhood, and he is soon considered a trespasser. The

hunters discover that the moose have been driven away from their usual haunts. There is evidently in their estimation something wrong. It is determined to search into the matter, and six young men start on the expedition, and soon come upon the large *meskeek* (wigwam). They are kindly entertained and feasted. Night comes on, but they will not consent to remain there. They promise, however, to repeat their visit the next day. They return to their own town and make their report. A council is called, and the elders consider what is to be done. After a while a veteran, a *boov'in*, a *powwow*, explains the case, and tells them what they can do and what they cannot do. They cannot kill him, for he has a charmed life; but they can pit magic against magic, and may, if they manage shrewdly, confine him, and thus prevent his further depredations. Open force is of no avail; they must have recourse to artifice. If they can succeed in getting *chepichkaam*¹ *oosūmool* (a dragon's horn) inserted into his hair, it will enlarge, wind round a tree, and hold him fast. This scheme they resolve to carry into effect.

So about noon the next day the six young men return to Usitēbūlājoo's wigwam. A feast is provided for them, and after the meal is over they sit and talk. While they are talking, the visitors draw out the dragon's horns. Each young man takes two horns in his hand, — a red one and a yellow one; while they talk they carefully adjust the horns to their heads, one on each side. They offer their host a couple in a friendly way. But the girl takes the alarm. She sees through the plot, and whispers to him to beware. "Do not touch the horns; they'll be your death!" But, alas! who can resist the influence of fashion? This slavery is in all ages and places the same. One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion, whether in civilized or savage life. He must do as the rest do, even though he die. This he whispers back to her. *Nūmees* ("My sister"), he says, *ējēlahdoo*

¹ The *chepichkaam* is a huge horned serpent, wanting only the wings to be our fabulous dragon.

("I cannot help it"). *Tantšladakadeedich nīgūmak* ("What my comrades do"), *meamooch tēladegā* ("I shall certainly do").

So he takes one of the dragon's horns and inserts it in his hair; but he cannot take it out. While they sit there the horn grows up, pierces through the top of the wigwam, and winds round and round a tree, holding him hard and fast. Then the strangers, having succeeded in their magical stratagem, take their departure. After they are gone, the poor girl gives vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. She says, *Uchkeen, nabaskik* ("My brother, they have killed you"). Then she attempts to set him free. She first takes a *wōkūn* (knife), and commences sawing upon the horn; but the horn is so hard that the knife makes no impression upon it. Then she tries a stone, but all to no purpose. Finally she tries a clam-shell. This makes some impression; it scratches the horn a little. Every morning she goes out and gathers clam-shells, and then continues her melancholy task during the livelong day, making but sorry progress. But after a while the clam-shells in the immediate neighborhood fail, and she has to go far out on a *kwošawā* (extended point of land) for them. She fills her lap and returns to her work; and when they are used up, she goes back for more.

One very fine day she sat down, out on the point of land, to rest herself awhile; and presently she fell asleep. While she slept a whale swimming by becomes enamoured of the sleeping beauty, seizes, and carries her off. She is far out at sea when she awakes, and can scarcely discern the shore. At evening they land and go up to a large wigwam, where the new-comers see an old man and a young woman sitting. The old man greets her cordially, calls her '*Ntlooswāsk'w*' ("My daughter-in-law"), and she becomes the wife of his son Bootup (the whale), who has stolen her and run away with her.¹ She remains; for, alas! she has no power to help her-

¹ This whale is a man. In harmony with the explanation already given respecting names, the whale would be a *sea-going* race, *islanders*, living far out to sea, and fond of this mode of life.

self. But she often goes down to the seaside and looks anxiously in the direction of her former home, where her unfortunate brother is confined and imprisoned. Her sister-in-law observes that she often weeps, and at length learns the cause. Bootūpaskw (Mrs. Whale), as we may now call her for convenience, relates the whole affair, — how she has a brother, away across on the other shore, confined by a magical horn to a tree; how he was fastened there by some young men who came to their wigwam; and how in her endeavors to release him, she had been stolen away and carried to this distant island home. Her sister-in-law is moved by her sorrowful tale, and promises to assist her in making her escape; she promises, moreover, to help her release her brother. If she can procure some red ochre, and make a circle with it round the horn, the magical power will be broken, and the horn will snap off. But to procure this red ochre is the difficulty. It can be obtained only from a great distance. A little shrewd planning obviates the difficulty. Time has already passed, and among other changes has introduced a dear little boy into the Whale's family; the little fellow is his father's pet; he can cry lustily when he wants anything, and he can talk a little; his father will do anything to please him. So with the combined influence of magic and careful drilling he is taught to cry and utter as he cries, *Wēukūjuh!* *wēukūjuh!* ("Red ochre! red ochre!") and to do it with especial emphasis when his father comes in in the evening. The father wonders what has got into the child that he should cry so. *Taladēgēt mījooahjeech* ("What is the matter with baby"), *tēlētkeḍēmīt* ("that he cries so")? he asks. The mother replies, "He is crying for some red ochre." He says to him, "Stop your crying; I'll bring you some to-morrow." He accordingly brings home some red ochre, and the little fellow is greatly pleased with it.

The next move is to get the old whale out of the way, so that the two women may slip off unperceived and unmolested to return to the mainland where poor Usītēbūlājoo is con-

fined. The baby is next taught to cry for a piece of the red cloud in the west at sunset. His father tells him that this is a difficult task, as it is so far to go, but he will start early and get some for him. About midnight he starts on his western expedition for a piece of the red cloud; and when he is fairly gone the two women take the babe and go too, but make for a different point. The way is long; it is a long time before the land is in sight, but they do see it at last; they no sooner see the land than they see behind them indications that they are pursued by the husband and father. They see the water spouting up as the whale comes up to breathe, and they observe that the next time he rises he is *üttigā-nahjik* (much nearer). They spring to, wield their paddles dexterously, and are rapidly nearing the land; but the pursuer is rapidly gaining upon them. Some of the baby's things are thrown out to attract his attention and detain him, — his clothes, his dear little cap, his moccasins, and his coat. When the old whale comes up to these, he swims round them again and again, crying bitterly, and then rushes on after the flying canoe. Then the mother takes the *ütkenākūn*, *ak kopesoonūl* (cradle and cradle-clothes), and tosses them overboard. The father stops again and weeps over these awhile, swimming round and round them, uttering cries and lamentations. Now the canoe reaches the shore, and they are safe; one leap places them on *terra firma*. He seizes the canoe with his teeth and vents his rage on that, crushing it to atoms. But he cannot pursue the fugitives any farther. He calls for his wife to come back, or at least to leave the child. She will do neither the one nor the other. Him she does not love and never did, but she cannot help loving her babe. Alas for Mr. Whale! he turns sorrowfully away and goes home crying.

The women go up into the woods. *Usitēbūlājoo's* sister says to her *maktemūl* (sister-in-law), "Do not go to see my brother; kindle a fire and warm the baby, for he is cold. Let me go to my brother." She enters the wigwam; he is there still, alive and well; for as he had plenty of provisions

at the time he was fastened, he had not lacked for food. But the wigwam and his whole person are in a sad condition. His sister soon applies the potent *weñkūch* to the horn, and instantly it snaps and he is free. He can hardly stand; she has to hold him up. He rapidly recovers his strength. They go down to the shore and she washes him thoroughly, clothes him, and then brings him up and introduces him to her sister-in-law, and he takes her for a wife. She promises to remain with him forever, but upon this condition, — that he shall take her quite away from the shore, and never bring her in sight of it again. *Moočlaluñ uktanook* ("If you do not take me to the sea-shore"), *ileā' nasin-skugebeoñkūk, tēlpkēj - oīgūmade-dūksūnoo'* ("although it should be thirty years, so long will I be your wife"). He agrees to this arrangement. "I will never bring you to the sea-shore." So he promises. *Na sokogwē-dahjik* (Now, then, they go up from the shore into the forest).

There they dwell. They construct a large wigwam. Usī-tēbūlājoo hunts as usual, and the women dress the meat and take care of the house.

In due time *mījooahjeechaik* (a babe) is added to the household, the heir of Usī-tēbūlājoo. Provisions are supplied in abundance. The two boys grow up and play together. By and by *Bootūpāsees* (young whale) informs his playfellow that he has a father living, and that his home is on the deep. *Neennooch* ("My father"), *ahbaktook āik* ("is out at sea"). *Keel kooch kigunak* ("Your father is here, in the wigwam").

After a time they conclude to remove to some other place. While they are threading their way through the forest a storm arises, the rain falls in torrents, and a dense fog shuts in. Usī-tēbūlājoo cannot see the usual marks, and loses his way. The whole company go astray; they are turned about. After wandering on for a while they encamp for the night, and a fire is built. Supper is prepared and eaten, and they lie down and sleep. The next morning Usī-tēbūlājoo's wife awakes before the rest, and goes out to reconnoitre. Where should

she be but close by the sea-shore, the broad ocean full in view? Her old instincts return; she cannot resist the temptation to plunge in and return to her former haunts and habits. She is now free from her marriage vow, and she determines to return to her home and kindred. Quietly she awakens her own little boy and her nephew, and says, *M'tokedahnech* ("Let us all go down to the shore"). The little fellows arise, and follow her to the shore. She plunges in; and nothing loath, they follow at her invitation. By and by *Ushtëbülājoo* awakes; and lo! his wife is gone, and the two boys are gone also. He eagerly inquires of his sister if she knows anything about them. She is as much in the dark as he is. They rush down to the shore; there they discover the woman and the two children breasting the waves like little whales, as they are. He shouts to them, and begs of them to return. "Come back! come back!" he cries in grief, "nor cross the raging water. Come back, my boys, and bring your mother back!" But they are deaf to all his entreaties. *Noo* ("Father"), says his little boy, *telimskus n'leech* ("my mother said to you"), *mooŭktēlalīn ŭktanoogŭ* ("you must not take me to the sea-shore"). "You have not kept your word, and we are now going home. My mother is going to return to her father and mother, and my comrade is going to his father." Then they make off all together out into the open sea. *Ushtëbülājoo* looks longingly after them; and as he watches, he sees *Bootup* (the old whale) spouting in the distance. Soon he sees *Bootupasees* coming up by *Bootup's* side, and watches them as they make off together toward their distant home.

ADDITION NO. 1 TO LEGEND VII.

FOR a long time Pūlowěch' brought home from his hunting excursions nothing but *moosok'* (lean meat, without either bone or fat). His wife asked him why he brought only lean meat; she told him that she was tired of such poor fare, and that she wanted some fat to eat, for her stomach needed greasing. He did not give her any good reason for not bringing home the bones and the fat; she finally became distrustful lest there were something wrong, so she determined to follow him and watch his doings. This she did slyly, concealing herself. She saw him gather fir-boughs, break them up, and spread them on the ground; then she saw him take a knife, cut off the flesh from the calves of his legs, and lay it on the boughs. He powwowed these pieces into a large pile, and mended his legs by powwowing the flesh back upon them. Seeing this, she ran home crying, and told her children that they had been eating the flesh of their stepfather, who was an evil spirit, and that she must go and leave him. Her girl was small, and the boy was a babe at the breast; but she left both of them behind, pulled up the door-post, and went down the hole.

After she had gone half-way to the Indian town, she cut off one of her breasts and hung it up on a bough. When she entered the old woman's wigwam where little Marten was, who had proved himself to be the children's friend, the old woman began to cry and said, "You will be killed." Little Marten used to visit the other wigwams; and when he heard his grandmother crying out, his business was to run and see what the matter was.

While Pūlowěch' was in pursuit of his wife, he saw her breast hanging to a limb of a tree; he recognized it, but did not touch it. When the children saw it, they too recognized it; the girl took it down and placed the nipple in the mouth of the baby brother, and the milk flowed plentifully. He

nursed and was satisfied. She carried with her the "bottle of milk."

When Madame Crow found the survivors, she was loaded with *'msookse* (sausages made by turning the entrails of the bear inside out, thus filling them with the fat that adheres to them, washing the outside and drying them like sausages).

Then the whole village removed, having extinguished all the fires, and, at the suggestion of the mother, having hung the children upon a tree. The old woman who befriended the children had previously lighted a piece of touchwood and hidden it in the sand under the fire, so that it was preserved for the use of her protégés. When she was ordered to join the removing party, she promised to do so; but she lingered to release the children and to supply them with fire.

ADDITION No. 2.

WHEN the little boy has succeeded in killing small game¹ he sends word to the friends who defended them before their departure from the village. He has an easy and cheap mode of telegraphing, for the resources of magic are boundless. He rolls a mouse-skin around an arrow, and then shoots it towards the rising sun. The arrow goes direct to the wigwam where the kind old woman and Marten live. The old woman recognizes and understands the message, and is greatly pleased. The same process is repeated when rabbits and beavers are killed. In the latter case strips of fat beaver's meat are rolled round the arrow. This arrow always enters the door of the wigwam, and sticks up in the ground. The meat is unwound, and in addition to the information it con-

¹ When the little boy began to hunt, he shot his arrow straight up into the air; and down came various small animals, that supplied them with food. Was not this to teach the weak and needy to look to Providence?

veys, it furnishes the people with supplies of food during the terrible famine.¹

[This addition, as also that to No. 8, was related to me by Susan Christmas, Oct. 10, 1870.]

¹ These are interesting facts. This is the first I have heard of such a method of sending despatches. There was another point which I had not learned before. *Amoogwādīje* ("whenever they wished that the various animals might come to them, they came"). Like the fairy-tale of our own fatherland, —

"The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire."

VIII.

THE HISTORY OF KĪTPOOSEĀGŪNOW.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE were giants in the olden times who were fierce and cruel, and often possessed of superhuman powers; they were cannibals, and were covered with hair.

In a certain part of the forest dwelt such a man, a *kookwēs*¹ (giant); with him dwelt his wife and one son. The parents were now old; the son's business was to scour the country and find out the haunts of the people. When he had discovered them, he would return and give the necessary directions to his father, who killed and dressed the game, and then conveyed it home on *tōbākūndskool* (sleds with broad bottoms). So long as this supply lasted they would remain quietly in the lodge, amusing themselves, and passing the time after the manner of other *mēm.ājooewóók* (people). When their supply of provisions was exhausted, the son would start on another hunting expedition, and the same process would be repeated. Thus passed the years away.

But on one occasion, while the young hunter of men was away in the forest, he caught sight of a beautiful girl, and became greatly enamoured of her. He could neither kill her, nor tell his father where she was. He followed her to the lodge, where her parents — now an old, gray-headed couple — resided. He found that she was their only child, their only stay and support in their advanced age. He asks for their daughter in marriage. He is told that they cannot spare

¹ Compare *γίγας*, a giant.

her while they live; for she is their only dependence, since they are now too old and feeble to hunt the bear, the moose, and the caribou. He promises to obviate this difficulty by supplying their wants himself. He also freely states that his father is a giant and a man-eater; but he promises carefully to conceal their place of residence from him in case they consent to give him their daughter. Upon these conditions they consent to the match, and he returns home. But he has wasted the day in his own private affairs, and has made no discoveries of game for his father. This is nothing extraordinary, and excites no suspicion. His father inquires kindly whether he has discovered any tracks; he replies that he has not. He says nothing, however, of the love affair.

The next day he goes out hunting again, discovers the traces of human beings, returns with the news, and sends off old *kookwēs* with his weapons and broad-bottomed sleds.¹ After the old man has gone off, the young man tells his mother about the beautiful girl and her gray-headed parents, and solicits her assistance in carrying out his project. She had observed that he was melancholy and taciturn, and had inquired the cause. He then asks his mother if she would treat his wife kindly should he fetch her home, and if she would intercede with the old man in their behalf; or, in case the father would not consent to his marrying, if she would assist him in concealing his wife. The mother sympathizes with him in his perplexities, and promises to help him.

So when the two old folks are there alone, the mother relates the whole affair to the father, and asks him if he will allow the son to bring his wife home. He says at first that he will, but immediately after adds, "He must not bring her here."

That evening after the young man has returned from hunting, his mother relates to him what his father has said. So the next day he goes and fetches his wife home, but not to

¹ The whole bottom is made of one wide piece bent up in front, so as to slide easily over the snow without sinking in.

his father's wigwam. The young man, with his mother's help, manages to conceal his wife until the next day, when he goes to work to erect a stone hut; it takes him two days to build and fit it up. He then brings his wife to it, and there they dwell together. For his own parents he hunts people, but he hunts animals for his wife's parents.

In due time they have a son, who is born in the spring of the year. He grows up and is soon able to run about and play. His father has his own food preserved in a bear's intestines and paunch, which is generally hanging in the wigwam.¹ The little boy is cautioned by the mother not to hit, with his little bow and arrow, the sack containing his father's food.

Time passes, and the mother is on the eve of giving birth to a second son. The father is out hunting, and the little boy is amusing himself with his bow and arrow. Several times the arrow nearly strikes the sack containing his father's food. His mother cautions him, saying, "Take care, my son, that you do not hit that sack!" But directly the arrow goes whizzing through the air and pierces the bag. From the hole thus made the oil begins to drip. She rises, takes a dish, and places it under to save the oil. But there is a very intimate connection between this mystical sack of food and the man whose special portion it is. The wound and the waste at home affect the owner's body, however far away he may be. As drips the oil at home, so wastes the man's strength away; he sits down weary and faint, well knowing what has happened. He comes home at night, but he has no appetite. He blames his wife for her carelessness, though he says but little; he then lies down and sleeps. The next morning the young man goes over to his father's wigwam and says, "Father, you may have my wife for food." So the old man, taking an iron cane in his hand, and his sled with a flat bottom, goes over to his son's stone hut.

¹ The small intestines of the bear, covered with fat, used to be turned inside out, thoroughly washed, and then dried like sausages, the roll of fat forming the filling.

The little boy sees him coming, and frightened runs to his mother, saying, *Kijoo! kookwēs wēchkooēt* ("Mother, there is a giant coming"). She says, "No, my son, you need not be afraid; that is your grandfather." He enters the hut. The woman receives him respectfully, inviting him up to the seat of honor at the back of the wigwam; he sits down and places the end of his iron cane in the fire. After a while he recommends to his daughter to have a care for her personal neatness. The woman admits the propriety of the old man's suggestion; while she is engaged in carrying out this suggestion, he draws out the heated iron and is about to thrust it through her body, when her boy gives the alarm. *Kijoo! kaksusk!* ("Mother, he is going to burn you"). Upon this he thrusts the iron back into the fire. She looks up, but sees no harm, and again proceeds with her labors. The old man watches his opportunity a second time, thrusts her through with the heated iron, and then proceeds, cannibal-fashion, to dress her as though she were a beast. Her living unborn babe is thrown into a well, — a deep hole near by in the ground, whence water is obtained; the *kookwēs* loads up his sled and goes home, leaving the little grandson weeping bitterly for his mother.

When his father returns at evening, he tells him the pitiful tale. His father comforts him, tells him not to mind, and after a while succeeds in pacifying him.

So things go on as usual, except that the little boy is left to amuse himself alone while his father is away on his hunting excursions. One day he goes and peeps down into the well. What does he see there but a dear little live boy! They look at each other and laugh. Finally the little fellow comes out of the well and plays with his brother. But at nightfall, as soon as he hears his father's footsteps, he runs and jumps into the well.

The little boy now asks his father to make him two little bows and arrows. He does so, but asks no questions; and the little fellow says nothing of the discovery he has made.

The next day he goes again to the well. His brother, who at this stage of the story is named Kîtpooseăgûnow,¹ comes up and invites his brother to play with him, first for a while out of doors, and afterwards in the hut, where they make a good deal of confusion, tumbling things topsy-turvy, as boys are wont to do in boisterous play. At evening their father's approaching footsteps are heard, and Kîtpooseăgûnow smashes the bows and arrows, dashes off to the well, and jumps in again.

The father is astonished to see such a litter and confusion in the hut. "My son," he inquires, "has any one been here playing with you to-day?" The boy then tells him what has happened, and proposes that he shall use some measures to conciliate and tame the little brother. He proposes that he shall bring in birds' tails of all sorts, colors, and sizes, and that with these he shall endeavor to attract his attention. This the old man at once proceeds to do. At the boy's suggestion, he then hides himself until Kîtpooseăgûnow comes in. The plan is that the boy shall seize and hold on to his brother till the father comes, who is to rush in when he hears the cry. Soon the boy calls, and his father runs in and finds the younger brother struggling to get away. The old man approaches cautiously, holding out the pretty tails. Kîtpooseăgûnow seizes one after another, and throws them into the fire. At last one of the tails attracts his attention; he becomes quiet, and suffers his father to take him in his arms. The father immediately conceives a great affection for him, and gives him all sorts of pretty playthings.

Time passes, and one day Kîtpooseăgûnow tells his brother to go with him and gather birch-bark, and bring it into the stone hut. So they bring in loads of this combustible material, and tear it up. Their father checks them; they will

¹ This name signifies that he was taken from the side of his mother. They sometimes thus preserve the calf of a moose or caribou, after the mother has fallen. The calf thus saved alive is of course remarkably tame, and can be easily reared.

surely burn up the hut if they do not desist. They pay no heed to the warning, however, for that is just what they mean to do. The father has been guilty of an act of cruelty and perfidy, and the time of vengeance has arrived. When morning comes, Kitpooseāgūnow sets him the same task which the old *kookwēs* had assigned his mother when he plotted her death. Whereupon the father unrobes and begins the operation, which is expressed by a single word in Micmac, — *Noot-kōmadoonī*. As the work becomes dull and monotonous, he nods over it and falls fast asleep. Kitpooseāgūnow says to his brother, *Tooahdenēch* ("Now let us go out"). He then sets fire to the heaps of birch-bark and goes out. They fasten the door and brace it. Soon the old man awakes and calls lustily for help; but he calls in vain. They hold him a fast prisoner in the flames. His cries soon cease, and the brothers retire. After a while they return and gather up the old man's bones, which were burned to chalk, and pound them up to powder. Kitpooseāgūnow then blows them to the winds, and tells them to turn into flies. This is done; and thus originated flies of all kinds.

They now proceed with their work of vengeance, and go on to their grandfather's wigwam; as they go in, they pass a straight, beautiful white-birch tree, with pretty, smooth bark. The little magician calls his brother's attention to the beauty of the birch. Then he takes a fir-bough in his hand and whips it, imprinting the marks of the fir-leaves upon the birch-bark. This was the origin of the *soosoon*, the marks that are now always seen on the birch-bark.

On the way to their grandfather's wigwam they kill a moose. They do not dress it, but leave it there for the old man. When they arrive they inform him respecting the moose, and direct him to go with them for it. He takes the sled, and they all go away together. The old man directs them to build a fire, while he skins and dresses the moose. Then they roast a portion of the meat, by sticking it on to the end of a stick, placing it near the fire, thrusting the other end

of the stick into the ground, and turning the meat round when one side is done.¹ After the meat is roasted, they all eat. When they have done eating, Kitpooseăgūnow says to his grandfather, *Nootkoomădoon*. The old man obeys, commences the ominous operation, nods over his work, and soon falls asleep. Then the two boys take the *ootelgue* (the caul that covers the moose's intestines), hold it over the fire until it is scalding hot, and then put it over the old man's head as he sleeps. This burns and smothers him to death.

Then Kitpooseăgūnow seizes a knife, takes out the liver, roasts it on the fire, and tosses it on the pile of moose meat upon the sled; they then start for the hut. The grandmother goes out, unties the meat, and brings it in. Kitpooseăgūnow then gives her a roasted liver for her supper, directing her somewhat authoritatively to eat it. She obeys with reluctance, while he tauntingly inquires how she likes it. She informs him that she does not like it at all, and gives him to understand that she knows whose liver it is, and that she also knows who he is. She says this in a surly tone, and he raises his hatchet and kills her with a single blow. [Were I at liberty to do so, I would alter at least this part of the story, and say that she was spared; but I must translate, not invent, and tell the story as it is, not as it ought to be.] The brothers then quietly occupy the lodge all night, and leave it in the morning.

They now move on, and finally come out to a lake, where being thirsty they hope to find water; but to their surprise the lake is dry, as are also all the rivers and streams in the neighborhood. Old Ablegēmoo (the Bullfrog), a surly and suspicious thief, has been apprised of their approach, and has determined to cut them off. He has called to his aid his magical powers, and has collected all the water in the country in bark vessels, which he has hung up in his own wigwam.

¹ All this is expressed in a single word in Micmac, *Sogăbahi*; and another single word expresses other modes of cooking. Meat roasted in this way is said to be very fine eating.

The two travellers enter the first wigwam they come to, and ask for a drink. The woman of the house sends her boy over to the chief's lodge for water, informing him that two strangers have arrived and that they are thirsty. The little fellow returns with a small portion, from which he has been lapping on the way, as he is nearly dying of thirst. The water is muddy, and Kitpooseāgūnow dashes it out, telling him to go back and bring some better water. The little fellow returns, and respectfully delivers his message, but meets with no better success. The old woman, however, interposes this time, and begs that the water may not be thrown away, but given to the little boy. This reasonable request is complied with, and he is sent back a third time, but he does not succeed any better. Then our hero starts up and says, "Come on! I will go myself this time. I'll be bound that I will obtain some water that is fit to drink."

So over he goes to the chief's lodge. He finds the lodge very large and filled with women, the wives of the chief, who is sitting in the back part of the wigwam, selling the water to the famishing people. A huge bear is lying there, which the women are employed in skinning. Some of them grow tired, and others take their place. The stranger looks on for a moment, and then says, "Let me skin the bear;" accordingly he lays hold of the skin and strips it off at a jerk. He then seizes the old chief and doubles him across his knee, breaking his back, crumples him up into a heap, and kills him. He then tosses him out of the wigwam, orders the women out, seizes a club, and smashes all the barks that contain the water. Away the water runs, and again fills up all the lakes, ponds, rivers, and brooks, and the famishing country is relieved. He then walks quietly back to the lodge, and says to the old lady, "You can now hang up as much water to dry as you choose." She replies, "No need of preserving water now; it is so abundant."

Ever since the breaking of old Bullfrog's back, these animals have had a crumpled back.

During the evening Kĭtpooseăgŭnow requests the mistress of the establishment to make him a *kwedŭnooch*' (a tiny canoe). She does so, and he forms a tiny bow of a fir-bough, and uses a single hair for a bow-string. When the canoe is finished, it is sent down to the shore, and the next morning the two boys start away in the canoe.

On their way down the river they see a huge giant standing on the bank, brandishing a spear, as though looking for fish, but in reality determining to defend the pass against these two formidable invaders of his territory. The little bow is now brought into requisition, and a tiny arrow is sent whizzing at the monster, who leaps to the opposite shore and falls dead. The two boys now pursue their course, and come after a while to a weir belonging to another giant. Kĭtpooseăgŭnow seizes and tears it to pieces. The owner did not happen to be there, but he soon came to see if anything had been caught. He perceives that his fishing apparatus has been destroyed. He goes home in great wrath, and begins to vent his rage on the innocent and defenceless members of his household. First he raves at his wife for neglecting to watch the weir, and then he kills her; afterwards he kills all the children and his daughter-in-law; he finally falls to upbraiding himself, saying, "It was my own weir, and my own special business to watch it." So he kills himself, and thus our little avenger, in true "Jack-the-giant-killer" style, manages by his adroitness to kill the giant and all his family.

They then proceed; but Kĭtpooseăgŭnow tells his brother, "I shall have to steer the canoe now." They soon come to a rough, dark passage, where the river runs under a mountain. They go dashing into the dark hole and thunder through, emerging into fair weather and smooth water, and soon arrive at the region of the *Madooeses* (Porcupines). There they land, enter a wigwam, and seat themselves in the part opposite the door. The mistress of the establishment receives them with apparent kindness, but secretly determines to destroy them. Her house is a cave made after the

Madoo's fashion. She determines to kindle such a fire as will smother or burn them to death.

She kindles a roaring fire of dried hemlock bark; the elder brother is soon overcome and falls dead. But the other catches the Porcupine in her own trap; he piles on more fuel and blows up the fire, until she succumbs. He then takes his dead brother out into the open air and resuscitates him; they then get into their canoe and push on. They next arrive at the settlement of the Mice, where they land, and are invited to remain to attend a festival which is to be held the next day in their honor. To this they agree; but when the time comes for eating, the younger brother tells his elder brother not to swallow the food, for it has been poisoned. He is to hold it in his mouth until he goes out, and then slyly eject it.

After the feast is over they take their departure, and push on until they reach the territory of the *Adoodoočhkū* (Red Squirrels). Here they are treated very hospitably. The chief, in true Eastern style, comes out to meet them, and invites them to come to his wigwam. He proclaims a feast for the next day; here there is neither poison nor danger. They engage in various sports; besides the common dance they dance the '*uskōwōkūn*' (a sort of mystic dance); the young men run and wrestle. While the feast is going on, Kitpoose-āgūnow whispers to his brother, and tells him to conceal in his bosom a small dish¹ that is there used, and carry it away. After all is over, they retire to the lodge which they first entered, and stay there all night. The next morning they are again on the move bright and early (*zōpkēs-kūt-pook'*). As they glide along, Kitpoose-āgūnow shoots a small porpoise and takes it into the canoe. By and by they come to a large wigwam, and find on entering it, that it is the habitation of the renowned Glooscap (a sort of demigod, who figures largely in all Micmac legends, and of whose existence few doubts

¹ As no mention is made afterwards of the dish, I strongly suspect that my edition of the story is defective, and that some pages have been left out.

are even yet entertained, especially among the older people). Here they land, and enter the lodge. They find at home the lord of the mansion, his housekeeper, an old woman, and a small boy named *Abistānāooch* (Marten, or Sable). The hospitable old lady sends the boy to the spring, while she brings her culinary apparatus into requisition, and prepares a supper for the guests. After supper, and when they are about to retire to their quarters, Glooscap challenges Kītpooseăgūnow to a trial of their superhuman powers. He intends to conjure up a bitter cold night, and see if he can overpower the little fellow with the cold. So he remarks to him as he goes out, "The sky is red, we shall have a cold night." When they have arrived at their lodge where they are to pass the night, Kītpooseăgūnow directs his brother to try out the porpoise, while he goes in quest of fuel. This the brother does; he builds up a roaring fire, and prepares to do battle with the cold. The porpoise-oil — of which there is an abundance, small as was the porpoise — is poured into the fire; but despite all efforts, at midnight the fire is out, and the cold so intense that the elder brother, the only merely mortal one of the company, is stiffened in the icy arms of death. But his brother cannot be injured. As soon as it is light, he calls to life his brother, who immediately springs to his feet.

Glooscap, finding himself matched, sends a polite invitation to his friend to accompany him on a beaver-hunt. He sends word that he is all ready. Then they go far into the forest, where they come to a lake. Glooscap looks round and says, "Here are traces of beavers." They do not, however, have very good success; they kill but one, and that is very small. Small as it is, it is not to be despised; and Glooscap resigns his share in favor of the stranger, who fastens the little beaver to his garter, and thus carries it to the village, where they pass the night.

Before retiring, Kītpooseăgūnow remarks dryly to Glooscap, "The sky is red again this evening; I think we shall have a bitter cold night." Glooscap, of course, takes the

hint; and now it is his turn to do battle with the cold con-
jured up. So he sends little Marten out to gather wood,
and they build up a roaring fire, but at midnight it is all out;
the old woman and little Marten are frozen stiff. Early the
next morning, Glooscap calls out, *Noogūmee, nūmchahse'*
("Grandmother, get up"). *Abistānāooch, nūmchahse'*,
("Marten, get up"). Up they spring, as well as ever, and
are immediately about their morning work.

The morning is bright and fine. Kitpooseāgūnow calls his
brother, and they start off in their small canoe. The water
is as smooth as oil, and they soon come to the sea-coast; they
push out far from the land, to hunt loons. (This they do, by
chasing them and making them dive, until they are tired out
and so nearly drowned that they can be readily captured with
the hand). At sea they capture larger game; they kill a
small whale, and tow him in. He is given to the old lady who
waited on them in Glooscap's hall, and she is minutely in-
structed how to prepare it for food. She is to erect a flake,
slice up the meat, and dry it on the flake. This she proceeds
to do after their departure; it takes her two days and nights
to finish it.

After one more voyage, the two adventurers land, leave
their canoe on the shore, and go up into the woods.

All this time the younger brother has kept the little beaver-
skin dangling at his garter. But as he strides on through the
woods, it begins to increase and soon breaks the lashing and
falls to the ground. So he twists a sapling into a withe, fas-
tens it round his loins, and hangs upon it the now large skin.
As he moves on, the skin grows big apace, so that it breaks
down the trees, as he ploughs a path through the forest.
Finally they arrive at a large town, where they go immedi-
ately to a store, and offer their beaver for sale. The mer-
chant wishes to purchase the fur, but doubts whether he is
able to pay for so much. He directs them to weigh it; they
do this, but it takes all day. The merchant begins to pay; but
it takes all his cash, all his merchandise, all his horses, and all
his lands.

Kîtpooseăgûnow now dismisses his brother. The legend says nothing of the size of the boys; but taking the hint from the growing beaver-skin, we may conclude that they long ago grew to the size of men, or else they did so on their last journey through the woods. However that may be, they now appear before us as men full-grown.

The elder brother departs; he does not seem to have received any share in the fur-speculation, which I should say indicates a mistake somewhere. He goes out in quest of work. He reaches a large bay, where he finds a settlement; he goes into one of the houses and asks for work. The man of the house is away, but the mistress furnishes him with employment.

He learns that the master of the house has been absent a year. But shortly after he engages in the service of the house, the master comes home. When the wife sees him coming, she runs upstairs and hides. This clearly indicates that there is something wrong. The master comes in, looks round, examines his weapons, and finds that there is blood upon them; one of them is even dripping with blood. One of his servants has blood upon his face. He calls for his wife. She makes her appearance, and lo! there is blood upon her face. He next looks on the floor, and that too is bloody. He then asks what has become of his sister. His wife answers that she does not know. He replies, "But you do know." He then inquires, "What is the meaning of this blood upon both your faces? And this sword, why does it drip with blood?" His wife again says, "I do not know." He answers, "You do, though." Then he rises and removes the bloody boards in the floor. There lies the murdered sister, her breast pierced with a sword. "What means all this?" he inquires. Then he bursts into tears and mourns for his poor sister, thus barbarously murdered. "To-morrow," says he to the murderers, who stand convicted by the blood, which, according to universal tradition, cannot be washed off, "I will deal with you for this."

He now prepares to bury his sister. First, he has a coffin made, then he prepares the corpse for burial, and on the next day he conveys her to the tomb.

Returning from the burial, he sends everybody out of the house, and sets fire to it. When it is half burned, two devils appear in the midst of the flames; then up to the fire he drags his wife with one hand, and the servant with the other, and says to the two devils, "I deliver these two murderers to you;" then he throws them into the fire.

Kĕspĕahdooksĭt (here the story ends).

[The preceding is one of the first *Ahtookwōkĕn* I ever heard related. Susan Barss, a woman with a humpback, told it in Micmac; and Jo Brooks interpreted it as she went along. I afterward wrote it down from her dictation, on the shores of the North River, Prince Edward Island, where Brooks was encamped. This was in the summer of 1847.

It is a singular composition, and certainly displays great inventive skill for an untutored Indian. How ancient the invention of the tale is, I have no means of knowing. The individual who related it to me said she learned it from her father, and she and others gave me to understand that it was old. Even if this be the case, which I have no reason to doubt, it would necessarily undergo some change in passing from one to another unwritten.

I can see in it some faint resemblance to the story of Moses.

1. There was the miraculous preservation of the infant in the water, brought home by his brother, as Moses was by his sister.

2. His miraculous powers.

3. His being the avenger of those who had been oppressed and injured.

4. His travels and adventures as he leads his brother away through the wilderness, killing the giants that come out to oppose him.

5. His adventures with Chief *Ablegemoo*. Smashing up the vessels containing the water, causing it to flow out and fill the lakes and brooks, as Moses smote the rock in the wilderness.

6. His miraculous creation of flies. He scattered the dust of his father's bones towards heaven, as Moses scattered the ashes, and smote the dust, as Moses brought locusts and flies.

7. The stealing of the dish at the festival has some resemblance to the cup in Benjamin's sack.

8. The miraculous increase of fur and the mode in which payment was made bear no faint resemblance to the remarkable crops of corn during the seven years of plenty.

Payment was made (1) in money; (2) when that failed, in goods; (3) when goods failed, in houses; (4) when houses failed, in lands; (5) when lands were all gone, then in people.

All these resemblances may, indeed, be imaginary or accidental; but one thing is real,—the universal belief in miracles, which pervades mankind. A being sent from God, or coming from the other world, must prove his mission by doing what uninspired mortals cannot do. And there is again the craving of the human mind after the marvellous. How the Bible in this respect satisfies all the longings of the human heart! It is one scene of wonders from the opening of the grand drama of the Creation to the close, where is unrolled before us the picture of the new heavens and the new earth, with all their wonders and glories.

The mention of a town, of money, of iron, and of a store clearly indicates acquaintance with the white invaders of the country. But the story, even in these particulars, may be old; for we must bear in mind that this continent has been inhabited by Europeans for over four hundred years.

The remembrance of these singular legends displays intellectual powers. This itself is a matter of interest. An Indian who has lately been assisting me in collecting them was able, after once hearing a long story, to relate it to me correctly, from beginning to end. This man had learned to read

in a few weeks, I may say in a few days; for I taught him his letters, and he showed such proficiency that he could read a chapter from the Testament after about six weeks' study. What a shame and sin it is that these people have been kept down in the dust, despised and neglected so long, as though they were unable from intellectual incapacity to rise in the scale of civilization and usefulness! May God in mercy forgive us for past neglect and unbelief, and give us more faith, diligence, and wisdom for the future!]

ADDITION TO LEGEND VIII.

AN old *kookwēs* (giant) lived away in the deep recesses of a forest. He had a wife, a son, and three daughters. The son was engaged in hunting game for his parents, but after a while he became desirous of keeping house on his own account. He consulted his father; for he was afraid that should he marry a woman of another tribe, the old father would devour her. The father, however, promised not to molest her, provided that he would not bring her home.

So he started in quest of a wife. The course which he took was winding and zigzag, crossing and recrossing his steps, so that his father could not follow him and find the place whence he should bring his wife.

On the first night he came upon a wigwam inhabited by two young men; but they were absent when he arrived. He thought that he heard near the door a sound which indicated that human beings were not far off. He kindled a fire and awaited their arrival. Soon they came. They were somewhat startled at the presence of a stranger; but as they treated him kindly, he soon felt quite at home. He told them the object of his journey, and one of them agreed to accompany him.

They reach a large *oodūn* on the bank of the river. The young man who is in quest of a wife, being determined that he

would not be married for his good looks, assumes the appearance of a wrinkled old man. The chief of the place has several marriageable daughters, and agrees to give him a wife. There is a festival appointed, and in due time the bride is presented to her future husband. She is shocked and distressed at the old man's ugly appearance; but there is, alas! no help for it. But on awaking in the morning, what is her amazement at seeing such a young-looking fellow at her side! She calls out to her mother to know what all this means: "What has become of my husband, and who is this that has assumed his place?" "Oh, that is your husband! His old, ugly appearance was only assumed to try you." *Na lok weledasit ābītāsñ* (then the girl was overjoyed). She consents to go home with him, and the three return together; the young friend takes leave of them when he reaches his home. The young *kockwēs* erects a lodge a long distance from his father's home.

The tale then proceeds as in the legend. The bear's paunch is hung upon a tree outside, and not in the wigwam. When the young child is grown up and becomes a playmate for his brother, he is told of the manner in which their mother was killed. When they are burning the old man, the father is taunted with his crime of allowing the mother to be killed. "Ah! give my mother away again to be eaten up, will you?"

When they arrive at the grandfather's wigwam, having stifled the old man with the heated caul, they return and kill the grandmother and the three daughters.

There is some difference in the incidents that occur in their course down the river.

For instance, the one calls the old fellow that had gathered all the water Ablegemoo, and the other Tadagale. The old man sold the water, for women,—a wife was the price of a drink. When Kītpooseāgūnow entered his wigwam, the Bullfrog attempted to strike him; but in the attempt, which was twice repeated, he hit and killed a woman who sat next

to him.¹ The old woman, who with Marten had treated them kindly at this place, forewarned them of all the dangers they would encounter on their way down the river.

She first encountered a giant who tried to catch them with a boat-hook.² The second straddled across the river, and with a spear disturbed the water and sought to capsize the canoe. Kitpooseägunow shoots him, but he does not fall dead. The giant escapes to the top of a high cliff, where Kitpooseägunow finds him, under the guise of a kind old woman who has come to help him; he extracts the arrows, and kills the giant.

Susan's edition says nothing of a visit to Glooscap, but relates that event as having been an encounter with a mighty magician. During the intense cold an ice-stream entered his tent, put out the fire, and killed all the inmates except the master. The next evening he attempts to return the compliment of the ice-visitor; but Kitpooseägunow shuts him off at the door.

The conclusion of the story differs as told by Susan Christmas and Susan Barss. The version of the former gives Kitpooseägunow a wife before he parts from his brother. They cannot pass the places guarded by magicians and sorceresses without shooting. Their last visit was to an old woman of the Skunk tribe, whose daughters were very beautiful. He determines to marry one, but the old woman informs him that he shall never sleep with her. So he proposes an excursion to a neighboring ledge of rocks out at sea, for the purpose of gathering eggs; while he is busy finding eggs, she seizes the canoe and paddles off with it, thus intending to leave him to

¹ Now, whenever a bullfrog is discovered, the Indians know that water remains there all summer.

² The first hook was of wood. Kitpooseägunow's brother tried to break it, but failed. Kitpooseägunow snapped it like a pipe-stem. The giant then ran across a point, and tried them again with a hook made of horn. But Kitpooseägunow snapped this off easily. Susan represents the fellow as killing his wife and daughter, but I think this is her error. She has left out the *weir* story, to which that incident more naturally applies.

die, as she has left many a one before. But when he finds that she is gone, he calls a gull, who takes him up in his bill and carries him ashore. He arrives before the old *Abikcheloo*, who marvels greatly at seeing him there. He then insists on taking possession of his wife; but the old woman, when he lies down, piles on all the skins she can in order to smother him; he, however, adroitly cuts a hole through each one, and lets in the air; in the morning he comes out as well as ever, takes his wife, and starts for home. His brother also takes a wife; and *kěspěadookstikik* (their stories end).

IX.

THE SMALL BABY AND THE BIG BIRD.

A TALE OF MAGIC, MURDER, WAR, AND LOVE.

[It may be laid down as a universal principle in Indian legendary tales, that feebleness and littleness are made by supernatural power to overcome strength and size. This contrast between the seeming incapacity of the instrumentality to accomplish the object proposed comes out in nearly every tale. Hence we have tiny children attacking huge giants, beasts, serpents, and birds, and overcoming them with tiny weapons, such as bows made of a fir-stalk, with a single hair for a string, or a spear made of a sharpened splinter. Then we have companies of hearty men fed from a tiny dish; fine scrapings of a beaver bone, enlarged into huge pieces of meat by being boiled; a small canoe sewed up by a woman in one evening, made to carry two men over a boisterous, boiling sea. In all this there is a marvellous coincidence with the Bible representation of God's dealings with man. For all through this Book we see the principle exhibited that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence . . . that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." (1 Cor. i. 27, 28, 29, 31.)

Now, whether those legends have to some extent the traditional reminiscences of God's dealings with mankind of old

for their basis, or whether they are pure inventions, they show the bent of the human mind, and that the Divine Revelation is in harmony with man's necessities and the promptings of his nature.

In the tale that follows there figures a remarkable bird, a monster in size, into the form of which certain sanguinary chiefs, who are wizards, powwows, and cannibals, are able to transform themselves, retaining their intelligence, and able at will again to resume the shape of men. The tradition of such a bird is not a fable, though the bird itself is fabulous. I lately saw somewhere a book in which a captive, who had been released from his forced sojourn among the American Indians, gives an account of his adventures; among other things he mentions their belief in a "big bird" called a "Culloo." The editor tells the story of the Culloo, but adds a note in which he intimates very clearly his suspicions that the "big bird" fable is an invention of the captive. But this editor was mistaken. The Culloo figures often in Micmac legendary lore. Big birds are now known to have existed in former ages, for their tracks have been found in the rocks. An account of the "condor," slightly exaggerated, like the pictures of Barnum's giant, would easily swell into the monster of Indian fable.

The following is a translation of the original which lies before me in the form in which I wrote it down from the mouth of an Indian woman named Susan Barss, in Charlotte-town, in the winter of 1847-1848. I shall confine myself to the details of the story, — to the facts, if I may use this word in a figurative sense; but I shall tell the story in my own way, and sometimes introduce a remark of my own as a comment, but in such a manner that it may be readily distinguished from the text.

The first sentence of the story is *Weegigijik kesegook'* ("The old people are encamped"), by which is meant simply: "This is a tale of ancient times, embodying ancient manners, beliefs, customs, conditions, and operations." The tale then proceeds.

"There was once a large Indian village." These two expressions stand generally at the head, and form the introduction to every legend. The reader is requested to bear in mind that the Indians, whatever they are now, were once a mighty people, and had large and well-populated villages. The facts of their past greatness are supposed to spread sheltering wings over their present degradation, and to be some compensation for it. How like their more civilized brethren, who glory in the greatness of their ancestors, and demand to be ennobled and honored for it! But our story goes on.]

AN old woman wanders out into the forest for some purpose, and finds a very small infant lying on the ground. She takes it up and brings it home. It is so small that she easily hides it in her mitten. The next day, under the impression that this babe is something wonderful, and that she is to protect it and then be protected by it, she accordingly removes with it from the village, and goes far back into the woods, where she erects a small wigwam and lives alone. She has no milk for her babe, but she makes a sort of gruel from the scrapings of the inside of raw-hide, and thus supports and nourishes it, so that it thrives and does well.

The old woman in the mean time lives on rabbits, which she knows how to ensnare and dress. By and by the little protégé begins to run about and talk and play. One day he asks his foster-mother, *Noogūmee abeech leedooé* ("Grandmother,¹ make me a little bow and arrow"). She complies with his request, and he goes out hunting. He walks about, shooting his arrow. He sees a mouse, shoots at it with his arrow, and kills it. He then walks proudly home with all the dignity of a hunter, informs the old lady that he has killed a huge wild beast, and directs her to take her carrying-strap and knife and go out to fetch it home. She goes as directed, and sees the "tiny monster" stretched on the ground. With great

¹ *Noogūmich*, voc. *Noogūmee*, means, literally, "my stepmother, foster-mother, grandmother," and is a term of respect applied to any aged female.

dignity she ties its legs together, lays it on her back, and bears it home. He then gives her further directions. She is to take off the hide and dry it for a mat to lie on. In the time of trouble it will prove a ready help, for there is divination in it. She carefully follows his directions in every particular.

Not long after, he again comes strutting in, announcing that he has slaughtered another huge wild beast. *Wəsto-wooleckw'* ("We are highly favored, we have good luck"), he says, and gives the same directions as before. This time the old woman finds a red squirrel stretched upon the ground. She ties it up as before, skins it, and makes another enchanted mat of it, which he promises will help her in coming troubles.

Next, he shoots a rabbit. This is treated and dressed in the same manner as the others were, and the hide transformed into another magical mat.

After this he has higher aims. He means to attack the larger animals. He inquires of his foster-mother if she cannot find a *lūtcahmūn* (stone arrow) for him. She hunts until she succeeds in finding one. He now constructs a bow on a larger scale, and goes out early in the morning; before nightfall he has killed a moose and a caribou, and brings in a load of meat. Now, then, the heart of the old woman rejoices. She sees the reward of her care and labor, and is bountifully supplied with her favorite food, and with suitable materials for clothing and blankets.

The next morning, when he is about starting for the woods, the old lady cautions him not to cross over to the other side of a certain swamp. Should he go over, trouble will be the result. He promises faithfully that he will not cross over. However, while walking in the woods, he begins to wonder what there is over there that should deter him from going. He thinks of it awhile, and then determines to go; but he finds the great dismal swamp so difficult to cross that he gives up the expedition, and turns back after he has gone

about half-way. He has torn his clothes with the bushes, and carries home with him these and other marks of his rashness and unfaithfulness to his promise. But the news has preceded him. Those magical mats have given the information. His foster-mother, all bathed in tears, meets him, and inquires if he has been over the swamp. He declares that he has not. She entreats him never to go. "You will be the means of destroying our lives," she says, "if you go." Ag- he solemnly promises that he will never go.

But the next day he is again tempted to cross over; and this time he succeeds, despite the difficulties of the way. On reaching the farther side, he finds a large Indian village, but it is deserted. There are many wigwams, but no people. He goes into the first hut he comes to. The inmates had evidently decamped in haste. The process of cooking had been going on when they left, for there hung the kettle over the fireplace; the food in it was cooked, but the kettle had not been removed from the fire. He enters another wigwam, where the food has been cooked and dipped out into dishes, but not eaten. In another, there were indications that the meal had just been finished when the inmates departed. All this looked so suspicious that he left the place without entering any more wigwams.

He now returns home, only to find his foster-mother in great trouble. "Oh, my child," she says, "why did you go there? You have been the cause of our destruction. Now we must remove thither. To-morrow we must go."

Accordingly, the next morning they are impelled, charmed, constrained by magical influence, to bundle up their *ootap-soonooowl* (effects), and cross over to the deserted village. They select a commodiously constructed lodge, and establish themselves in it. In the evening the boy asks the old lady for a single hair from her head. He uses this for a bow-string, and makes a bow and little arrows with stone heads to suit it. Having prepared his weapons, he lays them aside until they shall be wanted.

The next morning a huge Culloo is seen hovering over the wigwam, reaching down his terrible claws, in order to seize and carry off the inmates while they are asleep. The little boy, however, is too cunning to be thus caught. He is watching and ready. He seizes his tiny bow and arrows, of which he has six, and shoots them all into the breast of the bird, which tries in vain to extract them, and soon spreads his wings for home. He reaches home with great difficulty, faint and sick from the effects of his wounds.

Early on the following day the boy leaves his home for an excursion into the Culloo territory. He tells the old lady that in order to learn how he is faring, and whether he is alive or dead, she must watch the mats and pipe. Should she see blood on them, she may know that he is killed; should she see no blood, she may know that all is well with him. So he bids her adieu, and goes on.

On and on he travels, over hill and dale, mountain, marsh, and morass, until he has nearly reached the village of the savage old Culloo chief; there he meets a troop of girls going out for fir-boughs to spread down in their wigwams. They are talking merrily, and uttering loud shouts of laughter; but the moment they see him they begin to weep bitterly. He inquires the cause of this sudden grief. They tell him it is on his account, and that of his parents and sister. "Tomorrow," say they, "at noon, your parents and sister are to be killed and eaten by the old Culloo chief." He then goes on [we may suppose he quickened his pace], and they continue collecting their fir-boughs.

But he had previously encountered a company of men going out on a hunting excursion. They were talking loud and laughing when he met them, but they began immediately to weep on seeing him, and to tell him the same sad story. From the girls he has learned the size and form of the village and the location of the lodge where the chief lives, and also where his own father's lodge is. The chief's lodge is in the centre, and the others are placed round him in concentric

circles. The Culloo devours them in rotation, and our hero's parents are next in turn.

[No more light is thrown by the story on his history previous to his being picked up by the old woman, but I presume we are at liberty to fill up the lacuna. He was dropped from his mother's bosom while the savage old Culloo was carrying her off through the air, and spared to be reared by the good providence of the Great Spirit, to be an avenger of wrong and outrage, and to be a great deliverer.]

Having received all this information, the young man proceeds to the town, where he goes at once to the lodge of his parents. His parents and sister fall a weeping as soon as they set eyes upon him, for they immediately recognize him. His father says: "Alas! my son, what a pity that you have come hither! To-morrow we are all to be killed and devoured. Would that you had stayed away!"

But present wants are not allowed to be neglected on account of coming troubles. The girl immediately gets him some dinner. While he is eating his dinner, a son of the old chief comes over with a whining message from his father. His father is very ill, and, hoping that the stranger may have some medical skill, wishes that he should visit him.

"Tell him," he replies, "that I will come when I have eaten my dinner; and tell him further, that I will kill him instantly when I come. Go home, and deliver this message to your father." The boy returns home, and the stranger composedly finishes his meal. When the chief's son arrives at his father's hut, the sick man inquires, "My son, what said your brother?" "He told me that he could not come until he had finished his dinner, and that he would kill you instantly when he did come."

So when the young man had finished his eating, he rose and said, "Now I will go and see the sick man." When he enters the chief's lodge, he sees the poor old creature there, and his six arrows sticking fast in his breast. "My brother," says the chief, "my bosom pains me dreadfully." "Yes,"

says the young man, "and I shot those arrows into your breast when you came to carry us away and devour us. Now, then, I have come to finish the work which I so auspiciously began." So saying, he strikes the old man a blow with his hatchet and kills him. He then kills the whole brood,—one, and only one, escapes. He is a little fellow, who has crept away, hidden under the boughs. The young man looks around to see if any have hidden themselves, and discovers the boughs moving. He suspects what is there, and calls out to him to come forth and be killed; but he begs off. "Spare me; I have it in my power to reward you. I will carry you about on my back wherever you wish to go." "But perhaps you will watch your opportunity to kill me some time for killing your parents." "No, I will not; and when I am grown up I will take you to a place where you will find some beautiful girls, from among whom you may choose a wife." "I will spare you," he replies, "on these conditions; and should you ever entertain any designs against my life, I shall be be- and with you, for I shall know it in time, and will immediately kill you before you can kill me."

The young man now goes back to his father's lodge, to their inexpressible joy, and to the relief of all the captives. He takes the young bird Culloosees along with him. The bird is fed daily; he soon grows up and begins to try his pinions. After a while he is able to take long excursions; but he always comes back to his owner, and gives every proof of faithfulness.

One morning, after having taken his breakfast, he says, '*Nsees* ("My brother, older than I"), "let me give you a ride through the air on my back." So they go out. His master seats himself quietly on his back, and the bird then flies up and carries him far away, but after a while brings him back to camp. The next morning he proposes to carry him out on his hunting-excursion,—to go a hawking. So they sail over the forest until they find a moose, which the young man kills

and dresses. The Culloo eats his dinner first, and then all is piled on his back and safely conveyed home.¹

Their next adventure is to go for his old foster-mother. While she is quietly seated in her wigwam at her work, she sees the terrible Culloo approaching, and is greatly alarmed, expecting of course to be killed and eaten up. But she is soon reassured. Her boy shouts to her not to be alarmed, for it is his tamed animal; they have come to fetch her to their now peaceful home. He assures her that she has nothing to fear, as he has destroyed the cruel old magician chief. They accordingly gather up all their effects, which they pile on the bird's back; he bears them rapidly, safely, and faithfully back to their home in the *meskeek oodün'* (large Indian town).

The next day the Culloo says, "My brother, come, let us now go to the place where the beautiful young women are." He agrees to the proposal, and prepares to go in search of a wife. Quietly seating himself upon the back of his "winged horse," he finds himself carried up higher and higher into the aerial regions, until the earth, having grown smaller and smaller, finally disappears altogether from view. Here they come to another earth, surrounded by a lofty, frowning precipice; but the Culloo scales these inaccessible heights, and lands his rider safe upon a beautiful plain, where stands, not far from the edge of the cliff, a large, well-built wigwam. They walk in. There sit an old woman and her two daughters. The mother and mistress of the establishment intimates her knowledge of their visit, and her consent thereto by the usual invitation and address, *Kütäkūmoogrāle' 'ntloösöök'* ("Come up towards the back part of the wigwam, my son-in-law"). They walk up and take their seats. The two young women occupy, according to custom, one side of the wigwam. The first thing to be done, according to Indian

¹ These birds are described in some legends as able to carry a great number of men on their backs at once, with immense piles of fresh meat; they have to be fed every few minutes with a whole quarter of beef, which is thrust into the mouth while they are on the wing.

etiquette, is to prepare food for strangers when they arrive. The mother accordingly hangs on her kettle and prepares food for them, — makes them some porridge of the inside scrapings of a moose-skin. The Culloo whispers to the other and tells him not to eat it, for it is poisoned, but to stir it round and round in the dish. He does as directed. As he stirs it round, it foams up and overflows, when he dashes it — I should say, very ungallantly — into the old lady's face. Instantly the skin of her face peels off, and she rushes out into the open air, saying to the girls as she goes out, "I cannot, as it seems, please them with my cooking; do you attempt it."

Thereupon one of the girls rises and goes to work. She brings out some choice pieces of moose meat, caribou meat, and beaver meat, puts them into a kettle, stirs the fire, and has them cooked and set before the guests in a very short time. So they eat and are satisfied. The shades of evening gather round them; the young man makes his choice between the two girls, and without ceremony takes her for his wife. Before they are asleep, she whispers in his ear, "My mother will again attempt to kill you to-morrow; she has already killed a great many men who have come to take us for their wives."

The next morning, before breakfast, the mother-in-law informs him that he must wrestle with her,¹ as this is the custom of the place, and all her sons-in-law have complied. He says to her, *Alajul ah* ("All right"), and they walk out immediately for the contest. She girds herself with a belt made of raw-hide, and chooses her ground on the verge of a cliff, intending to toss him over and kill him. His faithful servant, however, approaches, and whispers in his ear that he will watch on the wing below, and if he falls will catch him and bring him safely up.

¹ This idea of setting a suitor to do something which shall endanger his life, or of killing him for the non-performance, occurs so often in these old legends that the custom of the time is clearly indicated thereby.

The two wrestlers now clinch and prepare for action. She tells the young man to make the first attempt, but he declines the honor of precedence, and invites her to test his strength and skill. She makes a plunge at him, exerting all her strength, but she cannot move him from his feet. It is now his turn, and with one toss he sends her flying sheer over the precipice, and down she goes to the bottom and is dashed to pieces. The Culloo is watching on the wing below; he sees her coming, but turns his head away and lets her pass.

The two men now returned to the tent. There was great rejoicing at the result of the contest. The girls are glad their old mother is dead. *Wëledaksooltijk.*

They conclude to move at once from this spot, and go bag and baggage some distance into the woods, where they erect a comfortable wigwam. The men hunt, and keep the family well supplied with food; the two women slice up and dry the meat, and take care of the house. This is always the business of the women.

The next event of importance is the birth of a son; and all are greatly pleased with the baby. He was, no doubt, the greatest marvel that they had ever seen; but attention to his babyship must not be allowed to interfere with graver matters. The two women and the child had to be left alone in the wigwam while the men were away on their hunting expeditions.

One day while the men were in the forest, and the women were at home, the Culloo became troubled. His friend observed that he could not eat, and inquired the cause. He replied: "There is trouble at home. Some strange Indians came there last evening and stole away the babe, and I do not know who or where they are who have done the deed." At this information the distressed father makes a spring for home, and leaps upon the back of his faithful friend. "Hold! hold a minute!" the Culloo cries; "let us go out into the open air first, and then we will make for home as fast as possible." They hurry homeward. As they approach the wig-

wam, they hear the loud lamentations of the women; and as soon as they enter, they are told the sad tale. Some strange Indians had been there, and robbed them of their precious babe. Culloo says, "Let us go after them;" and they set out immediately. They search a long while, and at last, after going a great distance, they reach an Indian village where they suspect that the child is. It is now so dark and foggy that their approach is unperceived. They discover a large wigwam, around and within which a dance is going on. The dancers are men, and all are naked. The Culloo and his friend take a seat near the door outside, conceal themselves, and await an opportunity to seize the boy. He is now as big as a man. His father cannot tell him from the others; but Culloo knows him, and gives the word. When the child comes round to the door in the dance, the father must grab him, and be off in an instant. So they watch; and soon the Culloo says, "Seize him!" He misses his grasp, and has to wait till he comes round again. The second time he is more successful, and catches the man, who instantly becomes a child in his father's arms. He leaps astride the winged horse, who, before the party have time to recover from their surprise, is far up in the air and on the homeward way.

The women are anxiously waiting, and in the distance hear the welcome sound of the crying child. Soon the men arrive, and all rejoice at the recovery of the lost one.

But now great caution is necessary. They must first destroy all the enchantment that may still linger about the child. The Culloo gives all the directions, and they are minutely followed. He must not be allowed to nurse until he has been carefully washed all over and dressed anew. He is then put to the breast, and the enchantment is destroyed. In the evening they are directed to prepare their weapons and to look out for an attack, as the defeated Indians will surely seek revenge.

Each man prepares for himself a bow and six stone-headed arrows, and the next morning no one is suffered to go out of

the wigwam. At the given time the young man is directed to shoot an arrow through the opening of the wigwam above. Immediately they hear a man falling from the top, with a rattling noise. Then the Culloo shoots up another arrow, and another man falls. Each one shoots his six arrows, and each one causes six men to fall. They are now told to remain still inside the lodge for some time to come. First, the Culloo goes out. The wounded men have all arisen and gone home; but they have left traces of their wounds, for the ground is covered with blood.

After they have taken their morning meal, their winged friend directs them to pack up at once and leave the place, as these enemies will surely return in greater force, and kill them all. So they remove. First, they return to the old wigwam, where the wife was found; the sister-in-law gathers up the things that had been left, especially her own wearing apparel; then all, mounting the back of the Culloo, sail away over the bank that bounds this high region, and descend towards mother earth. Lower and lower they wing their way, until finally the earth appears in view, and after a while they discern the village whence they went in search of a wife. They come to the lodge of the young man's father, and find the old people still alive, who are wonderfully pleased to see them, and delighted with the little grandchild and with the daughter-in-law. [We may take the liberty to add that the sister-in-law is soon wooed and won by some tall, dark-eyed chieftain, and makes an excellent wife and mother; she soon becomes reconciled to the change of customs and climate of these lower regions, and ceases to pine for her Highland home. Our tale, however, says nothing of all this.]

The neighbors prepare a feast, and spend the night in dancing, revelry, and play.

X.

THE INDIAN WHO WAS TRANSFORMED INTO
A MEGŪMOOWESOO.

THERE was once a large Indian village where a chief and many people resided; among them was a young man who was so ugly-looking, so dilatory, and so awkward in hunting and in every other kind of business, that he was generally despised and ridiculed. He lived with an old woman who was his grandmother, both his parents being dead. He used to go out hunting with the rest; and one day, lagging behind as usual, he went astray. A heavy storm of wind and rain came on, and he was lost.

As he was without provisions, he wandered about hungry and faint, and would have perished but for a man who kindly cared for him, asked him home, fed, and entertained him for the night. His wigwam was large, commodious, and well stored with provisions and fur; the skins of beavers, foxes, martens, minks, and muskrats being stuffed in behind the poles of the wigwam all around.

In the evening the owner of the establishment brought out a flute, and played upon it in a most charming manner. It turned out that the occupant of this wigwam was a Megŭmoowesoo.¹ The young man was delighted with his company, and wished to remain with this newly discovered companion, who treated him so kindly.

¹ A sort of demigod, a fawn or satyr, possessed of superhuman power, often meeting with human beings and enticing them away. The Indians still believe in the existence of these demigods, but regard it as a great sin and calamity to be enticed away and entrapped by them.

The next morning, however, when he awakes, he is kindly informed that he is now at liberty to take home as much of the food and fur as he can carry on his back. The Megū-moowesoo ties up for him a bundle which is so big and heavy that he finds himself unable to move it, much less to carry it. His friend, offering to carry it for him, shoulders it, and they go off together. Arriving at the outskirts of the village, they rest the load upon the ground, the bearer saying to the young man, "I have assisted you so far, but I can go no farther; should you wish to see me at any time, come out here and I will meet you." He then leaves him, and the young man goes home. To his surprise, he produces great excitement. He is astonished to learn that he has been gone a whole year, and has been given up as dead. It was supposed either that he had starved to death, or drowned, or frozen to death. The people gather in — young and old, men, women, and children, from all quarters — to look at him and ask him questions. He tells them that he has been hunting, and has left his load at the outskirts of the village. They go out and bring it in, and are amazed at its size and weight. They have to unbind and divide it into many portions before they can transport it to the village.

In the mean time the young man has resumed his place in his grandmother's wigwam. After a while he thinks of taking to himself a wife; having become so rich and prosperous, he looks somewhat high, ugly as he is in form and features, and bad as his reputation has hitherto been. So, according to Indian custom, a custom not wholly done away with yet, he consults his guardian, and deposes her to make the needful request of the girl's parents, — in short, to obtain for him a wife. One brief sentence, one single word, expresses in very figurative language the idea to this old lady. He says to her one day, *Noogūmee, noogoo, oold'gwā mitoogwē* ("Grandmother, come on! make an evening visit"). She understands what this means, and says to him, "My grandchild, where shall I go?" "To the chief's house," he answers.

So she goes over and introduces the matter very curtly, in this wise: "Chief, I and my grandson are tired of living as we do, there being only two of us. I am becoming old and feeble, and cannot take care of the house as it requires." The chief understands all the rest. It is a request that he will allow one of his daughters to go and be mistress of this establishment, and make a third in the party. He does not consider long. "Your grandson is ugly and lazy, and you are poor." This is a flat refusal. She fails in her enterprise, and goes home and tells her grandson. He takes it very coolly. It does not drive him mad. He simply says, *Moo ejelahdookw* ("We have done our part; we cannot help it; it is not our fault").

Soon after this he recollects what the Megūmoowesoo told him, — that should he wish to see him again, he should go out to the spot where they last parted, and he would find him there. So taking leave of his grandmother, he retires to the spot indicated; and there, sure enough, he finds his friend. He greets him cordially, and invites him home. They do not have to travel far; he finds all the luxuries there that he found in his first visit. But they meet with a remarkable adventure on their way. The Megūmoowesoo kills a large, fat moose, dresses it, and divides the carcass in two parts, places one of the parts on his own shoulders, and asks his companion to fetch along the other. To his surprise he was able to shoulder the burden with all ease, and carry it without tiring.

In the evening the Megūmoowesoo brings out his flute again, and plays upon it. After a while he says, *Nedāp, nedowe-peepoo-gwēn?* ("Comrade, do you know how to play the flute?") He replies that he does not. He then tells him to take the flute and he will show him how to play. He applies the instrument to his lips, puts his fingers upon the holes, and to his astonishment and delight he can play as sweetly as his friend. He passes two nights this time at this "enchanted castle," and is then dismissed. When the Megū-

moowesoo sends him away, he endows him with the same magical powers which he himself possesses, removes all his deformities, and enables him to work all the wonders he can work, and then leaves him. He then binds up a monstrous bundle of furs and venison, of which the wigwam is full, shoulders the burden, and walks triumphantly home. When he enters his grandmother's wigwam, he discovers that he is so transformed that he cannot be recognized until he tells who he is; and he also learns that he has been absent from the village two *years* instead of two *nights*, as it had seemed to him. His grandmother is wonderfully delighted on learning who he is, and what he has become. The whole village is now astir; and all the people, old and young, come trooping to the wigwam, greatly astonished to see the change that has come over him.

In the evening he takes out his flute and plays it. The inhabitants of the village are charmed and astonished beyond measure. The young women, arrayed in their best robes and ornaments, flock to the wigwam continually, each one "setting her cap" for him; but he treats them with great contempt, turns his back upon them literally, and looks in the opposite direction. Presently the chief comes over to the lodge on special business. He has an errand with the old grandmother. He informs her that he is now willing that his daughter should come over to their lodge and reside with them. But the young man replies, *Mogwā, wēdūmeda-lumooloo noogōō* ("I have no need of your service now"). He has become independent; and now that he is so rich and beautiful, he resents the slight put upon him when he was poor and ugly.

In a few days he repeats the request to his grandmother which he had made on a former occasion, to go out and find a wife for him, or, as it is poetically expressed in the tale, make an evening visit. She says, *Noojeech, tāmē leēdēs?* ("My grandchild, where shall I go?") He replies that away to the extremity of the village is a small wigwam, in which

reside two poor orphan girls. To that wigwam he desires her to go. She rises slowly, goes to the appointed place, does her errand, and immediately receives a favorable answer. She says to one of the girls, "Will you come over and stop with us?" The young lady understands the import of the question, and modestly replies, "If you and your grandson both desire it, I will go." She is given to understand that this is the case. She then goes home immediately with the mother-in-law, and becomes the young man's wife without further ado.

But when this is noised abroad, there is a great commotion made. The other girls are enraged, and are ready to kill the poor bride. But they rave and rage in vain. The young man removes from the village, takes his grandmother, his wife, and her sister, and goes far back into the woods, and — "further deponent saith not."

XI.

THE ICE MAN.

A FABLE.

ON the banks of a wide river there was situated a large Indian town. One very cold winter, nearly all the inhabitants perished. The few who survived did so with the greatest difficulty. But spring and the warm weather come at last. The snows melt from the hills, the ice from the streams and lakes, and all float down with the freshet except one huge ice-cake. This lodges in the intervalle some distance from the bank, and for a long time resists the influence of the sun, and makes the air cold for a long distance round.

At length a stout, resolute Indian determines to get rid of the hindrance; so arming himself with a huge bludgeon, he boldly attacks the monster, and as he pounds away he exclaims, "Come on, do your best, freeze me again if you are able." At every blow the enemy gives way, and is at last so reduced that by dint of prying and pushing it is tumbled over the bank and borne away by the current. "There," exclaims the Indian, "be off with yourself, and never come back!" "Thank you," exclaims the Ice King; "you have done me a great favor; but I will make you another visit next winter."

So the man works round all summer; but as autumn approaches, he bethinks himself of the threat of the Ice. He concludes that the threat will be carried out, and he prepares to battle with the foe. His first step is to erect a wigwam in a place convenient for fuel and water. Then he lays in a good store of kindling-wood, cutting down old dry trees, and splitting the fuel up fine. He prepares oil to be poured on

in case of emergency, and fits himself out well with winter clothes. Winter comes at last, and with it comes the Ice King. All round his influence is felt, stiffening the lakes and rivers, and covering the ground with snow. The weather becomes colder and colder, until one day the Ice King himself walks boldly into the wigwam, and takes his seat on the side opposite to where the man is sitting. So cold are his body and breath that the fire is nearly extinguished, and the man all but chilled to death. He bestirs himself, and kindles the fire, putting on dry wood and pouring on oil. After a while the fire begins to blaze up, and the man's limbs become active and strong. He then bestirs himself with more energy, and piles on wood. The fire roars, crackles, and blazes higher and higher, and the Ice King hitches back. Presently he takes another hitch, until he brings up against the wigwam, and can get no farther. Then he begins to sweat and grow smaller and weaker apace. Finally he cries for quarter. "My friend," he says, "you have won the victory ; now, then, let me go." Then the man rises, takes the poker and shoves the fire away from the side where his sister is sitting, and allows the Ice King to pass out. So he rises and passes out, saying as he goes, "My friend, you have fairly conquered me twice in succession ; now you shall be my master forever." So saying, he takes his departure.

After this, that man has no trouble with the cold. It is summer with him all the year round. He needs neither cap, nor mittens, nor moccasins.

[Such is the fable. The moral is easy. First, resolution overcomes all difficulties. Second, "a wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." If he has been caught one winter unprepared, he will take care to look out the next time. Third, a man who has had the foresight, wisdom, and industry to provide himself with a comfortable dwelling, plenty of fuel, and suitable clothing, does not mind the winter. He has warm weather all the year round.]

XII.

THE INVISIBLE BOY.

TEAM' AND OOOHIGEASKW.

NAMESKEET' *oodün Kaspemkū* (a large Indian village, was once situated on the borders of a lake).¹ At the extreme end of the village, somewhat retired, lived a youth whose *teomūl* was a moose. This youth had the power of assuming the form of a moose, and in addition to this, he could render himself invisible. He offered to marry the first girl that could see him. The young women of the village were allowed to make the trial, and many flocked to the lodge to try their luck.

The young man's sister kept house for him. She always received his visitors kindly, and towards evening, when it was time for him to come in from his hunting, she would invite them to take a walk with her down to the shore of the lake. When she saw her brother approaching (for to her he was never invisible), she would say to her companions, "Do you see my brother?" Some of them would answer yea, and some would answer nay, — *alt tēlooejik, āā, alt tēlooejik, mogwāā*. To those who thought they had seen him, or who wanted to make the rest think so, she would say, *Coogoowā wiskobooksčh?* ("Of what is his shoulder-strap made?") She generally received as an answer the name of one of the various articles out of which this important portion of the hunter's equipment was usually manufactured. Sometimes they would say, "A strip of raw-hide;" sometimes, "A

¹ *Koospēm*, or *Coospēm*, a lake; *Kāspēm̄k*, or *Cāspēm̄k*, on the borders of a lake.

with; " and sometimes, something else. But the moment they replied to this question, she would know that they did not see him. "Very well," she would answer; "now let us go home to the wigwam."

When they entered the wigwam, she would tell them not to sit in her brother's seat, but that they must all keep on her side of the room, and not by any means cross over to his. When he came and threw down his burden, they could see it. When he pulled off his moccasins, and his sister hung them up to dry, they could see them. Then the sister would set the girls to cook the supper. They would cheerfully engage in getting the food ready, indulging the hope that when they came to eat it they would be able to see him. They were mistaken, however, for they did not see him. Sometimes they remained all night, the guest of their female friend, but they saw nothing of the other occupant of the lodge. The next morning they would return to their own homes, and others would make the same attempt with similar success.

Now it happened that in the village there resided an old man, a widower, who had three daughters, the youngest of whom was puny and often sick. The others considered her a great source of trouble, and ill-treated her; the oldest girl, on whom devolved the charge of the house after her mother's death, was especially unkind to her. The second daughter was less unfriendly, and sometimes ventured to take the poor little girl's part; but the oldest kicked and cuffed her about, and often burned her hands and face intentionally. When the father would come in from hunting and inquire respecting the little child's troubles and burns on her arms, face, and other parts of her body, the oldest girl would throw all the blame on the little girl herself. She had been playing with the fire or near the fire, and had burned herself. The marks, scars, and scabs that covered her gave her the name of Oochigeaskw (the girl that is covered with scabs).

One day the older girls arrayed themselves in their finest clothes, and went down to the wigwam of the Invisible Boy,

whose name was Team' (the Moose). They spent the afternoon with his sister, and at the proper time she invited them to walk with her down to the borders of the lake, and watch for the coming of her brother. They went; and when she saw him, she put the usual question, "Do you see my brother?" The eldest one said, "I do." The next one said honestly, "I do not." "Then tell me what his shoulder-strap is made of," said the sister to the older girl. "Of a strip of raw-hide," she replied. "Very well," said the girl; "let us go home." They went home to the wigwam, and the hunter came. They saw the load of moose-meat which he brought, and the clothing of his feet, after it was removed, but *him* they saw not. They remained all night, and returned the next morning to their father's house.

That evening, when the old man arrived, he brought a quantity of small, beautiful, variegated shells, out of which in former times *wampum* was manufactured, and for which, in these later times, glass beads are substituted, and called by the name *weidpskool*. He gave them to the girls, and the next day they engaged in *nāpawējik* (stringing them up).

That day little Oochigeaskw gets an old pair of her father's moccasins, soaks them, and asks her sisters to give her some of the pretty shells, a few of each kind. The older sister refuses, and tries to prevent the other from giving her any. She calls her a "lying little pest," and tells her sister not to mind her. "Oh!" she answers, "the poor little thing! let us give her some, a few of each kind." This is done. Then she goes out and gets some sheets of birch bark, out of which she manages to construct a dress, making some figures on the bark, and fashioning out of it garments similar to those worn in ancient times by the Indian women, but which are now, to the great chagrin of some of the elder ones, rapidly degenerating into the fashion of their pale-faced sisters. She constructs a petticoat and loose gown, a cap, leggins, and a handkerchief, and on her tiny feet she puts her father's huge moccasins, which come up nearly to her knees, and thus arrayed

she goes forth to try her luck in the celebrated wigwam at the remote end of the village. She has to undergo a continuous storm of ridicule throughout the entire journey. Her sisters make sport of her, and order her not to go away. The men and boys shout after her as she goes on in her funny dress, and cry, "Shame! shame!" But she hears them not, nor regards them, but resolutely pushes on. She succeeds in her enterprise, of course. [A writer of romance, whether savage or civilized, who would make her fail, would deserve a horsewhipping, and would further deserve to have his book burned. Such pluck insures the reward.]

The little girl in her harlequin dress, her face covered with sores, and her hair singed off, is kindly received by the sister of Team'. When nightfall comes on, she is invited to take a walk down to the borders of the lake to watch the young man's return. Presently the sister sees him coming, and asks her companion if she can see him. She says she can. "Tell me, if you see him, what his shoulder-strap is made of." "A rainbow," she exclaims. "Ah! you can see him," says the girl. "Now let us hasten home, and get ready for him." So home they hie, and the sister first strips her guest of the uncouth and uncomfortable robes, and administers a thorough ablution. All her scabs and scars come off, and her skin is beautiful and fair. She next opens her box and brings out a wedding garment, in which she directs her to array herself; then she combs her hair, braids it, and ties it up. The poor child thinks within herself, "I wonder what she is going to comb, for I have no hair on my head." But under the magic touch of her friend's hand, beautiful, flowing hair adorns her head. After she is thus prepared and arrayed, she is directed to go and occupy the side of the wigwam where the brother will sit, and to take the wife's seat, next to the door.

Immediately after this, the young man arrives, comes in laughing, and says, *Wājoolkoos* ("So we are found, are we")? *Alajul āā* ("Yes"), she answers. So he takes her for his wife.

The scene now shifts to her father's home. In the evening the father comes in from his hunting, and inquires where the child is. Her sisters throw no light on the question. They say, "We saw her going away, and called after her to come back, but she did not obey." Bright and early the next morning he goes in quest of her. He searches and inquires in all the wigwams, but finds no trace of her. He enters the wigwam of the Invisible Boy. He sees two young women sitting there, but does not recognize his child, so wonderfully has she been transformed. But she recognizes him, and tells him all that has happened. He gives his cordial assent and consent to the transaction, tells the girl to remain there and be a good and dutiful wife, and assist her husband in all his domestic affairs. Then he returns home, and tells the news to the other daughters. He tells them what a fine looking fellow their sister's husband is, and how beautiful she herself has become. [My "edition" of the story fails to state how the news was received by the two sisters and the other ambitious young ladies of the village. We are quite at liberty to supply the missing page. But we must not overlook the fact that everywhere, deeply seated in the human consciousness, is the idea that the Supreme Ruler will relieve the oppressed and humble the oppressor. We must now return to the newly married pair, along whose pathway in life — brief and full of marvellous incidents — the thread of the narrative conducts us.]

Team' and his wife and sister live together in peace and harmony. Team' supplies food and raiment by the chase; the women take care of these, and prepare them for use. The birth of a son occurs in due time. He grows up, and begins to run about and play. His aunt one day called his mother's attention to a moose's leg bone which lay in the wigwam, and tells her to take special care that the child does not break it; after the father shall have come in from his hunting, he may break it, and eat the marrow. One day, shortly after this, the women are very much occupied, having

a large quantity of meat to slice up and dry. They are at work out of doors, and the little boy is allowed to run about and play, almost unnoticed. He has a little maul for a plaything, and goes about hitting everything he comes to, and at length smashes the leg bone. Soon after, his aunt, having occasion to step into the wigwam, sees the broken bone. She immediately begins to weep, calls her sister-in-law to come and tie up the child, and go with her to look for her brother, for his leg is broken. So she does as directed, ties up the child in his cradle, slings him on her back, and they go a long distance, taking the direction that the man had taken in the morning. At length they find him sitting down by his load of moose-meat, with his leg broken. He tells his wife to take the child and go back to her father, as he can no longer support her. He tells his sister to go back to the wigwam with his wife, and then to return and bring a kettle and an axe. This is done. The wife goes home to her father, and takes her babe with her; the sister takes the axe and kettle, and goes back to her brother. She finds him sitting there still, in the same place where she left him. He now says to her, "My sister, if you love me, kill me with the axe, and cut off my head." The poor girl remonstrates. She can see no necessity for such extreme measures. His leg will knit together again, and she hopes he will recover. He tells her this can never be, that his end has come, and by hastening his death she can save him from a prolongation of trouble and pain. She must therefore obey his directions. When he falls, he will be a moose, and she must skin the animal, dress it, and cure the flesh. His head she must skin, and keep it always with her, as a "medicine bag;" and while she keeps that, he will be her "guardian genius," her *teomül*, and she will be safe and prosperous; but should she let it go out of her hands, misfortune and calamity will be the result. Upon this, she complies with his request, strikes him down with the axe, cuts off his head, and, sure enough, there lies a real moose before her. This she proceeds to dress. She

removes the dead animal from that place some distance up into the woods, away from the shore of the lake, kindles a fire, and slices up and dries the meat to preserve it, according to custom. She tries out the tallow, and preserves it in cakes. She cracks up the bones, puts them into the kettle and boils out the marrow; this she puts into a dried bladder, and, to preserve it carefully, skins the head, and makes a bag of the skin. She is two days at her work, and when all is finished, she removes some distance farther up into the woods, erects a wigwam for herself, carries all the moose-meat thither, and hangs it up or spreads it out on sticks properly placed over the smoke and fire, that it may be thoroughly dried and preserved.

There she passes the night. The next morning, as she awakes, she sees a huge giant, Kookwës, stalking up towards her humble tent. He enters the wigwam; she addresses him respectfully, calls him her brother, and invites him to a seat. He looks up and sees the abundant supply of venison that fills the place; he praises her industry, at the same time putting on a hungry look. She takes the hint, rises, hangs on her kettle, and puts half the moose-meat into it. When it is cooked, she unrolls a sheet of birch-bark, and places the food on it before him. She takes a wooden dish, and places in it half the tallow, half the marrow, and half of everything; he eats it all. Being now satisfied, he lies down for a nap. After a while he awakes, and proceeds to give his hostess some advice. He recommends her to remain where she is, and not think of removing. He assures her that it will be a very difficult matter to reach an Indian settlement. Among other obstacles, two huge serpents, one on each side of the path and as big as mountains, will guard the way. She cannot possibly get around them, she cannot climb over them, and it will be impossible to pass between them. Having finished his information and his advice, he takes his leave; not, however, before she has bestowed upon him the other half of her venison, enough to make him one more meal.

After he is fairly out of sight, she goes away herself. Notwithstanding the interest the old savage has seemed to take in her welfare, she strongly suspects that he was planning for his own interests, not for hers. She holds the charmed and magical "medicine bag" in her hands, and, following its impulses and guidance, she is safe. This tells her to go away, and she goes accordingly.

She finds that what the Kookwēs has told her about the difficulties and dangers of the way is true. She comes to what seem to be two mountains, but they are in reality two huge serpents, or giant magicians, who have assumed this form. But she grasps her "charm," her *teomūl*, "guardian genius," in her hand, and keeps steadily on. She finds that the serpents are fast asleep, and she passes right on without any harm. These enemies have been baffled.

By and by she comes to a point of land extending into the water, where she sees *Meskeek oodūn* (a large Indian village) *Pegwēlkūl wīgwdmūl*. There she halts, and goes into the first wigwam she comes to, — a very small one, — and stays all night. She finds two old women there, one of them a miserable, wicked old hag, but the other quite a civil and good woman. The next day she goes out and looks around the village, plays at the *wōltesākūm*.¹ She returns to the same wigwam, where she remains all night. The next morning, when she goes out, she forgets her "medicine bag." She had stowed it away under the boughs and eaves of the wigwam the evening before, supposing no one saw her. But the ugly old creature mentioned before was not asleep, as she had supposed, but awake and watching. She saw where the bag was put, and after its owner had gone out, she went to see what was in it. As she drew it out, lo! she had her hand in a man's hair; a living man was there, who sprang to his feet,

¹ A sort of dice made of pieces of bone cut round like buttons without eyes, and having marks on one side. They are tossed up in a dish, and the manner in which they fall indicates the progress of the game. This game is generally played by two women.

all painted, and his arms bound round and round, all ready for battle. He strikes the poor old creature dead at his feet, and then kills the other occupant of the lodge; then he rushes out, shouts, utters terrible war-whoops, and strikes down every person that comes in his way. His sister recognizes him, goes out to meet him, and begs him to be quiet. She cries out, *Uchkeen* ("My brother, younger than I")! He rejoins: "Get out of my way with you; *boonäjeme* (leave me alone)! Why did you not take care of me? Had you taken care of me, as you promised, I should always have been with you, and we should always have shared alike; but now —" and he strikes her to the ground.

[Related by Susan Barss, and written down from her mouth in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in the winter of 1848, and translated from the original, May, 1869, by S. T. Rand.]

XIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF KÂKTOOGWÂSEES.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE once lived far back in the woods an old couple who had but one son. They lived by themselves, quite remote from any other Indians. Their only boy had grown up without ever having seen anybody but his parents; he was under the impression that they were the only human beings in the world. The father's name was Kâktoogwâk (Thunder); and the son, as is usual with Indians, took his father's name, with the termination that signifies "young," or more properly, "little."¹ The boy's name was Kâktoogwâsees (Little Thunder). They all lived together, and the boy grew up to manhood. After a while he noticed that his mother's eyesight was failing, and he asked her in surprise, "What is the matter?" She told him that she was growing old, and could no longer attend to the affairs of the family, as formerly, and that he must go and find some one who had good eyesight to keep the house; she directed him respecting the preparation to be made and the journey to be taken. She assisted him in preparing a wedding suit, *keloolkûl ak weltîgûl* (pretty and well made); then, when he inquired which way he was to go, she bade him go toward the setting sun.²

¹ This termination is *cheech*, or sometimes *sees*. *Cheech* is Micmac; *sees* is Maliseet and Ojibway, and is the same in some of the other kindred dialects. This difference is merely a very usual change of *ch* into *s*, and sometimes occurs in Micmac.

² The tradition among the Micmacs is that their fathers came from the Southwest; and the old people up to a very late date spoke of their home in the Southwest.

The next morning she ties up his fine clothes in a bundle, and tells him not to put them on until he reaches the village where he is to get his wife. The boy takes the bundle and starts. He travels on day after day, until he has nearly reached the place where the sun sets; there he hears in the distance, up a long valley, the rattling of the *altestâkûn ômkwôñ*, or *wôltîs takûn*.¹ He soon reaches the wigwam where the play is going on, and where he finds the chief, named Keekwahjoo (Badger), just in the excitement of concluding the game. The chief invites him up to an honorable seat and treats him kindly; he remains there for the night. He lets them know where he is going, and what his errand is. So the next morning, after breakfast, the chief says to his comrades, "*Dâtoot* (Friends), cannot some of you accompany our young brother on his expedition?" They reply that he is himself at leisure, and advise him to go. Then the chief informs Little Thunder that he will accompany him on his journey, and that they will have great sport during the expedition. So they two go on together.

They soon reach a large point of land, where stands a man with one foot doubled up and tied to his thigh. The Badger, who is now master of ceremonies throughout the tale, inquires of the man why his leg is tied. He informs him that he has to tie his leg to keep from running away; that should he have both feet free, he would not be able to keep himself from running so fast that he would be away off round the world in no time.² The chief says to him, "I and my friend here are going to attend a great celebration. Will you join us? You will make an important addition to our party." He replies that he is at leisure and will go. The three now go on together until they come to another *mêskeek kwêsawî* (a great point of land), where they see another remarkable personage, — one whose breath is so strong that he has to

¹ Indian dice. See Legend XII., page 108.

² In this queer metaphor we can easily see how a restraint upon the appetites and passions could be enjoined, — if this be the object of the legend.

stop up his nostrils to keep from raising such a hurricane as would sweep away everything.¹

He is requested to give them an illustration of his blowing powers, — to unstop the nostrils for a moment. He does so, and in an instant raises such a wind that the poor Badger is hurled heels over head. He clings with all his might to a rock to keep from being blown away, while he calls out to the mighty man to close his nostrils and stay the wind. So the mighty man closes his nostrils, and the storm is over.

The chief then invites him also to join the party, and he accepts the invitation. They travel on together; and their next remarkable adventure is the discovery of a wood-chopper of such mighty prowess that he cuts down lofty pines, and trims them out from end to end for fencing-poles. He too is requested to join the wedding-party. He has but one objection to going. He has a large family to support, and should he leave them any length of time, they might suffer. Keekwahjoo proposes to obviate this difficulty by engaging in a hunting excursion on a small and novel scale before they go any farther, in order to supply the wants of this family. So they remain all night at his wigwam, and arrange their plans for the morrow. The next morning they start on their hunting expedition, and go, not into the forest, but to the neighboring town, where the white men live. They go into a store. The Badger chief directs them to engage the merchant very closely in conversation, and while his back is turned, the mighty Pine-chopper is to take up one of the barrels of money and make off with it. This is done. Then they all go out, and are far away before the theft is discovered; but as soon as it is discovered, the party is pursued by a company of soldiers. They look round and see that the pursuers are gaining upon them and pointing their guns at them. Keekwahjoo directs the man of mighty breath to let loose the winds; and in an instant a storm is raised, clouds of dust and darkness are whirled about, the whole

¹ Another impressive lesson on restraining the stormy passions.

party is dispersed, and the fellow who had taken the money is driven deep down into the ground, barrel and all. The soldiers come up; but the robber is nowhere to be found, and no sign can be discovered of the money. After diligent search the soldiers go back, and the party hunt round for their missing friend. They find him after a while buried in the ground, and dig him out; the sand and the fright together have swollen his eyes almost to bursting.

They now go on to the lodge of the Pine-chopper, where they passed the previous night; and the proceeds of their novel hunting expedition furnish such a supply for the family that the master of the house joins the party.

There are now five persons in the company; and when night comes on, they encamp. Gooowâget (Pine-chopper) is directed to gather wood and kindle a fire, while the others go out in quest of game for their supper. He does as directed. They soon return, having killed several rabbits, and find that their friend, always accustomed to do things on a large scale, has built a tremendous fire. He is informed that he has altogether overdone the matter, and that the next time he is only to build a small fire. So they remain all night, *sogoobah-sooltijtk* (they roast meat, stuck on sticks, before the fire); they eat their supper, and lie down and sleep.

The next morning the party are again astir, and push on until it is time to halt for the night. Pine-chopper is once more left to prepare the camp, and the rest take an excursion to the woods to find something to eat. He is told to make a shelter of boughs, standing them up in a circle, so as to break off the wind, while they are away. They soon kill a caribou, and bring in the meat all ready to roast; they find that their friend has cut down huge trees, erected a mighty wigwam, and kindled a very small fire. The chief informs him that he has now overdone the matter in another direction, and that in the future he should not build any kind of a shelter, but merely kindle a fire. So again they roast their favorite food in their favorite way, stuck on sticks before the fire, eat their supper, and go to bed.

The next night they arrive at the lodge of the celebrated Glooscap, where they are kindly received and entertained. The Badger chief *kēdooktūmat* (wishes to smoke), and Glooscap hands him a pipe so small that he can hardly see it; but he smokes away with it, and finds that it answers the purpose admirably. The host next despatches his waiting-boy, little Marten, for a supply of water, and the kettle is hung over the fire. The old woman brings out a small beaver bone, and scrapes it into a wooden dish. After she has done so, she puts the scrapings into the kettle, and kindles the fire. The Badger chief says to himself, "We shall make but a sorry supper out of that." But he should have known better, and he is punished somewhat for his want of confidence in the hospitality and superhuman power of his host, and his ability to make much out of little. The kettle soon begins to boil, the little scrapings thicken up into large pieces of meat, fat and lean, and he finds the food so palatable and so abundant that he eats enormously, and makes himself sick before he can stop. This puts him and others to a great inconvenience during the night, and calls forth a gentle reproof the next morning from the host.

The next morning, after breakfast, Glooscap sends the boy to examine their fishing-nets. He finds that a small whale has been caught. He comes up and makes the announcement. Glooscap now directs Keekwahjoo, the Badger chief, to go down to the sea and give himself a thorough washing. When this is done, he brings out goodly raiment, and gives it to him, — a coat, a shirt, leggins, drawers, and beautifully adorned moccasins. He tells him to put them on; he does so, and is forthwith endowed with remarkable power, as well as with fine clothing. Glooscap now directs him to go down with the boy to the shore, tar the canoe, and stop all the leaks. So down the two go to the shore, and Badger looks round for the canoe; he sees no canoe, there is nothing there but a singular-looking rock. On capsizing the rock, he finds that it is in reality a canoe, and they proceed to

examine the leaks and to put on the tar. When they return to the lodge, the Badger requests Glooscap to assist him against the dangers and difficulties of the way, for he is sensible that they are great. Glooscap replies that this is true, and that he will give him directions and advice. He proceeds to do this.

"First," he says, "you will reach a large point of land, where you will encounter a huge skunk¹ who will attempt to kill you. When you come in sight of him, do not attempt to fight him, but take this *cheegŭmâkŭn*,² and with it sing as well as you can. If this sets him to dancing, you can pass safely by; he will not in that case do you any injury. You will next come upon a lot of beavers;³ one, which will be very savage, will attack you. You are to make use of the same weapon,—charm him with your singing and your music. If he comes up out of the water to listen, you are all right. In that case he will do you no injury."

Having imparted this information and given these directions, the party *boosijtk* (set sail). They go on a long distance; and just as they are rounding a point of land they see the huge skunk standing ready to give them the benefit of his powers when they come within range. Keekwahjoo takes up the *cheegŭmâkŭn*, and begins to beat upon it and to sing; when lo! the skunk changes his position and begins to dance with all his might. So they pass by in safety.

Soon they reach another bend, and round another point. Here they see a beaver's tail protruding above the water. They approach cautiously, and the music again strikes up. Immediately the beaver raises his head out of the water, and listens to the enchanting strains; and the party pass by in safety.

On and on they go, until they come in sight of a large village, where they land and take the path that leads direct

¹ A necromancer who has assumed the form of a skunk.

² A sort of tambourine, beaten upon with a stick. It is made of a thick piece of bark.

³ These are magicians in the form of beavers.

to the chief's lodge. They enter; and the chief, previously apprised of the object of their visit, or divining it, gives his consent in the usual way, by addressing Kâktoogwâsees (Little Thunder) as his son-in-law, and inviting him up to the place of honor, the back part of the wigwam. This chief's name is Keukw (Earthquake),¹ and arrangements are immediately made for celebrating the wedding. Preparations are set on foot for a feast to be held the next day. But Little Thunder dances the mystic dance, called *'uskowôkûn*, by way of introduction, that evening, and raises such a storm that old Earthquake is alarmed for his own personal safety; for it thunders and lightens, and rains and blows. "Hold! hold!" cries the terrified chief; "enough of such boisterous introduction!" So they eat their suppers, and retire to rest.

Early the next morning there is a gathering around the old chief's lodge. The wigwam is completely filled with the subordinate chiefs and their men. Before the door they clear away a spot, level it down, and make it smooth for the dancers. But before they have begun the games, a rival makes his appearance, who has no idea of allowing the daughter of the chief to be taken away by a stranger. He has assumed the form of the terrible Chepichcalm (huge dragon); he comes right into the wigwam to seize and carry off the girl. The Badger chief rises and says to him, "What are you after?" Receiving no reply, he seizes a tomahawk, and with one blow severs his head from his body, while all look calmly on. Then he chops him up into pieces, and tosses him out of the wigwam. Shortly after this the food is brought in, and they all eat. The old chief Earthquake says, "Let the young man rise and play before us." First, they engage in a foot-race. Two men are brought out, each having one of his legs tied up; they are set free, and each

¹ The fact that the Micmacs have a particular word to designate an earthquake, *keukw*, seems to indicate a greater frequency of the phenomenon than ever occurs in their country, and seems to point to a residence farther south, where earthquakes are frequent, whence the name may have been transported.

one has a glass filled with water put into his hand. They are to see which will run the faster and the steadier, thus playing a double game; and the race-course is the circuit of the globe. Off they start at the word; Badger's comrade comes in first, and his glass is still full to the brim. After a little, his competitor arrives, and his glass is only half full. So victory declares for Little Thunder's party.

Next the chief gives the word, and a game of wrestling begins. Two Pine-choppers engage, and take their stand on the edge of a precipice. But Glooscap's power imparted to Badger comes in play this time also. His comrade gains the victory; and the other is tossed over the cliff and killed.

The sports now close; and it is time. Little Thunder takes his bride, and the wedding-party starts for home. But their troubles are not at an end. The braves and conjurors of the land in the far West, though foiled and compelled to lose the prize, are by no means reconciled to it; they would like much to cut off the whole party before they arrive home, and especially before they leave that particular region. One of them conjures up a storm, and sends it after them to strike them as soon as they reach the open sea. They see the commotion astern, and prepare to meet it. Magic is pitted against magic, wind is sent against wind. The hurricane comes direct from the village they have left. The nostrils of the Wind-Blower are unstopped, and "with distended cheeks and lungs inflate," he opposes the pursuing tempest. The two storms meet and struggle for victory on the open sea. The contest is soon decided. The magic of the disappointed necromancer fails; his blowing is blown back upon himself, and the sea is smooth for the receding canoe.

When they arrive at the Beaver's Point, they find the same old fellow there again in his wrath and power to oppose their progress; but he cannot resist the magical tambourine and Keekwahjoo's enchanting song. His anger is turned to laughter, despite himself. He puts down the formidable tail that

was to strike and capsize the canoe, puts up his head, and manifests his joy.

They pass Skunk Point in the same way. The baffled foe has returned again to the charge, has prepared his odoriferous volley, and stands ready. But another tattoo beaten on the magical *cheegümäkün*, and another enchanting song, causes him to halt, wheel about, and begin to dance in an ecstasy of joy. During the operation the canoe with its precious freight passes swiftly by.

That evening they arrive at Glooscap's Castle. Glooscap meets them, congratulates them on their success, and proposes that they shall hold a second day's wedding at his house. To this they all agree, and preparation is made accordingly. He sends out to invite the neighbors; among others, *wiggülladün-moochik*¹ (a troop of fairies) is called to the feast. These are the comrades of little Marten.² He is told to wash himself, change his clothes, and go and invite his friends and comrades to the feast. This he does, and soon brings in a troop of these little people of both sexes, all dressed up and ornamented in the most exquisite manner, their clothes all covered with little variegated wampum shells. Next, the old lady, Glooscap's housekeeper, is requested to exercise her culinary skill, and to provide a supper for the party. This is soon done, to the best of her ability; and the whole company feast together. After the eating comes the dancing, which is kept up until daylight; they take breakfast, however, before the company breaks up. Glooscap himself, though always represented as somewhat staid and dignified, has engaged in the sports, and dances with the fairies. The fairies go home, and the wedding-party leave the canoe where they borrowed it, and go on toward home by land. They re-pass the same places which they

¹ There is a strong belief in fairies still among the Indians. The habits of these beings resemble remarkably those of our fairies, both ancient and modern; for belief in them among Europeans has not yet died out.

² From this I infer that Marten, who figures always as Glooscap's servant, is a fairy.

passed on their journey, and stay all night again where they stayed before. At length they arrive at Pine-chopper's wigwam, where they pass the night, and leave that companion. Next they reach another stage; their companions drop off, one after another, till at length Little Thunder and his bride, the daughter of the Earthquake, reach their home, unaccompanied by any one. The old people are well, and glad to see their son again; they are pleased with his success and with his choice.

XIV.

THE HONEST MAN AND THE ROGUE.

THIS tale begins in the same manner as most of the others, reiterating the important fact that "there was once a large Indian town or village." Alas! nowadays there are no large Indian towns. It may therefore be the more proper to retain these mementos of what once was. In this large Indian town lived two Indians, who were associated in partnership, but who were very diverse in character. One was a kind, honest, industrious, and sober man; the other was a drunkard, an unkind, artful, and dishonest man. He constantly defrauded his companion in the division of the profits of their labor, and spent his money for liquor.

On one occasion they had made a large number of baskets, and the rogue was planning how he could cheat his partner out of his share. So he proposed a question to his comrade; out of this question arose a bet, and each staked his share of the baskets against that of the other. "Which," asks the rogue, "is the more beautiful place,—heaven or hell?" The other replies, "Oh, heaven, of course, is the more beautiful place." "No, it is n't," says the other; "hell is the more beautiful place. Come on; I'll bet all my share of the baskets against you that I am right, and we will go over and ask the priest." "Done!" says the other, sure of succeeding. Accordingly they call upon the priest together, and ask, "Which is more beautiful,—heaven or hell?" He replies, "Oh, heaven is the more beautiful place." They reply, "All right!" and go out. As soon as they are by themselves, the one who had started the question says to the other, "Which did he say was the more beau-

tiful?" "He said heaven was the more beautiful." "Oh, no; you are mistaken altogether. He said that hell was the more beautiful place." To settle the matter, they return to the priest and ask the question over again: "Which place did you say was the more beautiful? Did you say hell was the more beautiful?" "Oh, no," he answers; "I said that heaven was the more beautiful." So they go out again, and the rogue gives the other a nudge with his elbow, saying with a smile, "There! didn't I tell you so? He said that hell was the more beautiful place." By this time the good, honest man is quite satisfied that the other is intending to cheat him, and that there must either be a quarrel, or he must give up his right and suffer himself to be defrauded. Very properly, he resolves to choose the lesser of the two evils; he therefore lets the fellow take all the baskets, but he determines to have nothing more to do with him. So they part,—the one rejoicing in the success of his scheme, and pitying the weakness of the fellow who would allow himself to be so easily cheated out of his property; the other rejoicing in a clear conscience, and feeling glad that he had been enabled to suffer rather than contend. But he is entirely destitute, and has to beg in order to obtain a little food. He does not succeed very well; for begging is at best but a sorry business, even in fable. After a while he obtains two small cakes of bread, which he takes with him.

The other sells his baskets well, gets *pegwělk sodeāwā* (plenty of money), which he spends in rioting and drunkenness.

As the poor man travels along, he meets a very old man, who was leaning upon a staff, and who looked destitute. An intense feeling of pity springs up in the man's bosom towards the poor aged man; he speaks to him respectfully and kindly, and divides his all with him.

Then the old man asks him where he expects to pass the night. He says, "I do not know." "I will send you to a

good place," says the old man. "Do you see this road descending in a straight line to yonder patch of woods?" "I do," says the other. "Follow that road," he adds, "and turn off to the right, just before you come to the woods; go on a little distance, and turn again to your right, and you will come to a tree which has a crotch in the top, under which you will see that the ground is without grass, and beaten hard and dry. Climb up into that tree and adjust yourself in the crotch, and remain there until morning." He then bids him farewell and goes on. The man takes the road, finds everything as described, climbs the tree, and ensconces himself in the crotch for the night.

After dark he hears the sound of approaching footsteps, and begins to tremble. His fright is increased when he finds that a number of men have come and sat down under the very tree in which he has pitched his tent. Directly they kindle a fire and begin to smoke. After they have smoked awhile, one says to the other, "Tell me a story." He replies, "I do not feel like telling a story just now; I would rather you would sing for me while I dance." So he strikes up a tune, and the other dances until he is tired; then he sits down, and the other gets up and dances; afterwards they sit down together and smoke. Thus they pass the greater part of the night. Finally one says to the other, "Come on! now tell your story." He begins and tells about a certain blind king who resides in a certain city, and whom all the doctors have failed to cure. There is a remedy, however, that would restore his sight if any one would apply it,—it is the sweat of a white horse.

Daylight now dawns in the east, and the men go away. Our friend comes down out of the tree, resolving to take advantage, for his own sake and that of others, of the information he has gained. He determines to find the town and the blind king, and to cure him if possible.

He does not have to seek long; he soon finds that it is all true, that he is in the very town, and not far from the

royal palace. He enters, and states that he wishes to try his skill on the king's eyes. The king, hearing of this, calls for him; he goes in, and is asked if he is the man who will undertake to cure his blindness. He answers in the affirmative, and the king allows him to try. He directs the king to take a seat out-of-doors, while he hunts for a white horse. The king does as directed, and the man soon finds a white horse, which he mounts and drives up and down the road until the horse begins to sweat freely; then he dismounts, wets a handkerchief with the sweat, goes up to the king, and opening one of his eyes, squeezes some of the moisture into it. After he has held it together awhile, he tells him to open it. He does so, and lo! he can see as well as ever. He then does the same to the other eye, and with the same result. The king is overjoyed. He looks around, and examines his palace outside. "How beautiful!" he exclaims. "Is heaven itself as beautiful?" The man replies, "Oh, sir, heaven is much more beautiful." But the question reminds him of his late adventure with his former partner, and leads him to think that the other gained nothing and that he lost nothing in the speculation.

The king now offers, in the excitement of the moment, to give him almost everything that he possesses. He will load him with riches and honors, so that nothing can ever reduce him to poverty. But he declines all this. "Give me," says he, "as much money as I can conveniently carry with me; that is all I ask." This is done. He takes his money and wends his way homeward, bestowing it liberally upon every poor person he meets; so that by the time he reaches home he has only a couple of shillings left. He then meets the same poor old man who directed him to the tree, and is rejoiced to see him again. He tells him of his adventure with the king, and that he has given away all the money that he received except two shillings, which he will divide with him. The old man thanks him, and goes on.

Meanwhile the news of the adventure spreads, and reaches

the ears of his former partner in business, who seeks him out and asks for the particulars. He tells him his story, and the rogue determines to try his luck in the tree; the other repeats to him the directions which he had received from the old man. The rogue follows the road down the hill, turns off to his right, and then again to the right, and finds the tree; he climbs up, and awaits the events with great interest. The men come back as before, kindle a little fire, talk, smoke, and dance; then one asks the other for his story. Our hero in the tree is now all attention, and leans forward to catch every word. "Tell a story, indeed!" he answers, "after a fellow has got rich by my story-telling; and perhaps he is up in the tree now, waiting for more information." With that he seizes a stone in the darkness, and hurls it with great force into the tree. It strikes the fellow right in his forehead, so that he pitches heels over head down among them at the foot of the tree, dead.

After the man had imparted to his former dishonest partner all the information respecting the way in which he obtained his money, he was seen going away in company with the old man; and neither of them was ever heard of more.

[This story was of course invented or improved after the introduction of Christianity; and yet the question referred to the priest would seem to indicate but a very slight acquaintance with the most obvious doctrines of Christianity.

Several precepts of Christianity are clearly taught; for instance, non-resistance, charity, and the reward which even in this life, and especially in the life to come, attends suffering for righteousness' sake. The poor old man was of course an angel, and the going away with him to be seen no more was going to heaven.

That the deceiver should be caught in his own trap, and lose where the other gained, is in harmony with the teachings of all times. The fable of the poor man who

lost his hatchet in the river and got a golden one, and of Sir Topaz and the humpback Edwin,—

"But wot ye not his harder lot?
His luckless back the hump had got
Which Edwin lost before,"—

all illustrate the same idea. But the adventure in the tree, the sweat of a white horse curing the blindness, and the smoking, dancing, and story-telling under the tree, all seem original inventions, and such as no one but an Indian would think of. I conclude that the story is original.]

XV.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABĀBĚJĪT, AN INDIAN CHIEF AND MAGICIAN OF THE MICMAC TRIBE.

[THIS is a tale of the wars between the Micmacs and a tribe of Canadian Indians, called by the former Kwědčchk. It is somewhat uncertain to what tribe the Kwědčchk belong. The tradition is that they were driven from their provinces by the Micmacs, who came from the southwest. The story illustrates well the Indian mode of warfare. Concealment, night attacks on single families, the murder of women and children, and the strong belief in magic which everywhere prevailed among Indian tribes, are finely brought out in the story. It was related to me, and I wrote it down in Micmac in 1848, in Charlottetown, from the mouth of an intelligent Indian named Jacob Mitchell, who was then sick with consumption, of which he died soon after. I published a translation of it some years ago. I here make a new translation from the original, which lies before me.]

A WAY down towards the mouth of a river there was once an Indian settlement. In the fall, when it was the season for fur, the men were in the habit of going up the river in their canoes on their hunting-excursions. Once, when they were going to their hunting-grounds, two of them stopped half-way, and went back from the river into the woods, where they remained hunting until spring.

Both of these men were married, and had their wives with them. The name of one was Abābějīt. He had no children

of his own, but his wife had two sons and one daughter, — the children of a former husband. His comrade had no children.

When spring opened, they brought all their meat and fur down to the river, preparatory to its removal to the village in their canoes when the ice should break up; here, while they were waiting, both families occupied one wigwam.

One day Abābējīt asks his comrade if he would not like some fresh meat; he replies that he would. So they go out together, and kill a fine moose, and carry home a supply of meat. When they arrive home, the comrade of Abābējīt directs his wife to cook some of the fresh meat. While this is going on, Abābējīt lies down for a nap. While he is asleep, he has what he considers an ominous dream. He dreams that a flock of pigeons have alighted on the wigwam, and completely covered it. He deems this an indication that a swarm of enemies will soon alight upon them.

When the food is made ready, they awaken him, and he takes his dinner with the others. After the repast is over, he says to his comrade, "Do you know what is about to happen?" He replies that he does not know, but is quite sure that if any important event were about to happen, he would become apprised of it. This implies that he has no great confidence in his friend's prognostications, unless he has the same himself. This Abābējīt considers a slight to himself; so he says nothing of his dream.

Soon after this the river breaks up, and shortly they hear the cry of a wild goose sailing down the river. When the goose comes opposite to the wigwam, she flies up a short distance, alights again in the stream, and comes drifting down with the current.

The wife of Abābējīt's comrade asks him to shoot the wild goose. But he does not care to do so; and again it rises when it comes opposite to the wigwam, and flies up the stream. The woman is *enceinte*, and desiring very much a piece of the wild goose, she cries because her husband will

not shoot it for her. He, seeing her tears, takes his gun, and when the bird comes down the third time, shoots it.

Now, it happened that a party of the Kwēdēchk, enemies of the Micmacs, were coming down the river on the other side, to attack them. They hear the report of a gun, and immediately halt and send forward three scouts to reconnoitre; these scouts proceed carefully to the place where the gun was discharged, observe the wigwam standing on the opposite bank, and recognize it as a Micmac wigwam.¹ They return and inform the warriors, who lie by for a night attack.

Abābējīt, believing that he has been admonished of the danger in his dreams, does not sleep, but keeps watch that night. Having been snubbed by his comrade for supposing that he possessed superior prophetic powers, he says nothing to him or to any of the rest respecting his suspicions, but quietly waits and watches all night in the wigwam. He is aware when the war-party approaches, he knows when they are opposite the place, and when they are crossing the river. There he sits in the *kūtakūmóók* (the place opposite the door).

The strangers manage to construct a bridge there of floating ice-cakes, and just before daylight succeed in effecting a crossing. Abābējīt sees them coming, and afterwards arranging themselves on the shore next to the wigwam. He sees them levelling their pieces at the wigwam, and then he touches his friend on the side with his gun, and says, "We are all killed. Now get up." He springs up just as the guns are discharged. Abābējīt, being wide awake, has his magical power all in exercise, and is unscathed. The bullets cannot injure him. His comrade would have been just as safe had he been wide awake and watching. But as he was just arousing himself, his medicine was at fault. He is struck in the leg, and his thigh is broken. He cries out, "Comrade, I am killed." The little girl is killed outright. As soon as the war-party discharge their pieces,

¹ The Kwēdēchk call the Micmacs Noojebokwējik.

they rush upon the tent to seize their prey. Three of their braves instantly block up the door in their attempts to enter. Abābĕjĭt fires at one of them, then seizes him and kills him. The man with the broken leg has by this time roused himself, and awakened all his magic; he has seized his tomahawk, and taking his position on his knees at the door, he strikes down every one who attempts to enter, and tosses him into the back part of the wigwam.

Two men have entered, however, before he got his position at the door, and have seized Abābĕjĭt, and are struggling to tie him, so as to carry him off to their own territory to torture and burn him. During all this commotion the two boys have not awakened. But they awake before the old man is secured, and one of them calls out, "Who is this attacking my stepfather?" "My child," the old man answers, "we are attacked by a war-party; we are all killed." The boy springs to his feet, draws his knife, and rushes upon one of the men, and by a little assistance from the old man, he manages to stab him in the back and kill him. The work of despatching the other is now easier, and he is soon put out of the way.

Abābĕjĭt now rushes out-of-doors, where he is again immediately seized. He had no weapon in his hand when he went out, for he had left his spear the evening before sticking in a tree near the wigwam. When he comes out, he makes a rush for this weapon, but is seized by three men before he reaches it; they are about to bind him, and he is just despairing of his life, when he recollects himself, and seizing one of them by the testicles, renders him powerless, and tosses him aside; then he seizes the other two in the same way, and immediately is free. He rushes on towards his spear, and is again seized. But he had stretched some strips of rawhide from tree to tree near by, and so in the struggle with the one that has seized him, he urges him in the direction of the extended strips of rawhide, and by tripping him over them clears himself from his grasp. Seizing his spear,

he now returns to the fight, and lays them dead, right and left, until he grows weary in the work. All this time he hears his comrade singing his war-song in the wigwam; he is busy defending the door. Two of their braves, possessed of magical powers, still survive. He has already killed one of them, and now he succeeds in killing another.

He then determines to enter the wigwam and rest. Stepping up to the door, he announces himself and is allowed to enter. He then tells his two boys to crawl out under the back part of the wigwam after he has gone, run home as fast as possible, and report the destruction of their party, and the approach of the hostile band. He raises the back a little before he goes out, so as to allow them to creep out under it, and then he returns to his work. He has not been long engaged with the enemy before he sees his two boys running in the direction of home, and two men chasing them. He gives chase himself, but they gain on him; then he shouts after them and paralyzes them by the war-whoop. They halt; he comes up and knocks them on the head. Looking up, he sees another man pursuing them. He calls after him to let the children alone: "Come here, and meet a man!" He soon despatches this fellow, and then the boys are afraid to go on, and persuade their grandfather to go with them and not to return to the fight. But he says, "I must go and defend your mother." They beg of him not to go: "Let them kill her; but lay it up against them, and pay them off at some future opportunity."

Just then he hears the poor woman calling for help, and reminding him that he has promised to protect her; but the children plead so hard for their own lives that he concludes to go on with them and leave the rest to their fate. He stops and listens awhile before he starts.

It is now broad daylight, and he hears a great outcry at the wigwam. The cry soon ceases. He knows what this means; so he goes on with the boys to the village, and sounds the alarm. Men immediately arm and go up in

search of the enemy to the place where the attack was first made. They find all dead except the young wife of the warrior whose thigh was broken by the first volley fired upon the wigwam. She has been carried off alive. But they can find no traces of the enemy, nor can they find the bodies of those that have been killed. They have been carefully removed, and hidden under the shelving bank of the river, to save them from being scalped and dishonored. The place has been plundered not only of all the fur and venison which they had succeeded in collecting during the winter, but of everything else as well. The enemy have taken all away. They search a long time, but can find no traces of them.

The enemy retire to the top of a neighboring mountain, fearing the Micmacs, as they know that word has gone on to the village. There they hide for a long time, until the snow is all gone. They kindle no fires in the daytime, lest the smoke should reveal their place of concealment. They build their fires and do their cooking in the night.

Their supply of food is exhausted before the snow is gone, and they suffer severely from hunger.

The Micmacs have now returned to their settlement, and the strangers are grown so thin in flesh that their rows of teeth can be seen through their lantern cheeks. They now start for home. Reaching a lake, they halt and build a supply of canoes; in these they push on towards home.

Now, it so happened that when the Micmac hunting-party went up the previous fall, and Abābĕjĭt and his companions remained behind, a far greater number of men went than were accommodated with canoes. Some of the canoes carried four men, and some five; so that, should they be successful in hunting, they could construct additional canoes and be supplied with men to man them and bring down their venison and fur. They went up to the lake where the strangers built their canoes; they passed through it into the river beyond, and went up still farther, to the place where they spent the winter and fall in hunting. In the spring, when

they were ready to return, they built an additional number of canoes, and were now, with all their fall and winter work, on their way home.

Rounding a point of land, the two parties meet suddenly and unexpectedly. The Micmacs see the wife of their comrade in one of the canoes, and they easily divine the rest; they conclude that their comrades are all killed.

They assume, however, to mistrust nothing. The Micmac chief kindly recommends to the other that they halt for the night. They do so, but no one sleeps; they are somewhat distrustful of each other, and keep careful watch during the whole night.

While they are getting things ready during the evening, and walking about, they contrive to approach the woman and exchange whispers. They learn by a single sentence all they wish to know. "Where is your husband?" asks one, in a low voice, running hurriedly by her. "Killed," is the answer. This tells the whole tale.

Early the next morning the Kwědēch chief, with his "stolen wife" (she is thus designated in the story), is seen going down towards the shore alone. The Micmac inquires where he is going. He informs him that yesterday, in the hurry of embarking, they forgot their kettle, and that he is going back to fetch it. After he is gone, the Micmac chief directs his men to furnish the strangers with breakfast. So they bring out choice pieces of fat meat and cakes of tallow, and cook them an abundant supply. They are very hungry, and they eat accordingly. Surfeited with food, and weary with their watching all night, and becoming less suspicious from the kindness shown them, they are all soon either buried in sleep or too sleepy to notice what is done. The chief then directs his men; each selects his mark, and shoots; thus nearly all are laid in the dust; the few who survive are easily despatched.

One remains, however, who will be more difficult to kill than all the rest; for he is a "brave," and a *Boōwin*.

The first step taken is to deceive him, if possible; for as he will have heard the report of guns, he will be on his guard. The Micmac chief directs his men to exchange clothes with some of those that are killed, to set them up in a sitting posture by means of stakes thrust into their bodies, and to place them along on the bank as though looking on; he then bids them take some of the canoes of both parties, and commence paddling about in the water, shooting in every direction, and shouting, as though at play. This is done. The Kwědēch, as anticipated, did hear the report of the guns, and said to the woman, "They are fighting." But when, on cautiously approaching, he saw, as he supposed, his men mingled with the others, some of them seated on the bank and looking on, and the others paddling their canoes about, shooting in every direction, and shouting, he said, *Mogwā' paboltījĭk* ("No, they are at play").

The Micmac chief has in the mean time concealed himself near the place where the other will land. He has sent one of his men to say to the woman, as the canoe approaches, "Just turn the bow a little, and come here," so that he may be able to shoot the man without shooting her. This is done. But the Kwědēch chief observes, as he approaches, that the party seated on the shore never stir; and he soon concludes that they are dead. "Turn the prow a little," says the man appointed to that duty, to the woman; and she obeys the direction. The chief fires, but he is too late; the other has got his eyes open and his "magical steam" up before the trigger is drawn, and the ball cannot touch him. With one spring he capsizes the *kwedĭn*, and leaps into the water. His *teōmĭl* is the loon, whose form and habits he immediately assumes; he dives, and remains under water a long time.

The men rush gallantly to the rescue of the woman, seize and carry her ashore. The young men now conclude that the fellow must be dead; but the chief knows better. After about two hours he makes his appearance at the top, in the

shape of a loon. They launch the canoe and go after him; but he dives again, and they cannot find him. They collect their canoes in a body, and hunt for him. Directly one of them is upset, then another, and soon many more; but no one is hurt, for he scorns to lay hands on the common people. He is searching for his equal, the chief who has fired upon him. Soon he discovers which canoe contains him, and then he ceases to trouble the rest. The Micmac sees him approaching, and makes a thrust at him with his spear, but misses him. He makes a second attempt, and again misses him. "Now, then," says he, "I have but one more chance; let me step to the prow of the canoe." This time he takes special care, and succeeds in striking his spear into him. He then shouts, "Oh! he is trailing his red ochre ashore!"¹ Some of the men say, "He is dead somewhere." "No, he is not," replies the chief. "Let us land, for he will make immediately for the shore." They do so, and see him apparently dead upon the water, floating in towards the land. As he drifts up, the more youthful and inexperienced of the party are eager to rush upon him; but their chief restrains them. "He is not yet dead," he tells them; "and should he succeed in killing one of you, he will be as well and as active as ever." So he himself lands and approaches the wounded brave, strikes him in the head with his tomahawk, and kills him.

He then calls to the woman, and tells her to select her husband's scalp, and come and "bury her husband." She comes, and asks for a knife. She rips open his breast with the knife, and thrusting in her hand with the scalp of her slaughtered husband, buries it deep, making his body the grave. Then they take the woman with them, and all go home.

After a while this woman gets another husband. This man has two brothers younger than himself, who are in the habit of hunting in company. The woman on one occasion

¹ Meaning, I think, that he is leaving a streak of blood as he goes.

went out with them into the forest, having one child, an infant, with her. They erected a wigwam, and the wife took care of the house while the men hunted. It was part of her business to slice up and dry the meat that was brought in. The men went every morning to their work, and returned at evening.

One day, while she is alone at work, the little dog begins to growl and then to bark. She looks up, and not far off among the alders she sees a great shaking, which instantly ceases as soon as the dog begins to bark. She is convinced that it is not caused by an animal, and mistrusts that a war-party is near. When the men come in at night, she tells them what she has seen, and intimates her fears. They laugh at her; she begs of them to leave the place immediately and go home. The two younger brothers conclude that she is lonely, and tired of remaining there, and that she has made up this story to induce them to go; they tell their brother to take his wife off home. She protests that this is not the case, but she is sure that if they remain they will all be butchered before morning. She beseeches them with tears to leave the place, but they are deaf to her entreaties.

As they will not go home, she determines not to stay in the wigwam all night. So she takes her babe, and going some distance away, but not out of hearing, she prepares a place, where she lies down for the night. For a long time she lies awake and listens. She hears the men at the wigwam singing and dancing, and when all is still she falls asleep. When she awakes in the morning, she hears the little birds singing around her; but she cannot open her eyes, for something is the matter with the top of her head. She presses her hand against her forehead, and pushes open her eyes. When she sees that the sun is up, and finds that she has lost her scalp, she thereupon takes a handkerchief and ties up her head, so as to keep her eyes open. Now she sees that her child is killed, having been stabbed in the mouth with a two-edged knife. Her head pains her much, so she

binds on the leaves of the *lipkūdāmoonk*, and returns to the wigwam; there she finds every man lying dead in the place where he had lain down, — killed and scalped while asleep.

After having seen all this, she starts for home. Arriving at the village, she reports the death of her husband, brothers-in-law, and babe. She brings corroborative testimony of the truth of her story on her head; she proceeds to bind up her scalp by bringing the skin as near together as possible, and stitching it.

The men then muster, and pursue the foe; but as they do not succeed in getting upon their trail, they return home.

[The foregoing is, I must say, a very interesting and important story. It is really and purely Indian. The groundwork of the story has too much of artless truthfulness to make it necessary to believe it otherwise than real, while many of its details are certainly fiction. But even the fictitious portions must have had the current belief for their basis, and it is interesting to learn from their own legends what the current belief is or was. The mode in which the warfare was conducted, as the legend represents it, must be the real Indian method.

Who first framed it, or through how many hands it had passed before I wrote it, I have no means of knowing. I wrote it exactly as dictated to me by my friend Jacob Mitchell, as already stated, at a time when my knowledge of the language would hardly have permitted me to add a sentence of my own coining, even had I been disposed. I have not translated literally, but have told the story without change, in my own way. Poor Jacob did not understand the word rendered "red ochre," *sekwōn* (see note on page 134); he had to guess at the meaning of the sentence, and led me astray in my translation, or my narrative, of 1850.]

XVI.

THE KWĚDĚCHK AND WĚJEBOWKWĚJĪK.

[THE following incident in the wars that were waged between the Micmacs and their enemies was related to me by a poor old Indian named Michael Snake. I did not write it down, and have not the original before me. I tell the story from memory; but the facts were of a nature to make an indelible impression upon my mind.]

THERE was war between the Kwěděchk and Wějebowkwějik, or Micmacs. A party of the former had attacked a village in the absence of the men, and had carried off the chief's wife. The men returned soon after, and learned what had transpired; the chief, taking another warrior with him, went in pursuit of the retreating war-party, intending to recapture the woman. He came upon their trail, and following on night and day, finally overtook them. They were encamped for the night in a large wigwam which they had constructed, and in which they had built two fires, — one at each end. The two men waited until night; they approached the wigwam cautiously, and as there was no sentry keeping guard,¹ they were able to come near enough to see that the place was filled with sleeping men, and that the woman was sitting up, mending the moccasins that the men had taken off. They noticed, too, that there were two *boochkăjoos* (large vessels of birch bark) filled with water standing just inside the wigwam, — one near each door. Having reconnoitred

¹ It is said that the setting of a guard was one of the hardest things for the Indians to learn.

the position, they proceeded to action. The chief went round to the point where the woman was sitting at her work, and unclasping his belt quietly, slipped it under the bark of the wigwam along by her side. She sees it, recognizes it, and readily reads the despatch. She does not scream, but gets up quietly and goes out to meet her husband. She informs the two men of the numbers and condition of the warriors, and they proceed to plan and execute their mode of attack. First, the woman goes in and gathers up all the moccasins, brings them out, and hides them. In case of pursuit, this will delay the pursuers somewhat, as they will find deep snow an impediment to bare feet. Next, they tie a stout string across each door, just high enough to trip any poor fellow up who should undertake to rush out in the darkness. Then they dash the water from the *boochkajoo*s over the fire and extinguish it, thus leaving the men in total darkness. As soon as this is done, they shout and make the most unearthly yells, putting on all the force that their lungs can afford to increase the noise. The warriors are awakened, and start to their feet; every man grasps his weapons. Supposing that the wigwam is full of enemies, they strike about them in the darkness and confusion, knocking each other down at every blow. The two men, with hatchets in hand, are stationed outside at each door; and when any one attempts to go out, he trips over the string that has been stretched across the door, and is instantly despatched by a blow from the hatchet.

The tragedy soon ends. They are all killed except two or three, who are wounded and overpowered. These are informed of the number of the attacking party, and are directed to return to their own country, and to tell their people that *tahboo Wjebowkwjčk* ("two Micmacs are a match for a whole army of Kwědčchk").

Another incident may be here related. I have forgotten who was the author. The scene was laid somewhere above

the falls,¹ on the Oolástock (St. John River), New Brunswick. The chief actor was a woman, who had been, as in the preceding story, taken possession of and carried off by the enemy; she had been so long with them that they had begun to place confidence in her. Once they were coming down the river on a large raft, and being unacquainted with the geography of the place, they knew nothing of the falls. But she knew, and wished to make her knowledge subservient to the interests of her own people. The day was fine, and the men were all asleep; but she kept watch, and managed to get the raft well out into the middle of the river. She then slipped off and swam ashore, leaving the raft with its precious freight to go over the falls, and be dashed to pieces and destroyed.

ADDITION TO LEGEND XVI.

I LEARNED a few particulars from Andrew Paul, of Dartmouth, respecting this legend. He gave me the following beginning of the story: —

The Mohawks and Micmacs both once inhabited these lower Provinces. They quarrelled and fought, and ultimately the latter drove out the former. They did not usually fight in open field, but their plan was to waylay their enemies, surprise them, creep upon them, and kill or take captive the women and children while the men were away.

On one occasion two Micmacs were hunting, and they remained away in the woods, at a distance from their wigwam. One night one of them had a dream that alarmed him, as it led him to think there was trouble at home, where their wives were, one of whom had a child, — a small boy. In the morning he told his dream to his comrade, and they concluded to lose no time in reaching home. When they

¹ The falls were, I think, those above the city and below Indian Town.

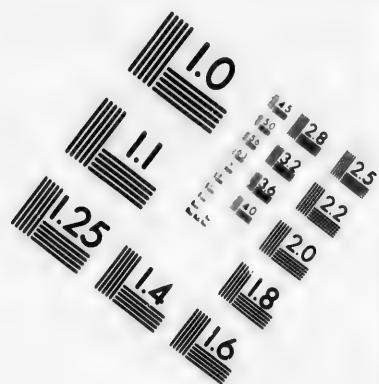
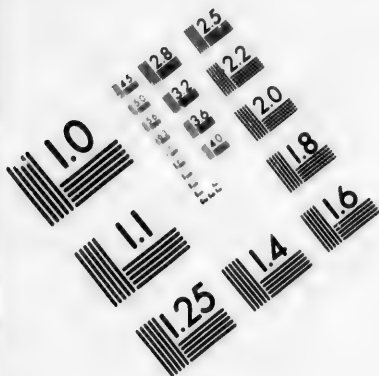
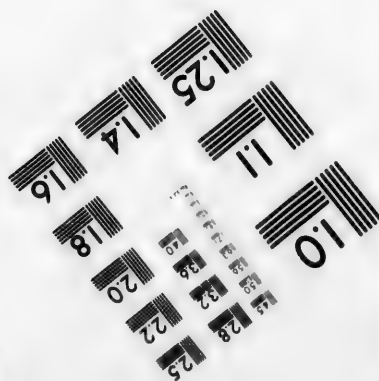
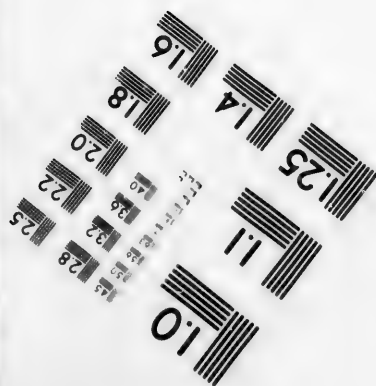
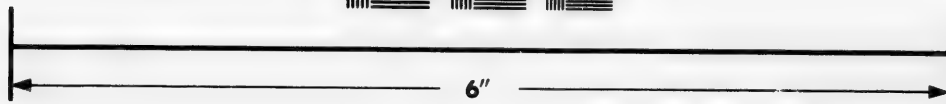
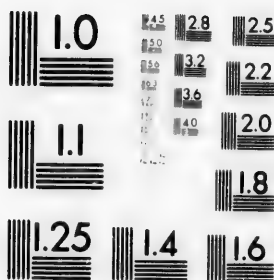


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arrived, they discovered that a war-party had been there. Both the women were gone, and the child was dead; a stake had been run through his body and stuck up in the ground close by the fire, so that the flesh of the child had been roasted, and left there on purpose to harrow up the feelings of the father and enrage him to the utmost. It was winter, and the tracks of the snow-shoes indicated to what tribe the enemy belonged, their numbers, and also the road they had taken. Roused and maddened beyond all endurance, the two men determined on pursuit. That night they reached the place where the war-party had encamped for the night. They had erected a large lodge, and built two fires. The next day they came up to the second night's encampment, and found the same indications. The third day they overtook them, but waited until night before they approached. When they had reason to believe all were asleep, they crept up quietly and found only the two women awake; they were sitting, one at one end of the long wigwam and the other at the opposite end, each near a door, mending the men's moccasins. One of the men outside crept up to the door, and thrusting in his belt, dropped it by his wife's side. She recognized it instantly, took it up, and went out. He directed her to communicate with the woman at the other end of the lodge; they both went out, and all together arranged their plans. The women brought each a bark of water; the men sent them on towards home, and waited for them to get a good start before they attacked the sleeping warriors. Then, tying a string across the door, and dashing the water over the fires, they gave the war-whoop, and the contest began. The Mohawks sprang to their feet, seized their tomahawks, and supposing the wigwam full of enemies, hacked each other down, the two men standing outside killing every one who attempted to go out. All were killed but two. They took these, and running a knife under the cords of their wrists, they inserted a string under the cords, and thus bound their hands behind them; and fettering them

with cords inserted under the sinews of their heels, they let them go to carry the tidings home and provoke another attack by way of revenge. The two Micmacs, having recovered their wives and destroyed their enemies, returned leisurely to their homes in triumph.

XVII.

THE LIVER-COLORED GIANTS AND MAGICIANS.

[THE following was related to me by Nancy Jeddore. She professed to have heard it from some relative of hers many years ago. Were it necessary to locate it, I should say that it occurred at the mouth of the St. John River, New Brunswick. There is fog enough there, certainly, to meet the case; the sea opens to the southwest, and the Chenook would have a chance to come on from the northern regions. However, it is not necessary to fix the site; but it may be proper to inquire whether the extravagant absurdities of these fictions may not have had a more solid basis. For instance, vessels with sweeps would strike the mind of a poor savage as an immense canoe, and it would be easy to magnify the men who could paddle such immense canoes into giants and wizards. Then, what would they make of the sound of fire-arms, but a war-whoop so loud that it would kill those who heard it? In one of the tales these formidable Northmen with their battle-cry escape by hiding in a deep pit; and it would certainly seem natural that such a place would be a safer shelter from fire-arms than the top of a hill. The Indians are an observant people; they had perceived that those who stood high were cut down by the noise that killed, while those low down in a hollow or hole escaped; from this they drew their own inferences. When we remember how these things must have appeared to the savages at first, and how they must have been magnified in relating, then we can easily account for the additions made afterwards, and the distorted, extrava-

gant, and unnatural representation which these *ahtookwòkūn* now exhibit.]

THERE were once a man and a woman living quite by themselves near the sea-coast; they had a large family, and were very poor. They were in the habit of going away in their canoe in quest of game. On one occasion, when they were some distance from home, a thick fog shut in around them, and they lost their way. They paddled on a long time, however, but could not get through the fog nor see the land. They felt very anxious and sad, and thought much about their children at home, most of whom were very small.

After a while they discern something looming up in the fog; to their astonishment, it proves to be an immense canoe; and soon after they see two others. Each canoe contains eight men, and each man has a paddle. Our wanderers are hailed, and the leader of the fleet asks them the usual question: *Uchkecn*,¹ *tahmee wějeādk*? ("My younger brother, whence come you?") He replies, "We are lost in the fog, and our poor children are left alone at home." This was said in a somewhat subdued and sorrowful tone of voice, and would move the hearts of worse fellows than these proved to be. The other replies: "Come in with us, and we will convey you to our camp, where you will be kindly treated and cared for. I can guarantee you a kind reception, as my own father is the chief; so you have nothing to fear." This invitation allays their alarm, and they accept the proffered hospitality. Closing up on each side of the little craft, two men from each of the two canoes clap their paddles under the stern and prow, and easily lift the tiny thing, with its two Lilliputian occupants, into the canoe of the young chief. Presently they emerge from the fog and reach the shore, when lo! there appear three immense wigwams, proportionate to the size of the men and canoes, standing in

¹ This epithet indicates that the speaker has no hostile intentions.

a row on the bank; the chief, a man of large stature, is coming down to meet them.

"Halloo!" says he, "whom have you there, my son? Where did you pick up that little brother?" *Noo* ("My father"), he replies, "I found him lost in the fog." "All right," adds the old man; "bring him home to the lodge." So two men take hold of the canoe, one at each end, while the two people remain sitting in it, and carrying it into the lodge of the chief, place it away under the eaves. The chief addresses them kindly, and directs that some food be prepared for them. He further informs them that his name is Ooscoon¹ (Liver), and that the man who brought them home is his son.

Soon after this the chief sends off his men on a hunting-expedition. When they return, our adventurers are able to form some definite notion of the amazing size and strength of their new acquaintances. They come in with a string of caribou fastened round their loins, in their belts, as a Micmac would carry a string of rabbits, and carrying them apparently with the same ease. They have also beavers and otters strung in with the caribou. These excursions were often repeated.

One day the chief informed his people and the two strangers that there was to be war,—that in three days from that time they would be attacked,² for a Chėnoo³ was approaching. He therefore directs his men to get ready and go out to meet him, and destroy him before he comes to the village.

So they choose out four men,—the two sons of the chief, and two others; these are despatched on the morning of

¹ Nothing is known as to the reason of this singular name. But it may have been the unusually dark color — liver-color — of the tribe.

² To be able to foretell important events was deemed essential to the character of a brave; he would have been a poor *boovim*, or necromancer, who could not have predicted the approach of an enemy.

³ There is really a tribe of Indians in the northwest called by this name, Chėnoo.

the third day to meet and cut off the formidable Chčnoo. When it is nearly midday, the *sakumow* tells the Micmac and his wife that they must stop their ears and roll themselves up in the skins, to prevent being killed by the war-whoop of the formidable Chčnoo. He instructs them how to do it; they must melt a quantity of tallow, and not only fill their ears but also completely cover the sides of their heads. This is done, and they roll themselves up in the blankets made of dressed skins, and await the onset. They are told that he will whoop three times. Presently they hear the terrible shout; and tightly as their ears are closed, they scarcely survive the concussion. But it sounds much fainter the second time; the third time it is so faint that *sooel moonoodoo-ahdigool* (they scarcely hear him at all). The chiefs now tell them to get up; for the danger is all over, and the enemy is killed.

Soon after this the warriors return, and report that they met, encountered, and destroyed the enemy, but that they had a hard fight.

They are now informed that in three days more their military services will be again required; for a huge giant, a cannibal, — a *kookwès*, — is coming to attack them. So, at the time appointed, the warriors again go forth to meet the foe; and our friends of the smaller type are again directed to stop up their ears with tallow, and double the blankets made of dressed skins around their heads, in order to break and deaden the thunderings of his loud-sounding lungs and throat. They do so, and go through the same sensations as on the former occasion. Despite all their precautions to deaden the sound, it almost kills them; but it grows fainter and fainter at every repetition, until the third time it is scarcely heard at all. They are now released from their fears and from the tallow cakes. When the warriors return, they bring marks of a fearful struggle in which they have been engaged. They are covered with blood, and quite large trees have been torn up by the roots and run through

their legs, where they are still sticking, as they have not taken the time or trouble to extract them before reaching home; but as soon as they find leisure to sit down, they pull them out just as ordinary mortals would do with thistles and small splinters. They inform the chief that the foe was a very formidable one, that they had a dreadful battle, and came near being overpowered. One of the sons is so much exhausted that he faints and falls dead on reaching the door. But the old chief goes out to him, and asks him what he is doing there; he bids him rise. So he rises again, restored to life by the wonderful power of the old chief, and says he is faint and hungry; as soon as he is fed and rested, he is as well as ever.

The old chief inquires of the two strangers if they are tired of remaining there with him. They say they are not, but that they can not help feeling anxious about their children at home, and wish very much to return. "Tomorrow," says he, "I will send you home." So the next morning their canoe is conveyed down to the shore, packed full of meat and furs of the choicest quality, and of all the different kinds of caribou, beaver, and otter; they are directed to *tebaldikw* (get in), and then a small dog is called and put in charge of the canoe. The master says to them, "This dog will conduct you safely home; each of you must take a paddle and guide the canoe in the direction in which he sits looking." He then says to the dog, "Do you take good care of these people, and conduct them home." He then says to the Micmac, "You will be reminded of me again in seven years from this time." *Tokoo boosijik* (Then off they go).

The man takes his seat in the stern, and the woman in the prow, and the dog sits up in the middle of the canoe; he keeps his ears and nose pointing in the direction in which they are to go. They glide so rapidly over the smooth surface of the water that they are soon in sight of their

own home. The children see them coming, and are greatly rejoiced. The dog seems to share their joy; he runs up to the children and wags his tail in great glee. The man now thinks that he can keep the dog, but he finds himself mistaken. Such a faithful servant, in whom so much confidence has been reposed, will not desert his owner; and the first thing they know, he is gone. He has no need of a canoe, nor does he go round by land; he goes back as he came, and scuds off upon the full jump over the surface of the water, as though it were ice.

The old man and his wife now continue to reside in the same place. They have lost nothing, but gained much, by this trip to the land of the Livers.

The man has become a much more efficient hunter by this means, and has now no difficulty in providing for his family. Time passes on, and he is so occupied with other affairs that he has nearly forgotten being lost in the fog; but the seven years are now up, and he has several singular dreams, which bring all back to his remembrance, and lead him to imagine that something important is going to happen to him. Among other things, he dreamed one night that he saw, approaching from the southwest, a whale, which came close up to the shore where their wigwam was situated, and there began to sing so charmingly that he was entranced beyond measure.

He tells his wife the dream in the morning, and asks her opinion of it. He now remembers that when the Liver chief told him that he would think of him in seven years, he said that he would be looking towards the southwest. He says to his wife, "It must be that I am about to be transformed into a *megûmoowesoo* or a *boovûn*." She inquires what a *megûmoowesoo* is: "Is he a spirit, a *manitoo*, good or bad?" He replies that he does not know, but he thinks that it is not an evil spirit, but a human being.

That day they do see a huge fish coming in from the southwest; but it is a shark, not a whale. They see his big back fin rising out of the water, and he seems to be chasing

the smaller fish. He comes close to the shore, but he does not sing; and after a while he retires, going back the way he came.

Shortly after the visit from the shark, which is looked upon as an evil omen, the little dog that had guided them home comes to see them again. The children and parents are all delighted to see the dog again, and he seems to be as much pleased as they are; he runs up to them, wags his tail, and all but speaks. [It is a marvel that he did not also do this; surely, it requires no more miraculous power than to gallop off over the water.] But dogs can understand what is said to them; and so before his departure the old man tells him: "I will make you a visit in three years from this time, and I will look to the southwest." The dog licks the hands, eyes, and ears of the old man, and then goes back home again, straight over the water.

After three years the old man launches his canoe and goes in quest of Liverland, which he finds without difficulty. He finds the wigwams standing there as before. The chief is still alive, but his sons are dead; they were killed three years ago, and the visit of the shark¹ and the dog were both connected with the event.

The chief is pleased to see his old friend; he tells him of his troubles, and speaks of his own approaching death, when he hopes to go away to his own kingdom. He is now old, and does not know what day he may be called away. He wishes the Micmac visitor to take his sons' clothes and wear them; and with the clothes he will receive all the wonderful powers which his sons had possessed. "Take them home with you," he says; "and when you wear them, think of me."

So the man takes the clothes and returns home. There he puts them on, but they are a "world too wide" for him; nevertheless, to his astonishment, as soon as he has arrayed himself in these magical robes, he fills them completely.

¹ A mighty necromancer, a *boöin*, who had assumed the form of a shark.

He is as large as the giants of that giant-land; his knowledge and wisdom are increased in proportion to his physical size and strength. When he puts off these clothes, he is as small and weak as ever.

[Here the story ends very abruptly. There should have been something more. The very idea of the old chief of Liverland placing the robes of his dead sons upon this man, and making him what his sons had been, implies that he had adopted him as his heir and successor. I strongly suspect that this addition belonged to the original tale, and that it has been most stupidly forgotten. Of course he went back to the land where the big men were, and was installed in office even before the death of the old chief.]

XVIII.

THE SOLITARY MAIDEN.

A YOUNG girl, a daughter of a king, was lost in a forest. She wandered about for a long time, and finally came to a well-built house surrounded by a small clearing, which was cultivated as a garden. She found the doors open, but no person within. There was plenty of food, and everything seemed to invite her to help herself, — which she concluded at length to do, as she was tired and hungry. She remained all night, and still no one made his appearance; but she continued to occupy the building, and to partake of the bounty its stores afforded. She remained there seven years without meeting with anything remarkable. Every season she cultivated the garden, and paid particular attention to her flower-beds. She had one beautiful bed of white flowers, which she cultivated with special care.

One day, as she was sitting in her room, she heard some one singing, but she could see no one. It seemed like the voice of one who could sing well, but she was not charmed with it. A feeling of mistrust came over her that it was from the Evil One; and she would not yield to the influence of the musician's powers, whoever he might be.

She spent much of her time in prayer; and now she prayed more earnestly than ever.

One day she was walking in her garden, when she observed a little dog coming towards her, which seemed anxious to attract her attention and to fawn upon her. But she was suspicious of the dog; she was under the impression that it was not a real dog, but some sorcerer who had assumed that form with the evil design of alluring her to her ruin. The

dog after a while went away; but the next day he came back, and continued to make her a visit every day for some time. All this tended to confirm her fears, and strengthen her determination to shun him.

One night she had a dream. She dreamed that some one told her that a man would come to pluck her white flowers, but she must be beforehand with him. She must take a pair of scissors and clip them all off; then she must carry them into the house and burn them. So the next morning she did as she had been admonished in her dream to do; she cut off all the fair white blossoms, and threw them into the fire.

Shortly after, she saw some one hastily passing by her window several times. She rose, looked out, and saw a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman walking about in her garden, looking at her flowers. He walked up to the bed where the white flowers had bloomed, and stood gazing at the spot as if disappointed. She went out and asked him what he was doing there, and what he wanted. He said he wanted nothing in particular. He then went into the house, and asked her if she lived there all alone. She said she did, and that her father had sent her there. "How long have you lived here alone?" he inquired. "Seven years," she replied. "What do you live upon?" said he. "I have no lack of provisions," she answered. He then told her that he was a prince, and that he lived in the royal city, which was not very far off. This, however, was a falsehood; he was an evil spirit, and was endeavoring to destroy her soul by tempting her to her ruin. She understood him, and calmly replied: "I choose to remain here, and to live alone, as I have hitherto done; and I do not desire the company of any one." Thereupon he produced a number of books filled with beautiful pictures, and requested her to look at them; but she refused. He then produced a beautiful ring, and offered to give it to her if she would accept it; he said it had belonged to his mother, that he prized it very much,

but that he would bestow it upon her if she would take it. She said she had one ring already, and that it was enough; that her ring had belonged to her mother, and that she desired no other ring; and she said, moreover, that her father was a king. The gentleman said that he would go home, but that he would return again; and he took his leave. After he was gone, she carefully locked all the doors and retired to rest. Early the next morning she heard some one in the kitchen. She went to see what it meant, and what was her astonishment to see sitting there the same gentleman — or some one like him — who had paid her a visit the day before. She wondered how he got there; he must be a sorcerer, or an evil spirit. But she resolved bravely to give him battle, and not be deceived by him; she determined to fix her mind steadily upon God, and to pray earnestly for help. The gentleman now rose and said, *Elämeä* ("I am going home"), "but I will return to-morrow." She spent the day in prayer, and retired that night to rest; but before the morning dawned, she, with her house and all that pertained to it, had been transported to heaven.

[The narrator of the above, Nancy Jeddore of Hantsport, informs me that she heard it when quite young. It has a clear moral lesson in it, and savors strongly of the nunnery. This young lady retires from the wide world of sin and temptation, shuts herself up in a cloister in the depths of the forest, — or, as it comes out in the course of the story, gets lost, which we may understand morally, — and is sent to this heaven-protected place by the king, her father, who provides amply for her, giving her some work to do, but leaving her much time for prayer. She cultivates flowers, and especially one bed of white lilies (moral purity), which she is taught to defend at all hazards. But even here she is not safe, — the Devil can scale the fence; and she is taught to "beware of dogs," to stop her ears to the enchanting music, and to all the allurements of the seducer. She is enabled to resist by

the exercise of prayer, self-denial, and faith; and when there is no longer a refuge for her on earth, she is carried beyond the reach of all danger, and taken up to heaven.

This seems evidently the moral of the story, and one cannot but strongly suspect it to be a modification of a legend concerning some saint. I am not sure of this, however, and I have written it down in Indian, as repeated to me, and have translated it.]

XIX.

THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT-GIRL.

[THE following story was related to me by Nancy Jeddore, of Hantsport. She supposes it to be of Indian origin, and told it to me in Mic nac. I have not written the original.

While it relates to the white people, it bears unmistakable marks of Indian authorship. First, the king is supposed to have a neighbor king so near that his son could go and bring his bride home in one day.

Second, the king's business is supposed to be to look after the poor, and to see that they are well supplied with seed potatoes.

Third, it does not seem to have occurred to the author of the story that the poor peasant-girl's education and previous training would be likely to appear occasionally, and reveal her humble birth. All this is as natural as possible, as exhibiting the consciousness of the untutored Indian. If the girl was kind and good and beautiful and well dressed, she was of course fit to "set before the king."]

THERE was once a king who had two sons and one daughter. He lived in a large town, and had many fine horses, many servants, and seven donkeys. He was in the habit of driving out in his carriage, and taking his queen and three children with him; but when he did so, he took, instead of horses, the seven donkeys to draw the carriage.

After the eldest son was grown up, he became dissatisfied with this arrangement, and questioned his mother about it; he got but little satisfaction, though he obtained permission to drive a pair of fine horses.

One day he drove out with his brother and sister and a couple of servants; he went beyond the limits of the town, and, passing around the outskirts, came upon a very small, humble-looking house, where an old woman and a young girl — her granddaughter, whose parents were dead — resided; they were out of doors at their work in the garden. The prince halted at this house, and told the company that he would go in and ask for a drink of water. The servant remonstrated, and begged to be allowed to go for the drink; but the prince chose to go himself. As soon as this splendid coach drove up to the door, the old woman and the girl fled into the house. The old woman, whose clothes were ragged, concealed herself; but the girl, on seeing that the coach halted, and that one of the young gentlemen was coming in, hastily tied on a clean apron, and adjusted her attire as well as the emergency would admit; as soon as she heard the rap at the door, she opened it cautiously a little way and looked out. The young gentleman asked for a drink of water. She immediately took a pitcher, and obtained a fresh supply of the pure, cooling beverage; taking a tumbler in one hand, in which a clean towel was placed, and the pitcher in the other, she put both into the hands of the visitor. The prince walked back to the carriage, gave all a drink of water, and then returned the pitcher and tumbler to the girl, slipping two or three pieces of gold into the pitcher before he did so. She received them from his hand, and the royal party went on their way.

When the girl had set down the pitcher, she noticed the shining pieces lying at the bottom of the water, and not knowing what they were, she asked in surprise, *Noogāmee'*, *cogooṛwā wǎgēt*? ("Grandmother, what are these?") The old lady tells her it is *sooleāwā'* (money), and that they can now buy food and other things sufficient to make them comfortable for some time.

But the prince was wonderfully pleased with the beauty, modesty, neatness, and general appearance of the girl. He

determined to make her another visit, and in case he could gain her consent, to make her his wife.

So a few days after, he arranged his plans to make another visit to the humble cottage. He told his mother that he would not be back to dinner, but would take some food and dishes with him; that he was going some distance into the country, and that he would call at some convenient place where he could have his dinner prepared for him.

When the coach arrived this time, the girl was absent, having gone out to obtain some seeds and other supplies for her garden, and no one was at home but the grandmother. The prince called again with the ever-ready excuse, the want of a drink of water. This the old lady gave him, but she did not know that it was the same young gentleman who had called on the previous occasion. When he had taken his drink, he proceeded to ask some questions of the old lady, in order to discover where the lovely object of his search was. "Do you live here alone?" says he. "No," she answers; "I have a grandchild living with me." "Is your grandchild a boy or a girl?" he asks. "A girl," she answers. "How old is she?" says the prince. "Nineteen years old," she answers. "Where is she?" he inquires. "Gone to hunt up some seeds for our little garden," she answers. "Will she be back soon?" he asks. "She will," is the answer.

He then tells her that he is taking a drive out into the country, and that as he expects to be back a little before noon, he would like to come there and take lunch if she will allow him; he tells her at the same time that they have their provisions with them. The good woman modestly suggests that her accommodations are none of the best, and that she has no suitable cooking-apparatus to answer his purpose. But he removes all her objections: her nice little room will just suit him; and as for cooking-utensils, he has a supply of them with him. This arrangement being concluded, the coach moves off. Soon after, the girl comes in from her

begging expedition, and the old lady tells her what has occurred. She immediately goes to work and tidies up the room, and gets herself in as good trim as her limited circumstances will allow; and at the appointed time the coach arrives. The baskets and jars of provisions are brought in, and then the servant is sent away to some other place to attend to the horses and to get his own dinner; the old lady and her granddaughter assist in preparing for their guest. When all is ready, he invites them to eat with him. But they hesitate; they are too bashful; they feel themselves unfit to eat with a gentleman. It requires some perseverance to overcome the bashfulness and hesitation of the girl; but she yields at last, and they eat and drink and enjoy themselves at their ease. After dinner he makes them a present of what is left, — dishes, kettles, and all; for he had laid in his stores with an unstinted hand. He then remains awhile longer, asks a great many questions respecting circumstances, *kakeiyese mîlemâje*; and among other things, he learns how poor they are, and that they are sometimes pinched for seed (Indians are always pinched for seed in the spring). He inquires why they do not go and lay their troubles before the king. They tell him that they are too poor for this. But they are told that any one can have access to the king who has any business of importance to transact with him. Finally, the young prince, in a very business-like way, asks her if she would be willing to be his wife. The poor girl looks upon the proposal as a joke, and refuses; when, however, he persists in his suit, and convinces her that he is in earnest, she argues very sensibly that she is too poor and incompetent to be the wife of a gentleman. But the old grandmother decides the question more promptly. She whispers to the girl, *Tûlîm ââ* ("Tell him yes"). Finally, she decides to think it over, and give him an answer by and by. It is now time for the arrival of the servant, who has been told at what hour to come for his young master, and who has been enjoined to strict

secrecy under a threat of being hanged if he should reveal aught; at the appointed hour he drives up with the coach, and the prince, who has not yet lisped a word about his rank, takes his leave, promising to return after seven days.

The coach then drives home, and the mother of the prince questions him as to where he has been. He tells her he has been over into another town in a neighboring kingdom, and the queen's curiosity is satisfied; she asks no more questions, and he tells her no more lies.

After a day or two the prince intimates to his father that a widow and an orphan living in the outskirts of the town require a little looking after, and he requests him to call and see them. So one day he and his queen drive out that way; the king goes in, and being informed of their poverty, and of the difficulty of obtaining seed for their little patch of ground, inquires, as the prince had done, why she did not apply to the king for assistance. She says that she does not know the king, and doubts whether he would allow her to approach him, even if she did know him. But he tells her she is mistaken, — that the king would assist her, did he know her case; and he encourages her to find him and try.

True to his promise, the young prince makes them another visit in seven days. They are expecting him, and are all ready to receive him. The pieces of gold left in the pitcher of water at his first visit have been well spent, and the inmates of this humble dwelling are arrayed in more comely suits of apparel; the house is made to look as tidy as possible. This time the prince is attended by two servants instead of one; but neither of them has been there before, and secrecy is enjoined upon them as upon the other, and under the same penalty of being hanged if they tell. He now inquires of the girl if there is any place where the horses can be fed. She says they can be accommodated in the small stable where they keep their cow, but there is no place for the coach. They manage, however, to hide the

coach behind the stable. This time all go in, get their dinner, and eat together. He now proposes to marry the girl; she finally agrees to think the matter over. He promises that she shall hear from him in three days, and that he will come again, but he does not say when.

Three days after this he sends her a well-filled *lūskeigūn*;¹ and when she opens it, she and her grandmother are astonished and delighted beyond measure at the contents. It is packed with clothes, jewels, and gold sufficient to make the possessor a princess. She arrays herself in her new robes, and tells her aged friend that she will marry the young man. In due time he comes for her. He has told his father he is going for a wife, and in answer to the inquiries as to who and where she is, he tells him she lives in the next town, and is the daughter of the king of that place. So everything is prepared for the wedding; the oxen and the fatlings are killed, and he goes away in his coach to bring home the girl. In due time he arrives, and she is so beautiful and so splendidly arrayed that all hearts are captivated; the wedding festival is celebrated with great pomp, and no one ever mistrusts the *ruse*.

[The story needs the touch of a fairy or of a magician's wand to complete it, or else a plot which shall make it appear that this poor girl was really the daughter of a duke, and had in some way been spirited off in her infancy into this humble home, and that it was natural to her to adapt herself to her new situation.]

¹ *Lūskeigūn*, box, trunk, or chest.

XX.

THE TWO WEASELS.¹

THERE was once a widow who had two grown-up daughters; as they were remarkably fair and white, they went by the name of the Uskoolsk (Weasels). One day their mother sent them out into the woods to dig *sëggübin* (ground-nuts), and they lost their way. They wandered about in the woods until night came on; then they prepared a place to lie down and rest till morning. It was a calm, clear night; yet they could not sleep for a long time, but lay revolving in their minds their unhappy condition. The stars were shining brightly above them, and in watching them they finally began to forget their troubles. They noticed that some of them were large and bright, while others were so small that they could hardly see them. They began to wonder what they were —

"Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

They imagined them to be the eyes of human beings, and speculated as to what kind of husbands they would make. Said the younger to the elder, "Which would you choose for a husband, the large stars or the small ones, — a man with the big eyes or with the little ones?" She replied, "I like the big stars best; I should prefer a man with the large, bright eyes." "And I," said the younger, — "I like the little stars better; I should prefer a man with the small eyes."

¹ See a second version of this story, under the title of "The Badger and the Star-wives," Legend LIII.

After a while they fell asleep. The younger one awoke, and moving her foot, touched some one, who immediately called out: "Take care! you have upset my *nēbijegwōde*."¹ She too sat up and looked. There sat a small, wrinkled old man with his eyes sunk into his head, and so sore that they were almost closed up; the stars had heard the conversation, and the little wrinkled old man had taken her at her word. She had made a mistake.

Immediately after this the elder sister awoke and moved her foot; when, to her surprise, she also touched some one, who called out: "Take care! you have upset my *sekwōn* (red ochre)." She sat up and looked around, when, lo! a tall, well-formed warrior, all arrayed in his plumes and finery, his face and arms painted in the gayest hues, with large, lustrous eyes, sits there looking at her. She had preferred the Large Star, and there he sat. But they told the girls to keep quiet, to lie down and compose themselves till morning, and not even then to stir until they heard the squirrels singing; and not to mind the noise of the *adoōdoocch* (red squirrel), but to wait till they heard the singing of the *abalpākūmēch* (ground squirrel), and then they might get up. So they composed themselves, and remained quiet until they heard the singing of the ground squirrel. Then they opened their eyes and looked about them; when, to their astonishment, they found that they had been meddling with things too high for them, and had got themselves away up in the very top of a large, tall white-pine. There a little bed of moss had been prepared for them, where they were snugly ensconced, but down from which it was impossible for them to come without help. They had been changed into weasels, but retained all the powers and principles of human beings.

So they waited for help. Sundry personages passed by during the day, — all of them animals, brutes, which were at the same time men who had the power of assuming the form of their tutelary deities, their *teomūls*, and who

¹ *Nēbijegwōde*, medicine for the eyes; eye-water, eye-salve.

possessed at the same time power to perform many other wonderful feats. The first who presented himself at the foot of the tree was a Moose (Team'). They called out to him, '*Nsisemèn, àpkwah!n nesahl'n!*' ("Our elder brother, set us free, take us down! We will go home with you, and be your wives"). He looked up disdainfully at them; the slender forms and fair white skins of the little weasels only awakened disgust and contempt in the bosom of Sir Moose. He told them scornfully that he was already married, — that he had married in the autumn; and he strode on.

Next the Shaggy Bear (Sir Moo'n) approached; to whom they made the same request, imploring him to climb the tree and relieve them from their perilous situation. They promised that if he would only take them down, they would bestow upon him all they had, as a reward; they would be his wives, and wait on his lordship in that humble capacity. But he said that he had been married in the spring; and he assured them that he had no regard for them whatever. So he growled, and walked on.

Next came a beautiful little animal of the same genus as they, but of a different species; this was a Marten, and they implored his assistance. But, alas! they were just as unsuccessful as before, — each tribe, each race, each species, preferring to mate only with his own kind. The Marten said that he was married in the early spring;¹ and he scampered off, leaving the little weasels still up in the pine-tree.

Next came a Kekwajoo (Badger), an animal said to be very mischievous, and fond of play and fun. When the little weasels implored his assistance, he pretended to comply with their requests and to accept their terms; he thought that he could have some fun with them by teasing and tormenting them if he had them in his power; so he ascended the tree and brought down the younger one first. During the descent the older sister, understanding his motives, and having

¹ Here is a little natural history. These animals pair in these different seasons of the year.

no intention of fulfilling her promise, planned to outgeneral him; she took off her hairstring,¹ and tied it into a hundred knots, weaving it among the branches of the tree in the most difficult manner. The Badger, having carried down the younger sister, came back for the other, and landed her also safe on the ground. Then she requested him very politely to return and fetch her hairstring, which she had forgotten, and to be very careful not to break it. So he returned, as requested; it took him a very long time to untie all the knots. Meanwhile the two Weasels constructed a hasty tent, — a bridal chamber; they brought in to assist them in the enterprise certain friends of theirs, — a bundle of thorns, a company of hornets in a hornet's nest, a company of pismires, and an ant-hill; all these they placed at proper stations in the little lodge, and then they ran away for dear life.

After a while the Badger, having untied the *süggälöbee*, comes down and looks for the young ladies. He sees a small wigwam, and hears people laughing and chatting inside. Supposing, of course, that the two girls are there, he rushes in. The place is dark; and the first thing he knows, he has put his nose in among the thorns, — which causes him to yell and beat a hasty retreat. Then he hears a voice, apparently that of the younger sister, saying, *Nämlscälē* ("Towards my sister; " that is, " Go to my sister yonder"). Away he plunges in hot haste, right into the ant-hill, and gets himself well bitten for his pains. But at the same time he hears another voice saying, '*Nkwēchkālē* ("Go towards my sister," — that is, " my sister younger than I"). Away he plunges, in the dark, into the other corner, straight into the hornets' nest, where he meets the force of their terrible wrath and more terrible stings. He now begins to realize that he

¹ The Indian women of old used to allow their hair to grow long, then double it up on the back of the head, making additions to enlarge the roll, and then bind all together in a bunch with a *süggälöbee* (long string); in short, they wore "waterfalls."

has been outgeneralled. He had intended to have a little fun in teasing and tormenting the girls, and lo! the fun has been all on the other side. He is now enraged beyond all bounds; he will pursue and tear the little whoppits to pieces, that he will. He runs out and smells round for their tracks; finding them after awhile, he rushes on after them as fast as he can go.¹

Meanwhile the girls have reached the banks of a wide, rapid river. There is no means of crossing, but a large crane is standing on the edge of the water; they call him uncle, and, as they are in a great hurry running away from an enemy, beg of him to set them over. He replies that, as he never works without pay, they must at least acknowledge the beauty and excellency of his form, and praise the beauty of his robes; he bids them to say *p̄geǎkkópchũ* (he has straight and smooth feathers). "Indeed, indeed," they answer, "that is true enough; our uncle has straight and beautiful feathers." "Confess also that I have a beautiful, long, straight neck." "Oh," they answer, "indeed our uncle has a marvellously long and straight neck." "Acknowledge also that my legs are beautifully straight." "True, indeed," they answer; "our uncle has wonderfully long and straight legs." The vanity and conceit of the old fellow being now sufficiently gratified, he stretches out his neck and makes it reach quite to the other bank; and across on this potent bridge the two little Weasels scamper.

Scarcely have they reached the opposite bank when, dashing down to the shore, comes the Badger in pursuit. He looks about for a crossing-place, and seeing none, asks the Crane in rather an insolent manner to set him across. But the Crane demands the same tribute of flattery, of smooth, bland words, at least, before he will perform the service. The Badger is in no humor for flattering any one; he feels cross, and so in repeating the sentences dictated by the Crane, he adds a syllable or a word indicating that the facts

¹ The badger is a slow-going beast.

are just opposite to what the words of the Crane signify: "Yes, yes, indeed, indeed! your legs are straight, and beautifully pointed, too, are they not? Smooth and fine, indeed, are your feathers, and covered with mildew and dust. A wonderfully straight neck you have, — straight as this;" as he says this, he takes up a stick and bends it back and forth, back and forth, crumpling it from end to end.

So the Crane stretches out his neck across the raging water, and the Badger attempts to cross upon it; but when he gets half-way over, his bridge begins to shake greatly, and sway from side to side, and finally takes a sudden cant, and away he plunges into the rapids, and is borne away headlong down with the current. He calls out: "I wish to land at Cājahligūnūch!" — where indeed he did land, in other guise than he desired. He was dashed ashore upon the rocks, killed, and left high and dry.

Meanwhile the girls went on. Towards evening they came upon a deserted village, and went into one of the wigwams to pass the night. The elder girl, fearing the effects of magic, cautioned her sister to meddle with nothing; but the younger sister was not so careful, and did not attend to this warning. They saw lying near the wigwam the neck-bone of an animal (which, with the aid of a little imagination, could be made to look somewhat like the face of a person); this bone the younger sister was not careful to treat with respect, but kicked it around, and in other ways treated it with contempt.

They lie down and try to sleep; but they soon hear the *chemüchkegwēch'* (neck-bone) shouting out, and complaining of the indignities that have been put upon him, and using very indignant and reproachful epithets towards the one who did it. The poor girls begin to tremble. "Did n't I tell you you would kill us if you did n't mind?" the elder says to her sister. But the other is more frightened still, and begs her sister to conceal her, to let her hide in her roll of hair. As soon as she speaks, however, the magician astride the neck-bone mocks her, repeating her words insultingly.

Nothing hurts them, and in the morning all is quiet; they push on their way in search of some Indian village, and go on down the river near the shore.

After a while they see a young man on the opposite side, with a bow and arrow in his hand. They call out to him to help them over, making the usual offer to become his wives if he will comply with their request. He lays his bow across, and they pass over to his side; he then tells them to go on, that he merely helped them out of pity, and that he has housekeepers in abundance. They proceed down the river, and soon see a canoe with two men in it. They ask to be taken in; the men take them in, and go on. These are two sea-birds, — a Kweemoo (Loon) and a Magwis (Scapegrace). As they paddle on, the Loon begins to admire the two strangers, and becomes quite enamoured with their beauty of form and dress. He tells them that he is a native of the Wigem territory, the land of the Oweălkěšk (very beautiful Sea-duck), and that he is one of the tribe. The Magwis cautions them not to believe anything this fellow says, for he is lying and trying to ensnare them. Arriving at the territory of the Oweălkěšk, they land. The strangers are delighted with the appearance of these people, so beautiful in form and features, and so splendidly arrayed and ornamented. These people were no less pleased with the strangers, they were so white and of such a fine form. They were soon selected by two young chiefs, and the weddings were celebrated with great pomp. They feasted, danced, wrestled, and raced on foot and in canoes. Poor Kweemoo was annoyed and chagrined, and tried hard to vent his spite on the people, but failed. During the canoe-race he capsized his canoe, and called out for some of the young women to come and pick him up. The Sea-duck told them not to mind him; he will not drown, he will do well enough. So, staying in the water as long as he pleased, and finding that no one came to his assistance, he thought better of it, and concluded not to drown himself that time.

The two young ladies, after their marriage, settled in their new homes.

The story does not end here; it goes back to the former home of the two lost Weasels. They had one *oochtgünnumoodl* (brother younger than themselves); and as the girls did not return the night after they left home, it was concluded that they were lost in the woods; ¹ the next day, their brother went in search of them. After a long time he came upon their track; coming to the river, he was ferried over on the neck of the Crane; he went down along the shore until he reached a point of land called *Căjahligünüch*, where he perceived something unusual on the shore; he knew not whether it was a stone, a beast, or a man. He went up to it, and lo! there was the dead Badger in a state of putrefaction, and full of maggots. He stood gazing at it; and soon it spoke, and inquired what he wanted. He answered that he wanted nothing in particular. "Where are you going?" asked the Badger, springing to his feet in the form of a man, and shaking off all the maggots. The youth told him that he was looking for his lost sisters. "I can tell you where they are," said he; "come along with me." He went on a short distance, and pointing to the opposite shore, very far off, he said, "Your sisters are over there." "But I cannot go there," said the youth. "Yes, you can," said the other; "I can take you over in my canoe." So he went on with him. The Badger asked him to let him look at his bow and arrow; he handed them to the Badger, who broke them. When the youth remonstrated, the Badger promised to make him another. He took him into the canoe, and landed him on that distant point, — a place exactly opposite to that where his sisters really dwelt; and there, having vented his spite upon the innocent youth, he left him. [Here the story leaves them both.]

¹ At a time when all was forest, it must have been a very easy and common thing even for Indians to get lost. This is said to have been the case.

[The preceding story was related to me by Ben Brooks, of Falmouth, Nova Scotia. He understood English very well for an Indian; I read to him the translation,— or rather, the story as I put it down in English, — and he pronounced it correct. He is confident that the story is of Indian authorship, of which there can be no reasonable doubt. He thinks it has been handed down from ancient times; of this there is internal evidence, — particularly in the polygamy which it presupposes, and the confident belief in magic.]

XXI.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF
NOOJEBOKWĀJEEJĪT,¹ A MICMAC BRAVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WARS BETWEEN THE MICMACS AND
THE MOHAWKS (KWĒDĚCHK).

[THE following story was related to me by a daughter of Peter Toney, of Pictou. She said she learned it from her father's eldest brother, Francis John Toney. He was eighty-three years old when he died, and he died the first year that the cars ran from Halifax to Bedford; his father's name was Charles, and his father's name was Atween Wirrie.²]

TWO young Micmacs, brothers, were married at one and the same time, — early in the summer. The ensuing fall, they went with another man into the woods to hunt, taking their wives with them. A war-party of Mohawks (Kwēdēchk) discovered and killed them all, except one of the women. The chief of the party directed the men to spare her, and he would make her his wife, she being *enceinte*. They returned to their own place, up in Canada, and took the woman with them. Once up in that far distant land, escape was hopeless; and she resigned herself to her lot, and endeavored to acquit herself in her new situation as well as she could. She soon won the affections of her Mohawk chief, who taught her his language; and when her child by her first husband was

¹ Spelled also Wējebokwājeejīt

² They say that the tale was learned from the great-grandfather of Atween Wirrie.

born, he was wonderfully fond of it, made it his own, and became more than ever attached to the mother. The child, who proved to be her only one, was a boy.

The little fellow thrived finely, and when he was a year old he could run about; he soon outdid all his fellows in stature, strength, and cleverness. At the age of three years he was so bright and promising that the other boys became jealous of him, and began to taunt him with being a foreigner, an alien, and an enemy. "That man is not your father," they said; "he is our uncle. Your father is dead; for that man killed him, and brought your mother here from a place very far off." The little fellow was vexed, went home and told his mother what the boys said, and asked her if it was true. She told him not to mind what they said, for it was not true, and they only wanted to tease him.

Time passed, and he was seventeen years old; he had grown up rapidly, and had shown many indications of magical powers. He had made no further inquiries about his origin, but he had pondered for a long time upon the taunts of his playfellows. He suspected that they had told him the truth; one day, when his reputed father was absent, he again urged his mother to tell him the facts about his father. She then told him all about his real father, the husband of her youth, the attack of the Mohawks, the slaughter of all but herself, her union with his foster-father, and how she was brought to this place, where she expected to end her days, never again to behold her native land. "But where is your native land?" he inquires. "Away towards the *oochebēnook* (sunrising)," she tells him. *Tālcēsooltījik*? ("What language do they use?"). She gives him a specimen. "Have you any relatives living?" he asks. She informs him that she had, when she left, two brothers, and his father had one older sister. "I shall go and see them," he replies. "It is very far away, and you will be pursued, overtaken, and brought back or killed if you attempt it," she tells him; but he resolves to call in the aid of magic, to take vengeance

on the murderers of his father, and then return to their country.

The first step was to learn the Micmac tongue, which his mother diligently taught him, taking care that no one should know of it. One evening she and her husband went out visiting, and when they returned they were astonished to find that the son had grown to the dimensions of a giant during the evening. He lay stretched out upon the ground, and his huge form extended from one end of the wigwam to the other. His mother at first did not recognize him, but on discovering who and what he was, she was in no wise displeased; neither was his father. He was evidently a brave, a *boovîn*, a *powwow*, having the power of enlarging or diminishing his size at will.

The next day he requested his father to procure for him the frame of a pair of snow-shoes. His father, who had always been so fond of him that he had indulged him in everything, complied with his request, went out and hunted for a suitable stick, and soon returned with the bows split out, and all ready to be dressed and framed. "Tut!" says he, "these will never do! they are not half large enough. I must go myself." So off he starts, and soon returns with a pair of bows of such huge dimensions that it takes a whole moose-hide to fill one shoe. The snow-shoes are finished and laid by. Other necessities are got ready for his intended excursion, among which are a supply of clothing and twelve pairs of moccasins. His mother furnishes him with a map of Megūmaghee (the land of the Micmacs), drawn upon a piece of birch-bark; she also makes for him a tiny pair of snow-shoes after the Micmac model,¹ so that he will know their tracks when he finds them.

When all is ready, he ties up his bundle, collects his weapons, and prepares to start at dead of night. The snow is very deep; this excites his magical powers so that he

¹ Every tribe has its own particular model of canoes, paddles, wigwams, clothing, snow-shoes, crooked knives, and many other things.

powwows the whole village into a deep sleep, then steals softly into the tents of all the subordinate chiefs, seven in number, kills them with his tomahawk, and scalps them all. He then returns and performs the same operation upon his foster-father, taking with him the eight scalps as mementos of his bravery, and making off for dear life.

He takes long and rapid strides; he cannot step quite a mile, like Hiawatha, but his single steps are equal to six of an ordinary man. He knows he will be pursued, and tortured without mercy if he is overtaken and overpowered. Morning dawns, and he knows that his angry pursuers are like hungry bloodhounds on his trail. He prays for fog; and a dense mist surrounds him, and helps to baffle his pursuers. But finding that they are gaining upon him (for he is not alone in his glory of witchcraft; magic can be pitted against magic), he slips off his snow-shoes, and dives down under the deep snow, and makes his way beneath the surface as fast and as far as possible. His tracks consequently suddenly end, and his pursuers come to a dead halt; they understand the dodge, however, and concluding that he is not very far off, begin operations with their spears, striking them down into the snow and going round and round in an ever-widening circle. They do not succeed in hitting him, but they come very near doing so. He can hear their talk, and they wish him to hear; they desire to deceive him,—to make him think that they have given over the pursuit and returned home. "We must go back," say they, "and wait till the snow is gone and the leaves have come." They do in fact retire, but renew the pursuit once more. He now uses another stratagem to elude them. He springs with a flying leap, and seizes a tree without touching the ground, climbs to the top of that tree, and leaps to another; thus, squirrel-fashion, he runs across the forest, and does not touch the ground again until he is very far from the spot where he left it. This process is repeated again and again; sometimes he leaps from the top of a tree to the ground, making

his tracks so few and far between that his pursuers finally abandon all hopes of capturing him and return, but with the design of following him in the spring to wreak their vengeance upon him. They kill his mother as an accomplice to the deeds of her son.

Meanwhile, living on the game he kills, and resting himself when fatigued, he presses on until he reaches the land of the Micmacs. He travels on to the Bay of Fundy, which is marked on his map. He soon comes to a place where a moose has been killed, and all taken away except the heart. He now compares his little snow-shoes with the tracks, and sees that they are exactly alike; he knows that he is in his own country, and he feels secure. He roasts the moose's heart, eats it, and goes on leisurely. After a while he reaches a deserted camp; he ascertains the direction in which the people have removed, and follows on. He comes to another deserted camp; but he knows that the people have recently left it, for the fires are not yet out. He now throws away his huge snow-shoes, and strips off his Mohawk ornaments. His long flowing tresses he carefully rolls up, turning the ends under next to his head, so as to make his hair appear short; he takes a quenched firebrand and blackens his face and hands, so as to hide his fair skin and fine countenance, and look as ugly as he can. In this disguise he travels on until he comes up to the encampment. He does not go into any of the wigwams, but crawls under a pile of fir-boughs outside, and lies down.

This wigwam is inhabited by an old woman and a young lad, who is her grandson. The old woman sends the boy out that evening for a pot-hook, and he goes searching for a suitable stick for that purpose, when he happens to step on the pile of boughs under which our hero has ensconced himself. "Halloo!" he calls out, "what are you about?" The boy is startled; he can see no one, and concludes that it must be something supernatural, and that he has received a warning; he exclaims, *Emūlsīktumei!* ("I hear something

supernatural!") *Moo imülsiktümowün* ("You have heard nothing supernatural"), says the stranger; he forthwith comes out, and shows himself to be a veritable Indian, — a Micmac, speaking that language, but extremely ugly in person and attire. The boy runs in and tells his grandmother; she tells him to invite the stranger in. He is accordingly called in and hospitably entertained, according to the custom of the red man.

There he remains for some time, taking great pains to conceal his good looks and his great abilities, and saying nothing of his history. He is very indolent, and careless of his personal appearance. After a few weeks the old woman gets tired of waiting upon him, and gives him a hint that he ought to look out for a housekeeper and set up housekeeping for himself. He laughs dryly at the proposal, and requests her to look out a wife for him. She undertakes the mission, and goes over to the chief's lodge for that purpose. The chief has three daughters, — all clever, good-looking girls; but the youngest is the most beautiful of the three. The whole transaction is concluded in Indian style. Little is said, and what is said is not by any means taken literally; the meaning is hinted at, but not expressed. Thus, when the old woman informs the young brave that he ought to take to himself a wife, she simply says to him, "I am tired of cooking for you." He takes the hint, and answers: "Then look out some one else for me." She waits until late in the evening, and then calls on the old chief at his lodge. "To make a visit late in the evening" is a single word in Indian, which expresses, figuratively, "to go in quest of a wife;" the business being transacted for the young man by a deputy, — his mother, grandmother, or guardian. On the present occasion the visitor is of a very humble grade; she has not been in the habit of visiting the chief's lodge (even in the wilderness there are some fragments of caste to be found). When the old chief sees her, he divines her errand, and invites her up towards the *upchelaase'* (seat of honor); he says, "Come

up higher." She, however, modestly sits down near the door, and is silent, waiting for a word of encouragement. "Grandmother," says the chief, "what can have brought you here at this late hour? You do not come very often." "No, I do not," she answers; "and I rather think you know what I have come after." "Well," he replies, "if the article you want is here, you are welcome to it." This tells the whole story; the matter is settled. She has succeeded in her mission, and returns home. "Well," says the young man, when she returns, "did they push you out of doors?" She answers, "No." This is all that is said and done, so far as the courtship is concerned (it is the ancient Jewish custom, and has not yet entirely disappeared, either among the Jews or other Eastern nations or among the Indians).

Such is the wooing and winning. The wedding follows. This is managed by the young lady's parents. The chief says to his wife next day, "Our neighbor over there is poor, and we must send her a present." The girl's mother first goes over and carries some food and clothing to the old woman of the lodge where our friend Wĕjebokwājeejĭt lives. Then she returns home, and taking the youngest and most beautiful of their three daughters with her, goes back; and as she enters she finds the young man and the boy seated on one side of the wigwam, and the mistress of the establishment on the other. She bids the boy get up and take a seat at the farther corner, and tells the young man to move a little farther up from the door. Then she directs the girl to sit down by his side, just below him, next to the door, and informs her, *Na' ūktūboon'* ("There, that is your seat"). The marriage ceremony is concluded; she is now the young man's wife.¹ He erects a wigwam of his own, and establishes a new home.

¹ The details of an Indian wedding, under their ancient *regime*, would of course vary. No priest, however, was necessary; after the negotiations were finished, the young man would sometimes go and sit down by the side of the girl selected for him, and that finished the ceremony.

During all this time the young man has not thrown off his disguise. He is testing the sincerity of their hospitality; if they are friendly to him as a stranger, without expecting a reward, he will repay them in due time. There will soon be an opportunity for displaying his abilities as a warrior and as a hunter. He means to bide his time; the Kwědčhk will be down, and he will know when.

Spring comes, and a festival is held, at which there is a general gathering. It is Easter. They remain together several days. The other two daughters of the chief have in the mean time been married, and their husbands are very likely fellows, and they are very proud of them; they all reside with the chief. After the festival is over, and the inhabitants of the neighboring villages have dispersed to their homes, the chief and all the people of the village remove to the sea-shore, in order to take advantage of the fishing-season.

When the leaves begin to put forth, Wějebokwājeejīt prepares for the anticipated visit from the Mohawks, and sends word to the chief, advising him to assemble the warriors for a festival and military drill.¹ The chief consults his subordinates, and they agree to the proposal; word is circulated, and the people assemble. While the cooking is going on, and some of the women are strolling round out of doors, the two sisters of our hero's wife come over to the place where their youngest sister is superintending the culinary operations. They begin to taunt her about her husband's ugly looks and lack of energy. The poor thing, having been pretty in her girlhood, and having been much thought of, had been vain and proud; and her sisters cannot help enjoying with malicious delight her apparent humiliation. "You were much prettier than we," say they, "but we are more than even now; your husband is as much uglier than ours as you are better-looking than we. He is of no use; in case of war, our husbands would be of some service, yours would not."

¹ He divines the time when the Kwědčhk will come down.

These reproaches sting her to the quick, but she says nothing. She leaves them, and goes into the wigwam. Her husband perceives that she is grieved about something, and kindly inquires the cause. She does not tell him; but her tears will start, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them.

But the time has now come for him to throw off his disguise, and to let them see what he can do, and how he can look. He tells his wife to bring him some water in a dish; he then washes himself thoroughly, and brings out his choice robes and puts them on, paints himself and puts on his military ornaments, and marches over to the chief's lodge, where the festival is being held. They go through the ceremony of eating, and the captains begin the warlike performances. First one and then the other dances the *'uskowōkūn* (war-dance). When Wējebokwājeejit's turn comes, he opens his medicine-bag and draws forth eight Mohawk scalps, which he flourishes *à la mode* as he dances; when he has finished, he goes up to the chief, grasps his hand, places the scalp-locks on his knee, and tells him these are proofs of service already performed, and should the time come, he is ready to show him what he can do.

At this juncture a scream is heard, and there is a commotion outside; a woman bursts into the lodge, crying out that a neighboring village has been attacked, and that her husband has been killed. She is followed by another, and still another, all making the same announcement. The warriors grasp their weapons, and rush forth to the defence. Our hero is far in advance of them, armed with all his powers of magic, dealing death at every blow among the invaders. By the time the others have come up, he has slain all but two, whom he has taken prisoners; to these he "reads a lecture," and then sends them to carry the news home. "But before I dismiss you," he says to them, "I will mark you." He then proceeds, in true savage style, to put such a mark upon them as will render a verbal report unnecessary, should they reach their home. First, he cuts off their noses, then their ears, then

their cheeks; and thus disfigured, they are dismissed, to make a report to their tribe of the success of their expedition.

Ever after, this man is duly honored by his tribe; and his wife hears no more taunts about his lack of beauty, activity, and courage.

XXII.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WARS WITH THE
KENEBEK INDIANS.

THERE had existed for some time a state of hostility between the Kenebeks and the Micmacs. Two parties of the former, led by two brothers, had come down to Pictou, and had fortified themselves in two blockhouses a little below the mouth of the Pictou River. These blockhouses were constructed of logs, raised up around a vault first dug in the ground. The buildings were covered over, had each a heavy door, and were quite safe fortifications in Indian warfare. About seven miles to the eastward, at Merrigomish, the Micmacs were entrenched in a similar manner. It was some time before there was any fighting; the parties kept a careful eye upon each other, but there was neither friendly intercourse nor actual conflict between them.

One night a party of Micmacs went out torching, — catching fish by torchlight. They were watched by the Kenebeks, who ascertained that they did not return to their forts after they came back to the shore, but lay down on the bank about midway between the fortifications of the hostile parties. This was too strong a temptation to be resisted; two canoes came upon them, filled with armed men. They were surprised, and all but two were butchered; these made their escape. They rushed to the water and swam for life, but were hotly pursued. They came to a place where a tree had fallen over into the water from the bank; it lay there with a quantity of eelgrass piled up and lodged upon it; there they took refuge, hiding under the eelgrass and under the tree, so that their pursuers missed them in the darkness. After the

search had been abandoned, the canoes returned, and the two men came from their hiding-place and hastened home to spread the alarm. Their dead companions had been scalped, and their bodies consumed by fire; this news roused all the warriors, and they resolved to attack the party that had committed the outrage, and avenge it. They had a small vessel lying inside the long bar that makes out at Merrigomish; this was immediately emptied of its ballast, drawn across into the sea, filled with men, arms, and ammunition (for it was since the advent of the French), and immediately moved up to the Kenebek ports, where it was run ashore. The party was led by a *kenap* (brave), whose name was Káktoogō (Thunder), — or, as this name, first rendered into French and then transferred back into Indian, has come down, Toonāle (Tonnerre). They ran the vessel ashore, and in his eagerness for the encounter he leaped into the sea, swam ashore, and rushed upon the fort without waiting for his men. Being a mighty *powwow* as well as a warrior, he could render himself invisible and invulnerable; and they fell before him as the Philistines fell before Samson and the jaw-bone of an ass.

Having despatched them all, he piled their bodies into the building and set fire to it, thus serving them as they had served his friends. When all was accomplished, his wrath was appeased. He then, at the head of his men, walked up towards the other fort without any hostile display; the Kenebek chief directed his men to open the door and admit them in a peaceable manner. This chief had taken no part in the fray; he had disapproved of the attack upon the torching-party, and had tried to dissuade the others from it. So, when Toonāle entered the fort, there was no display of hostility. After their mutual salutations, Toonāle dryly remarked, "Our boys have been at play over yonder." "Serves them right!" answered the chief; "I told them not to do as they did, for it would be the death of us all."

It is now proposed that they make peace, and live in amity

for the future; a feast is made accordingly, and they celebrate it together. After the eating come the games.¹ They toss the *altästäkün*, — the Indian dice. They run and play ball. A pole is raised at the edge of an empty space some three hundred yards across; the parties arrange themselves four or five on each side; the ball is thrown into the air, and all dart towards it to catch it; he who succeeds in catching it before it strikes the ground darts away to the pole, all on the opposite side pursuing him; if they can catch him before he reaches the pole, his party loses; then the one who seizes him throws up the ball, and another plunge is made after it; it is seized, and the fortunate party dashes off again for the pole; thus the excitement is kept up, amid shouts and bursts of laughter, until the game is finished. This game of ball is called *toodijik*. Another kind is called *wölchämaadijik*; this is played with hurleys, the ball being knocked about along the ground.

"Did they not wrestle?" I inquired of my friend Peter. "Oh, no!" was the reply; "wrestling is apt to lead to a quarrel, and they would not under the circumstances run any risk on that score."

There was one more game mentioned; it was pitching quoits, — the name of which, *soopäläooltijik*, is so clearly Micmakified French (*jouer palet*)² that the origin of the play, so far as our Indian friends are concerned, is clearly marked and stamped upon the language.

In all these games the Micmacs get the victory; and if they are impartial historians, they usually conquer in their wars with other tribes, and with the whites. Unfortunately, I have not yet the records of the opposite parties, the Mohawks and Kenebeks; but if we may judge from what takes place

¹ See 2 Sam. ii. 14: "And Abner said to Joab, Let the young men now arise and play before us."

² The French sound of *j* does not exist in Micmac; in transferring French words they invariably use an *s* for that sound. They have no *r*; in the case above mentioned, they drop this letter. Thus, *jouer palet* becomes *soopäläooltijik*, the *ooltijik* being just the plural ending and common to all verbs of that class.

among other nations, their accounts would present a very different view. But to return to the Kenebek fort at the mouth of Pictou harbor.

After the games were ended, the Kenebek chief gives the word: *Noogoo ĩnũmook!* ("Now pay the stakes!") A large blanket is spread out to receive them, and the Kenebeks strip themselves of their ornaments and cast them in; the following articles were enumerated by the historian: *'m:hoowāle* (epaulets), *pūgalāk* (breastplates), *nĩskũmũnĩ!* (brooches), *nasaboodakũn* (nose-rings), *nasogwadākunul* (finger-rings), *nasĩnĩgĩnũl* (a sort of large collar loaded with ornaments, more like a jacket than a collar), *cpe'ākĩnũl* (hair-binders), *egatepesoon* (garters, sometimes made of silver, as in the present case), *ahgwĩsĩnabel* (hat-bands). These articles were piled in, and the blanket filled so full that they could scarcely tie it; then another was put down, and filled as full. After this the Kenebeks returned to their own country; a lasting peace had been concluded, which has never been violated, and probably never will be.

[Related by Peter Toney.]

XXIII.

STORY OF A KOOKWĚS.

SOME little boys were out hunting. A *kookwēs* (giant) was prowling round, watching for his prey, hunting for people. In order to attract the boys, he imitated the noise of the cock-partridge, the drummer; this he did by slapping the palms of his hands upon his breast. The little boys heard the noise, were deceived by it, and fell into the trap. The huge giant (the giants are amazingly strong) was a cannibal, and covered with hair like a regular gorilla; he seized the boys, and intended to dash their heads against a stone; but he mistook an ant-hill for a stone, and so merely stunned them all, except one, who was killed. The giant then placed them all in a huge *boochkajoo'* (birchen vessel), strapped them on his back, and started for home. The boys soon recovered, and began to speculate upon their chances for escape; it certainly must have seemed rather a hopeless undertaking, but we never know what we can do until we try. One of the boys had a knife with him, and it was agreed that he should cut a hole through the *boochkajoo'*, and that they should jump out one after another, and scud for home. In order not to awaken suspicion, they waited until they heard the limbs rattling on the bark, as the giant passed under the trees, before the process of cutting commenced. As soon as the hole was large enough, one slipped out, and another and another, until all were gone but the dead one; the giant was so strong that he never perceived the difference in the weight of his load.

When he arrived home, he left his load outside and went into his wigwam, where he had a comrade waiting for him,

to whom he communicated his good success. On opening the cage, the birds had flown, all but one (*tokoo sogoobahsjik*). They proceeded to roast the prey by impaling him on a stick and placing him before a hot fire; then they sat down by the fire to watch and wait till he was cooked.

The children soon reached their home and spread the alarm. A number of the men armed in hot haste, and pursued the giant; before the meal was cooked, they reached the place. Whiz! came an arrow, and struck in the side the giant who had carried off the children; he made a slight movement, and complained of a stitch in the side. Soon another arrow followed, and another, but so silently and so swiftly that neither perceived what they were. The fellow fell slowly over, as though falling asleep; and his companion rallied him on being so sleepy and going to sleep before his tender morsel had been tasted. Soon he also began to be troubled; sharp pains began to shoot through him, and as the arrows pierced him he also fell dead.

[The above story was related to me by Peter Toney, as an illustration of the stupidity as well as the physical strength of the giants. It will be observed how in this they resemble their brethren of European fiction; those that "our renowned Jack" slew were some of them remarkably stupid, — the Welsh giant, for instance.]

XXIV.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

AN aged couple resided alone in the forest with their only son. The young man provided for his parents by hunting. One day he brought down a crow with his arrow, and the snow was stained and reddened with the blood of the bird. As the young man gazed upon the three brilliant colors thus brought together in contrast before him, he was struck with the singular beauty of the combination. "Would," thought he, "that I could find a girl whose tresses were as jetty and glossy as the raven's wing, whose skin was as white as the driven snow, and whose cheeks were as crimson as the blood that stains it! I would marry such a girl, could I find one." When he came home, he told his mother what had passed through his mind. His mother informed him that there was such a girl, but that her home was far away,—too far for a winter's travel; but when summer came, he might go and fetch her. He resolved to do this, and his mind dwelt much upon it.

Meanwhile he pursues his vocation of hunting, becomes absorbed with other matters, and forgets his *beau idéal* of beauty. Spring comes, soon followed by summer. One day, while he is exploring the forest in quest of game, he encounters a well-dressed, good-looking man, who salutes him in a friendly way and asks what he is doing out there. He tells him he is in quest of venison for the use of his household. "Well," rejoins the stranger, "of what were you thinking about so much last winter?" It takes the young man some time to find out to what he refers; finally he recalls to mind the circumstance of the dead crow, and

the wish that had passed through his mind respecting the beauty of the girl he would like to marry, and what his mother had told him. He relates the whole affair to the stranger, who assures him that he knows of such a girl, and can guide him to the place where she lives, and assist him in the important business of winning her for his bride. This stranger is a Mëgūmoowësoo; and the young man accepts his proposal, goes home to inform his parents, and to make preparations for the journey. Having made all his arrangements, he starts off, and soon is joined by his friend of supernatural prowess. On they go in company, until, after several days' travel, they reach the borders of a very large lake. About midway between the extremities of this beautiful sheet of water, on the shore, is a large wigwam, inhabited by an old man. He receives them kindly, inquires whither they are going, and what their object is. The Mëgūmoowësoo answers for his young friend; and Glooscap—for it is no other than he—does not disapprove of the adventure, but gives a word of encouragement. They must cross the lake, however, and they see no means of transit. But the veteran offers to lend them a canoe, and accompanies them to the shore, where they are directed to step upon a small island which is covered with trees and rocks, and are told that this is his canoe; as soon as they embark and unmoor, the island craft moves off by magic, and glides over the glassy surface of the lake without sail, rudder, or oar, and conveys them straight to the distant opposite shore. There they land, moor their boat, and start upon their long journey through the forest. They had passed one danger, of which they had received timely warning from Glooscap. This was a huge skunk,—a necromancer who had assumed the form of this animal; he had taken up his position on the extremity of a point of land extending far out into the lake, around which it would be necessary for them to go. There he stood as they approached, all ready to deluge, stifle, and drown them as they passed. The Mëgūmoowësoo was too much for him;

making a slip-knot at the end of a cord, with a movement sudden and adroit he rendered powerless the magician's means of offence and defence, by cording the orifice of his unsavory reservoir, and they passed the enchanted place unscathed.¹

Not far had they proceeded on *terra firma* before they encountered a man with a strong-built, muscular frame, who was chopping logs. Seeing no means of conveying them to the shore, they asked him how this was done. "I take them on my back," was his answer. He then inquired whither they were going, and what their business was. They told him, and he proposed to accompany them; to this proposal they all agreed, and the three went on together. They soon came up to another man, who was hopping along on one foot, the other being tied close up to his body. They asked him why he tied up his leg. "To keep from running too swiftly," he replied. "Were I to untie my leg," said he, "I should go around the world in four minutes." "Let us see you run," they replied. Whereupon he untied his leg, and, *presto!* he was out of sight, and in a few moments returned from the opposite direction, having run in the mean time round the whole world. On learning the object and destination of the party, he offered to go with them; and his company was cheerfully accepted.

They next come up to a man of portly size and mien, whose nostrils are carefully closed and guarded. "What is the meaning of all this?" he asks. "I thus hold back the storm and restrain the whirlwind," he replies. "Let us see a display of your powers," asks the superhuman guide of the company. Immediately he releases the pent-up winds, and they rush forth to the work of destruction, tearing up the earth, overturning the rocks, and smashing the forest. This man also joins the party.

¹ The opening of the sack containing the fetid fluid, which is the same in both male and female of this disagreeable animal, is projected in the form of a tube when the animal is about to discharge his bile.

In due time they reach a wide, beautiful river, meandering through an extensive meadow, which runs parallel to a chain of high mountains, at whose base is a perpendicular bluff, and midway between the bluff and the meadow is a large Indian town. The inhabitants are well clad, of goodly stature, and commanding mien. They make their way to the chief's lodge, share his hospitality, answer his questions, and make known their errand; they have been informed that in this town dwells a beautiful girl, whose skin is as white as snow, whose cheeks are as red as blood, and whose hair is as black and as glossy as the raven's plumes; and that this young man has come to woo and to win her. They are informed that the story of the girl is correct, but that the task of gaining her hand and heart is difficult and dangerous: he must enter the lists with the other suitors, and contend with them in certain athletic games; to the winner the prize will be awarded. The terms are accepted; and after several days of feasting and preparation, the contest begins. First they dance, and the Mëgũmoowěsoo comes off victor. Then they run. Another party produces a runner who has to confine one leg on all ordinary occasions. They are let loose, and start for a race round the globe; our friend's comrade comes in four minutes ahead of the other competitors, and wins the day. Next, they engage in feats of strength,—lifting, pitching rocks, wrestling, and pulling at each other at square angles, grasping with their hands a piece of wood; our log-lugging friend carries off the palm in all these exercises. One more trial completes the contest. They must coast down the side of that mountain, and leap the bounding precipice with their sleds; the one who reaches the ground unscathed carries off the beautiful girl. Two parties volunteer for the dangerous experiment,—the Mëgũmoowěsoo and his young friend, and two other men of mighty magic. The whole village turn out to witness the exciting scene. Down from the beetling battlement dash the sleds; and as the Mëgũmoowěsoo and his charge reach

the verge of the cliff, he utters a shout, and down they dash to the ground all right, and hold on their headlong way through the village, and far out upon the grassy mead that lines and adorns the banks of the broad-flowing river. The other party dash headlong over the cliff, and are killed.

The contest is now ended; the young stranger receives his prize, and celebrates the wedding feast. The party then leave for home, bearing away the beautiful bride. Not far, however, have they proceeded, when a terrific roar and crashing is heard thundering in their rear. They look round, and are horror-stricken at the sight; a terrific whirlwind, conjured up by the magicians of the village, is bearing down upon them, ploughing up the earth, rending the rocks, overturning the trees, and snapping them like pipe-stems as it comes on. Now comes in play the prowess of the man with the mighty breath. The plugs are withdrawn from his nostrils, and the storm is let loose; whirlwind meets whirlwind in mid-forest, and mingles heaven and earth in their rage.

The retreating party are again triumphant; tempest turns on tempest, and storm chases back the storm, sweeping away everything in its course, rending the village to atoms, and destroying all the inhabitants.

The party now proceed at their leisure; each comrade drops off as he reaches his home. The Mëgūmoowësoo, his young friend, and his bride reach the lake and embark on board the magical canoe, and are swiftly conveyed to the other side. There Giooscap meets and greets them; they relate their adventures, and are kindly entertained. Afterwards they go on. The superhuman guide slides off to his home; and the young couple arrive safe, to cheer and delight the aged and anxious pair.

And so the story ends.

[Related to me by Ben Brooks, Aug. 31, 1869. He heard it long ago, but cannot tell the origin; he is quite sure it was manufactured by the Indians of the olden times.]

XXV.

ADVENTURES WITH A CHĒNOO, OR NORTHMAN.

TWO Indians, a man and his wife, with one small boy, went one fall far away toward the northwest, into the forest, to hunt and trap. Having pitched upon a suitable place for their purpose, they erected a comfortable lodge, and prepared to spend the hunting-season there, and also to continue in the same place until spring, intending after that to return to their native village. All went on for a while according to the usual routine of Indian life on the hunting-ground; the man brought in plenty of game, and his wife had her hands full of business slicing and drying the meat, preparing her husband's food, and taking care of her little boy.

One day, while collecting firewood, she observed an unusual commotion among the bushes, as though some large animal—a moose, a bear, or a deer—were making his way through them. She looked anxiously towards the place, and soon discovered an object that caused her heart to thrill with horror; it seemed part human, part beast, part demon. It was of the size and form of an old man, stark naked and with a hideous countenance; his lips and shoulders seemed to have been gnawed away; he carried a small pack on his back. From what she had heard of the terrible Chĕnoo from the north, she concluded he was one of that horrid tribe, a cannibal, and that he would surely kill and devour her. With great presence of mind, she determined to try the effects of a *ruse*, and treat him with unwonted attention and kindness; she would pretend to mistake him for her own father, and rejoice over him as though he were so in reality. So, bounding forth to meet him, she exclaimed, "Why, my own dear father! where have you

come from, *telipkitoön* (after being gone so long)? Come in, come in!" Seizing him by his hand, she led him with all haste to the lodge; and manifesting great sorrow at seeing him look so woe-begone, she hastened to bring out a suit of her husband's clothes, which she begged him to put on. He made no reply to all these demonstrations, but accepted the clothes, put them on, and took his seat. She inquired if he was not hungry, and hastened to prepare a meal, which she placed before him, but which he scarcely tasted, maintaining all the while a stern and angry-looking countenance, but saying nothing. She smothered her emotions of terror as best she could, and pretended to be so glad to see him, bustling about and making herself as busy as she could be, telling her little boy not to pass before his grandfather, lest he should accidentally touch and disturb him.

After a while she went out to complete her supply of fire-wood for the night; while thus occupied, her visitor rose and walked out where she was. "Now," thought she, "my hour has come; he will certainly kill and devour me." Her fears were increased by his asking for the axe; they were, however, soon dissipated when, on taking the axe, he commenced a vigorous onslaught upon the trees. He cut them down and broke them up as though they had been straw, and soon had such a quantity piled up that she had to stop him. *Noo, tābeagül bōōksōōgūl* ("My father, there is fuel enough"), said she. He laid down the axe, walked into the wigwam, and took his seat as before; she followed him in, and seated herself also near the door. They sat in profound silence; yet she ever and anon looked earnestly out for the approach of her husband. As soon as she saw him, she rose hastily, went out, told him what had happened, what she had done, and begged him to aid her in carrying out the ruse. He did so; coming in, he accosted the stranger as '*Nchīlch*' ("My father-in-law"), and repeated the question: "Where have you come from, and how long have you been away?" He also seemed to manifest great delight in seeing

his father-in-law again. The stern countenance of the old Chėnoo relaxed a little; and the husband began to relate all the adventures that had occurred since the father-in-law had been away, and in which he was of course supposed to be intensely interested.

He listened, but without manifesting much interest, and when food was prepared, he was again urged to eat; this he refused to do, eating only a very scanty measure. When night came, he lay down and slept, — which his terrified host was unable to do. All the following day the Chėnoo maintained the same sullen taciturnity, and the man never left the wigwam. On the third day the Chėnoo began to yield to the power of kindness; and addressing the woman, and calling her '*Ntoos*' ("My daughter"), he inquired if she had any tallow. She told him she had a great quantity. He requested her to melt some for him; she did so, and melted a quantity sufficient to fill a gallon measure. He requested her to have it very hot; she brought it up to the boiling-point, when he raised the kettle to his mouth and drank it off. It made him so sick that he turned deadly pale, and soon began to vomit. Up came the melted tallow, and with it a vast amount of offal, and all abominable things that were appalling to the senses; it required a vigorous effort of arm and shovel to remove it from sight and smell. After this disembodying operation the old chap seemed better, and lay down and slept. When he awoke, he asked for food, and ate heartily; and when the roaring fire operated too powerfully on his cold-bred carcass, he requested in a gentle voice that a screen might be placed between him and the fire. This was done, and soon he became so social and familiar that their fears were dispelled.

One day he asked the woman in a gentle voice, '*Ntoos, pelā' weeos?*' ("My daughter, have you any fresh meat?") She told him she had none. He then asked the man if there was a spring of water in the neighborhood. He was told that there was none nearer than a half-day's journey

from that place; if he desired to be shown where it was, he would go with him. "We must go to it," said the old ChĚnoo; "we will start to-morrow, and you shall lead the way." They made all necessary preparations. The man had several pairs of snow-shoes of different sizes, as is usually the case: one pair of largest dimensions for light snow, and others varying in size to suit the hardness of the crust,—a small, light pair being quite sufficient when the crust has been formed by a hard frost after a rain. The ChĚnoo was supplied with a suitable pair, and at early dawn the two started off for the distant spring. The Micmac was surprised at the fleetness of his companion; as the former was young and active, and the other appeared old and decrepit, it seemed marvellous that while he was leading off at the top of his speed, the ChĚnoo kept up without any apparent effort.

In due time the spring was reached. It was large and beautiful, and the snow was all melted away around it.

The ChĚnoo doffed his robes, and began a vigorous magic dance around it; soon the water rose and fell, as if lifted by some huge monster below. Such a monster there really was, and he soon made his appearance; it was a huge *tăktăłôk* (lizard).¹ First he raised his huge head, and soon made a move to come out, when he was met by a blow from the tomahawk, which stiffened him, and he was dragged out and cast upon the bank. This was the male; a similar process of magical dancing brought up the female mate, of a lesser form, which was in like manner killed and dragged out. This novel hunter then began his operations of dressing the game; he cut off the head, the feet, and the tails of the crocodiles, took the skin from the bodies, and removed the intestines,—throwing all the offal into the spring, to grow up, or rather down, again into another pair of lizards of ordinary size, out of which these huge ones had been *powwowed*. The meat greatly resembled bear's-meat. The two carcasses would

¹ *Tăktăłôk*, Micmac; *agătăłôkw*, Maliseet. Alligator and crocodile are evidently of a similar origin.

each weigh about two hundred pounds, — such a load as two ordinary men would not care to lift, and which it would be utterly impossible for them to carry far; our Chěnoo friend bound the two carcasses together with withes, adjusted the burden to his shoulders, and bade his comrade lead off. It was now considerably past noon; and as the journey was long, they started off on the run. The man without the burden considered himself very swift upon the foot; but the Chěnoo, with his heavy load, pressed close upon his heels. "Can you run no faster?" the Chěnoo inquired after a while. "No, I cannot," was the answer. "Well, the sun is getting low; and at this rate darkness will be upon us before we reach the lodge," replied the Chěnoo. So he called a halt, directed his comrade to get upon the load, to brace his back against his, and to hold his head low, so as to avoid the limbs of the trees as they passed. Having fixed himself firmly on his friend's shoulders, the latter started off at such a pace that *ncbesokünóbjul samás tuktiskūgūlchēl wegwasūmūgwēgūl* (the bushes fairly whistled as they flew through them), and they reached home some time before sunset.

The mistress of the establishment, on being told what the venison was, felt somewhat reluctant about having anything to do with it; but her husband encouraged her to dress and cook it for their guest, but not to eat of it herself. The flesh resembled that of a bear, both in taste and looks. The man ventured on one occasion to taste it, and testified this; but the Chěnoo alone fed upon it.¹

Towards spring, life in the woods was varied by another adventure. One day the startling announcement was made that in three days an attack would be made upon them by another Chěnoo from the distant north; and preparations were made for war, offensive and defensive. The man, wife, and child were to be concealed in a cave, and their ears carefully stopped, as the war-whoop of the terrible Northman would

¹ The Indians will eat almost anything in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl; but they do not eat *choojeechik* (reptiles).

kill them, should they hear it distinctly. Should they escape the first onset, the first whoop, they would more easily survive what follows. "When you hear my voice," he says to them, "you will be all right again." Before the dreaded day arrives, the ChĚnoo sends the woman out to fetch a small bundle which he brought on his back when he came, and which was hung upon the branch of a tree, where it had since remained untouched. He tells her to open it, and throw away anything offensive to her that she may find therein, and to bring to him a smaller bundle which is within the other. She does as directed, and on opening the bundle, she finds to her horror a pair of human heels and legs, — the carefully preserved remnants of a former horrid meal; these she throws away as far as she can fling them, and brings in the smaller bundle, as directed. He opens this, and takes out a pair of dragon's horns about six inches in length, — one of them has two small branches, the other is smooth and straight; he gives the forked one to the man, and informs him that this is the only weapon that can prevail against the approaching foe. The arrangement is for the ChĚnoo to go out alone against the enemy, and the others are to conceal themselves and stop their ears, as directed. "But should you hear me calling and saying, 'My son-in-law, come out and assist me!' you must come to my aid at once." All this is done. The encounter takes place; and though the man, woman, and child are concealed below the surface of the earth, with their ears stopped, the sound of the terrible war-whoop almost splits their heads, and makes them nearly crazy. They immediately hear the answering whoop of their friend and ally; their heads cease ringing, and they are all right again. Now the combat begins, and rages furiously; rocks are hurled from their places, the ground is torn up, trees are broken and crashed down in all directions. The party in the cave listen to the frightful commotion, and hold their breath in terrible suspense. Presently they hear the voice of their friend calling for help: "My son-in-law, come and help me!" Away

he darts at the word, and soon comes up to the combatants. What a sight meets his eyes! The two men have swelled into the size and bulk of mountains; the stronger has the other down, and is making rapid thrusts at his ear with the terrible dragon's horn. Our little friend cannot be seen by the foe, he is so small; and he tauntingly tells the other, "You have no son-in-law to assist you, and *nābījcol'* ("I will soon take your accursed life),"¹

Meanwhile the one who is underneath keeps wabbling his head rapidly from side to side, to evade the deadly weapon which is aimed at his ear; and the son-in-law is directed to thrust his weapon into the ear of the foe. This he does by one well-aimed blow, and the magical horn comes out through the other ear, and assumes the size of a crow-bar; he is directed to push one end into the ground, raise the other end and place it by the side of a tree. As soon as the horn is thrust into the ground, it takes firm root there, and cannot be withdrawn; as soon as the other end is raised and placed by the side of a tree, it winds itself around, climbs the tree like a vine, and cannot be disengaged. The victim, thus pinned, is conquered, but not killed; the other now disengages himself, and both begin operations on the fastened foe. They first prepare a large quantity of fuel, then kindle a huge fire. They next hack the prisoner in pieces, and burn his flesh and bones to ashes, being careful that not a particle of raw flesh shall remain unconsumed. Should this be the case, their labor would be all in vain, — all the work would have to be done over again; as from that small particle of flesh would spring a living Chėnoo exactly like the other. They work with a will, and soon have subdued all but the old fellow's heart; this is formed of solid ice, so cold and hard that it instantly extinguishes the fire, which

¹ It is a mistake to suppose that the Indian cannot swear in his own tongue; he can do so, but not so fearfully as an Englishman can in English. The Indian introduces his venom into his speech by inserting an extra syllable; thus, *nābōl'*, "I kill you;" *nābījcol'*, "I take your cursed life," or some such spiteful epithet.

has to be rekindled around it again and again. It, however, grows smaller by degrees; and finally a few well-directed blows with the hatchet so reduce it that it melts and vanishes. The party then return in triumph to their camp.

In due time spring returns, and they prepare to go down the river to their more southern home; the now domesticated guest is persuaded to accompany them. They construct an additional canoe for his accommodation; it is covered, not with birch-bark, the usual material for Indian ship-building, but with the more unusual kind,—the skin of a moose; the craft thus formed being called a *moosoolk'* (moose-ship).¹ When all is ready, they start and sweep rapidly down the river, now swollen by the thaws and rains of spring; the ChĚnoo occupies the *moosoolk'*, and the other takes the lead. Soon the river spreads out into a vast lake; and while they are gliding leisurely over its calm surface, the ChĚnoo makes a sudden dash, dives under the thwarts of the canoe, and conceals himself in the bottom. He is asked to explain the cause of this sudden movement. He replies that he has been discovered by one of his brethren, who stands upon a mountain, the outlines of whose blue tops are just discernible in the distance. The ChĚnoo is standing there, looking over the face of the country. He can see one of his own kind, even at that distance; but he cannot discern either the canoe or the other persons of the party. The domesticated one must therefore keep concealed, or he will be pursued, compelled to fight, and perhaps be overcome; he prefers peace to war. So his craft is taken in tow by the other, and conveyed across the lake until it contracts again to the ordinary width of the river. The ChĚnoo then lands, and refuses to venture upon the water again. He asks for a description of the place where they propose to land and pass the night; he then

¹ The Indians have several names for a canoe: *kvedĭn*, a bark canoe; *'ntool*, my canoe, my water-craft of any kind; *moosoolk'*, a canoe covered with moose-skin; *skogĭmoolkw'*, a new canoe; *'nkanoo'ikw*, an old canoe.

goes forward on foot. Meanwhile the canoe, impelled by the strong arms of the man and woman, and assisted by the swollen and rapid current, makes furious headway; but what is their astonishment, in coming rapidly around a point, to see smoke arising through the trees at their proposed landing-place, and on heading in for the shore, to find their friend stretched out in calm repose, sleeping by the fire he had kindled! He goes on by land again the next day, and reaches the resting-place long before his comrades arrive in their canoe.

As they go south, and get into the warm weather, the heat overcomes the man from the frozen north; he grows weaker and weaker every day, — so much so, that when they reach their home he is nearly dead. The people of the village gather round and look at him. His lips are healed, and his teeth no longer grin ghastly as when he first came; his shoulders, too, are healed; in short, his whole appearance is changed. He is tamed and humanized, but he is not a Christian. His friends, though they had been converted to the Catholic faith, had not yet learned to trouble themselves much about others; they now, however, send for the priest, who finds the poor Chėnoo as ignorant as a beast of the first principles of religion. He endeavors to instruct him; and the Chėnoo soon lends an attentive ear, is baptized, and dies in the Catholic faith; and *kěspėadooksit* (here ends the story).

[This story Louis Brooks heard from his grandfather, Samuel Paul, a chief, who died in 1843, at the age of eighty years; he was famous for relating old stories of war. This story gives a vivid picture of the supernatural powers attributed to the Chėnoo, and affords additional proof of the tradition of these remarkable beings having arisen out of the first visits of Europeans with fire-arms and spy-glasses; they always delighted in displaying before the astonished natives the astounding effects of their artillery, and it is

not likely they were very scrupulous about firing blank cartridges, nor very particular as to the way in which the guns pointed.

Related to me by Louis Benjamin Brooks, who supposes it to be true, and written down Sept. 5, 1859.]

XXVI.

ORIGIN OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE MICMACS
AND THE KWĒDĚCHES.

ON the two opposite banks of the Restigouche, near its mouth, were two towns, — one inhabited by Micmacs, and the other by the Kwĕdĕches.¹ They were at peace with each other, and frequently attended each other's festivals.

On one occasion the Micmacs had attended a festival of the Kwĕdĕches; and while the children were engaged in some of their games, a child of the Micmac party was killed. Nothing, however, was said about it at the time, and it was passed over as an accident; but the circumstance was remembered. Not long after, the Kwĕdĕches were invited to a feast by the Micmacs. They feasted, they danced, *tooaadijik* (they played ball), tossing up the ball; the one who caught it had to run to a fixed pole, and if he reached it without being caught, he won the game; if he was caught, he yielded, and the one who succeeded in grasping and holding him took the ball, and the party to which he belonged had the next throw. The players were stark naked, except a cloth around their loins, so as to make it a difficult matter to seize and hold them. Generally, this could be done only by grasping them by the hair of the head. Another game was the *alchāmadījik* (hurley). The women, too, had their games, — the *altĕstākūn* (a sort of dice); and the *wōbūnākūn*, somewhat like *altĕstākūn*.

While the games were proceeding, the Micmac boys took occasion — accidentally, as they would have it supposed —

¹ *Kwĕdĕch* is the singular form of this word, and is both adjective and substantive. As substantive the plural is either *Kwĕdĕchĕ* or *Kwĕdĕches*, both of which forms occur in the manuscript. — ED.

to revenge the death of their comrade by killing two of the other party. Nothing was said of the matter at the time, and it was passed over as an accident; but the young folk laid it up in their hearts, and awaited an opportunity for revenge.

Time passed, spring opened, and the season for catching salmon came. The regulation between the two tribes was this: each took its turn annually for the first and best part of the fishery; one year the Micmacs went first to the fishing-ground, which was at a considerable distance up the river; the next year the Kwĕdĕches went up first. This year it was the Micmacs' turn. About fifty of the younger men went up with their canoes, being several days reaching the place. They had not been there long before the Kwĕdĕch chief's son, who had been brooding over the wrong done by the Micmac boys in murdering two of his tribe, planned and executed a scheme of retaliation and vengeance. Without the knowledge of the chief, his father, and the old men of the tribe, he collected a company of warriors, and marched up by land to surprise and cut off the whole party of Micmacs. Reaching the place, they lay hid, waiting for the darkness of night to shroud their diabolical scheme.

The Micmacs were out spearing salmon by torchlight; after they came ashore, they kindled fires and began roasting fish for their suppers. The salmon were split, and placed head downward on a split stick, small sticks being placed across on each side, between the fish and the split stick that held it; then the gridiron was stuck into the ground near the fire, and when one side was done, the fish was turned by simply turning around the instrument that held it.¹ While the cooking process was proceeding, the men, all unconscious of the storm that was about to burst upon them, were laughing, talking, and joking. The Kwĕdĕches crept up in the darkness, the crackling of the fires and the noise of the merry

¹ They call this mode of roasting fish *p̄seeḡn̄b̄d̄st̄*; to cook meat in the same way is called *segobast̄*.

multitude helping them to approach unheard; a shower of well-aimed arrows laid all the Micmacs in the dust. One old man was wounded, but not killed. He was a powerful *powwow*; but the attack was so sudden and unexpected that he had no time to summon up his magical powers; otherwise he would not have been hurt. He was struck in the side, but the wound was not mortal. He made a rush for the river, and plunged in. Just at that place there was a deep hole in the curve of the river; at the bottom of this hole there were some large rocks, from under which the sand had been swept away by the current, leaving a passage far beneath the shelving rocks. Into this passage he crawled, and concealed himself. Having his magic now fairly up, he could remain under the water as long as he pleased; he knew he would be hunted for, and so he was. He was seen to rush towards the river and plunge in; and the canoes were immediately manned, the torches lighted, and the river everywhere searched. They discovered him at last, but they could not get at him with their spears. They watched him all night, and the next day; after all, he managed to evade them, and passed far down the river.

Somewhere below, a spring gushed out of the rock; and to this place the exhausted man crawled, and lay down for some time, so as to let the water flow over his wound.

In the mean time a man and his wife, who started for the fishing-ground some days after the others, and were now poling their canoe slowly up the stream, reached the place where the spring was. The wife proposed to go ashore for some cool, fresh water. On approaching the place, they saw something red where the fountain gushed up, and on coming nearer saw something singular, — it might be a log, it might be a man; but it was evidently something unusual. Soon they saw that it was a human body, and supposed it was a corpse. The red leggins and the other garments were recognized by the woman as belonging to one of her uncles. *'Nkūlamooksis na!* ("It is my uncle!") she exclaimed.

They approached cautiously, being terrified at the sight of a dead body; they soon learned, however, that he was not dead, but wounded, and faint from the loss of blood, and weak with hunger. He said to them, *Tāsāmēk'* ("You see the whole of us"), and related to them the particulars of the attack and slaughter.

They take him into their canoe, bind up his wounds, and care for him, and immediately return to the village and report the distressing news. In a few days this man's wound is so far healed that he can go over to the village of the Kwěděches, and make report to the chief. He shows his wound, and gives the names of the perpetrators of the foul deed; while they were watching him in the water, he was looking at them in return, and is thus enabled to testify to their identity. He throws all the blame upon the young chief, the leader of the murderous band. They had hoped to kill all, so that no one would be left to tell the tale; as no one, in that case, would know who had done it. In this they are disappointed and defeated.

A demand is now made upon the whole village, — not, however, to punish or deliver up the individuals who had committed the deed; the whole tribe is made responsible, and they must retire from the place or try the fortunes of war. Three days are given them, and they are told that unless they remove bag and baggage, they will rest there forever: *Na oola' tēt tūlekēs pūkūmīksēdōksīp* ("Here you will end your days").

As the Micmacs are altogether the stronger in numbers, the others conclude to remove, and immediately begin their preparations; all is ready on the third day, and the parties begin their sorrowful retreat. The young Kwěděch chief is severely reprimanded by his father, as the author of all their troubles.

Before they leave, the chief of the Micmacs makes a farewell visit to the chief of the other tribe. "We will continue to be friends," he says. "You will once in a while think

of the place you have left; and when there comes over me a lonely longing to see your face again, I will make you a visit; and when you wish it, you can come down and see us."¹ The whole village now depart, and go up by easy stages to Canada, travelling onward till winter, though with long intervals of rest. They halt for the winter on the borders of a large lake.

Some time in the winter, when the rivers and lakes were thoroughly frozen over, the Micmac *powwow* who had been wounded in the fatal affray at the fishing-grounds, having been thoroughly healed of his wounds, proposed to the young men of his tribe that they should pay a visit to their departed friends. All were eager for the adventure; but he limited the number, selected his men, and started off on the expedition. They followed the trail of the others, which was marked by the deserted camps on the road, and knew well when they were nearly up to them. They reached the lake on the farther shores of which, and beyond an intervening mountain, the Kwědēches were encamped. To the top of that high lookout the young Kwědēch chief was in the habit of making daily excursions, that he might look far over the lake, to see whether any danger was approaching under the disguise of a visit of friendship from the outraged nation they had left behind.

A little before nightfall, the Micmac leader sends four subordinate chiefs, masters of the magical art, down upon the lake to explore; they walk out upon the ice one after another, and then return to camp. It so happens that just then the young Kwědēch chief is at his post on the mountain, looking out over the landscape to the eastward; and on returning to his lodge he reports having seen *four white bears* walking out one after the other upon the ice, looking around, and then returning. These four scouts, on the other

¹ Friend Louis explained this to me as conveying a warlike threat, though couched in such words of kindness. Compare Psalm lv. 21; also 2 Kings xiv. 8, for something similar.

hand, relate what they saw; they saw an *abooksigün* (lynx) on the opposite side of the lake, on the top of the hill, looking round, and then, turning about, gliding quietly back down on the other side of the hill.

The report of each party is understood, and measures are taken accordingly. The Kwěděch chief says to his rash son, "To-morrow you will be paid for your folly. You see now what you have done for us; we shall be attacked and destroyed." The young man is not going to be alarmed; he blusters, and boasts of what he can and will do. The Micmac leader informs his friends that they have seen the author of the mischief, — that the lynx which went slinking over the hills was he. "To-morrow," says the chief, "we meet."

And so they do meet, — at first apparently in the most friendly manner, taking each other by the hand, and mutually inquiring the news, asking after each other's welfare, and having a feast together. After a while the Micmac proposes that the young men shall go out upon the ice and play. To this proposal the Kwěděch chief cordially consents. The young men begin operations, dancing the *'nskowōkūn* (war-dance), shouting and stamping, and making the thick ice rise and fall like the waves of the sea in a storm. It becomes in a short time pretty rough play; they seize each other and wrestle, and the victor stabs his victim to the heart. The Micmacs soon carry the day, having killed or disabled all the warriors of the party.

The most horrible part of the tale is the beginning of the fight. The Micmac leader of the party was quietly seated in the old Kwěděch chief's wigwam; the son of the latter was sitting there also, and a young girl, the sister of the young man, was sitting on the side where the Micmac sat. The Micmac made a spring upon the poor girl, and plunging his knife into her bosom, killed her instantly, and ripped her open; filling his hands with her warm heart's blood, he drank it, and then, again filling his hands, rushed

over to the brother, offering him a draught, as a challenge to single combat; this the brother accepted. Intoxicated and maddened by the horrid potion, these two began the fray; seizing their hatchets, they rushed out, uttering unearthly yells, and attacked each other with might and main. The poor Kwědčch, notwithstanding all his previous vain-glorious boasting, was soon overpowered and killed.

This was the signal for a general *mêlée*. Far and wide over the lake resounded their yells. They used neither bows nor hatchets nor spears; strength of muscle, agility, and the scalping-knife did the work of death. The Micmacs were victorious; they lost but few men in the battle. They laid no further hand on the women, children, or old men; they took no prisoners, but bade them adieu, — telling them that when they felt disposed to make the Micmacs a visit in return, they might come on. They then returned to their own place.

XXVII.

KWĚDĚCH WAR RENEWED.

THE SECOND INCIDENT IN THE KWĚDĚCH WAR.

AFTER the lapse of thirty or forty years, when the children of the Kwěděches had grown into men and warriors, an attempt was made by them to avenge the death of their comrades. A descent was made upon the Micmacs in the winter; but the attempt was defeated, and the Kwěděches were beaten.

It occurred in the following manner: An old man of the Micmacs, together with his wife, his two sons, and their wives, had gone some distance up the Restigouche to spend the autumn and winter. The old man was a mighty magician, and an able hunter and warrior; he foresaw the attack, and fortified himself accordingly, but said nothing of the matter to his partners. They built one lodge for all; and he directed them to make it strong, as there would probably be a hard pressure of snow upon it during the winter. This was the reason he gave the boys; the one that influenced him was that an attempt would be made to crush it down over their heads by parties without, who would come down upon them before the snow was gone. The wigwam was accordingly built with stout poles and crossbars, and all lashed firmly together.

The young men spent the time during the fall and winter in bringing in meat and skins. Toward spring the father was watching, by his magic skill, the progress of events; he kept smoking all the time the magic pipe, made with a very large wooden bowl, *boovîn-wadĕg-gĕt* (divining), and taking no

notice of what was passing near him. He was thus enabled to ascertain the number of men who were on the march, the progress they were making, and the day when they would arrive. So one day, rousing himself, he directed the women to cook a large quantity of provisions, as they would have company the next day; this was accordingly done.

Meanwhile the war-party had reached the hunting-grounds and seen the snow-shoe tracks. They then proceeded cautiously, waited until night set in, when they came up to the solitary wigwam. "There is," said their leader, "but a single lodge here; let us just climb upon it and crush it right down, and kill them all at once." Several men accordingly ascended the sides of the wigwam; but they found it was a more difficult undertaking than they had anticipated. They were startled by the voice of an old man calling out to them, and saying very composedly, "What are you about up there? Come down; the door is down here,—it is n't up there." Whereupon down they came; the chief and his captains entered, and found a quantity of provisions all ready for them. The men built fires out-of-doors, and after they all had partaken of the hospitality of the quondam friend, stretched themselves down to rest.

The next morning breakfast was prepared for them, and they partook of it. But now the fighting had to be done; no advantage, however, was to be taken of him who had furnished bed and board to strangers. The Kwědčh chief bade his host come out and try the fortune of open, fair fight. "But no," said the old Micmac, "the boys may go; I shall remain here." So, arming themselves, the two young men went out, and the fight began; their father remained within, but helped them much by his supernatural powers. The boys caused many of the foe to fall, but after a while one of them rushed into the lodge wounded. The cure was summary and singular; his mother seized him by the "cue," and severed it from his head. He was now all right again, and rushed back to the fight. Soon the other entered

wounded, and was treated in the same way. Fresh for the fight, but minus the scalp-lock, he was able to kill a good many more before he fell; but fall he did, as well as his brother, after a while. The old man then took their place, but not until he had taken precautions that the women should not fall alive into the enemies' hands; first he struck them all down, and then, uttering the terrible war-whoop, he rushed into the fight. Many a warrior fell by his hand that day, but he escaped without a scratch. Both parties grew tired, and paused, by mutual consent, for rest and refreshment. Each party sat apart, according to custom on such occasions, and smoked, after they had eaten their dinners. While sitting there, a youth of the other party aimed an arrow at the old Micmac, and wounded him slightly in the leg. When the Kwěděch and his party were ready, they gave the word for a fresh attack. But the Micmac said, "No, I am wounded; I yield,—you can take me prisoner." So they took him and began to tie him. "Oh," said he, "you needn't do that; I shall not try to run away." So they trusted him, and let him have his liberty. But so many of their warriors had fallen that their expedition had to be abandoned; and they returned home, taking their prisoner with them.

After they reach their home, they prepare in due time to dispose of their prisoner, according to custom. He is tied, and exposed to all kinds of insults, abuse, and torture, while his foes feast, dance, and sing around him, enjoying his bravery and his composure. Among other species of torture, they twitch off his finger-nails, and use the fingers to push down the fire in their pipes; but they cannot extort a groan from their sturdy prisoner. So passes the first day of the trial. They are baffled.

After a few days they have another feast, and the prisoner is again brought out and tied. Warrior after warrior engages in the exciting war-dance, works himself up into a furor, and then rushes upon the prisoner and strikes

him on the head with all his might; but the tomahawk bounds off impotent, as though struck upon a rock of granite.¹

They make one more attempt. Another festival is summoned; and after the due preliminaries of feasting and dancing are over, the prisoner is bound hand and foot to a tree. Armfuls of dry wood and brush are gathered, and piled around him; the torch is applied, and the blaze and smoke mount upward to the skies. Suddenly there comes a tremendous crash of thunder right overhead; and a deluging shower of rain pours down, extinguishes the fire, and drives the whole party into the wigwams. The prisoner now disengages himself, and is occupied in attempting to keep the fires burning. Soon the others come out and find him at his work. "Come and help me," says he. "What made you all run away? I could not keep the fires a going all alone during such a shower."

They now have to own themselves beaten. "We cannot kill him," says the chief; "he is a mighty wizard, a great *powwow*. Let us adopt him, give him a wife, and appoint him to some office in the tribe." So they select a beautiful woman and place her by his side, and endeavor to persuade him to become a chief among them. But he refuses all their overtures. "You have deprived me of my wife," says he, "and I don't want another; nor do I wish to be raised to any post of honor in your tribe. I am going home."

They decide to let him have his own way, and fit him out for his journey. It is spring; the rivers and lakes are free from ice, and he can return by water. So they furnish him with a canoe, and a good supply of all necessary articles, and he bids them adieu. Down he goes with the stream; and they hear him singing all night, and all the following

¹ Among other modes of torture, they covered his head with a heated kettle. He kept the kettle over him without wincing, and remained quiet until it was cool; they removed it, and lo! he was not injured.

nights, for seven in succession.¹ On the seventh night, before he reaches his home, the inhabitants of the village hear the sounds of song in the distance, and wonder what it means. The next night it is nearer, and comes nearer and nearer every night. The necromancers are consulted; they rouse up their magical powers, and finally one of their number divines correctly. He understands all, and says, "Our friend still lives, and is coming back home." They had been at the place where the battle was fought, had found the dead bodies of the three women and the two Micmacs, with the proof of the way in which they had piled the ground with Kwěděch slain; they had concluded that the father had been taken prisoner and put to death. They are overwhelmed with joy at his return,—for he arrives on the seventh night after they first heard him sing. They gather around, and rejoice over the report he was able to render of what he had seen and said and done.

¹ Note the mystic number seven. This is a potent number with the Indians. They have a mighty medicine composed of seven different barks, herbs, or roots compounded; and a most mighty medicine compounded of seven such compounds. So I am credibly informed.

XXVIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MOHAWK WAR.

[I CANNOT learn how long the Mohawk war lasted. I have already obtained several of the intervening incidents. The winding up of the war, as well as the incidents related in the preceding story, was related to me to-day by my friend Louis Benjamin Brooks, Sept. 3, 1869.]

RESIDING at Lustegoocheech — now called Mirimachi in English — was a powerful chief named Mějelăbĕgă-dăšĭch, or Tied-in-a-hard-knot. He was not only a great warrior, but also a mighty *powwow*, and could divine with great correctness. He had on one occasion been silent, thoughtful, and ill-tempered for some time; when, one day, springing hastily up, he called upon one of his captains, who happened to be his own brother-in-law, to gird on his armor immediately and follow him; at the same time he dashed out of the wigwam, and ran down towards the shore. The other obeyed, supposing that something was the matter, but had hardly time even to imagine what it could be. As soon as he could get himself ready, he followed the chief to the shore, and found that he had already launched the canoe, into which the other leaped, and struck off across the cove to a high sand-bank, that extended along between the cove where they were and the open sea beyond.¹

The old chief sat in the prow and pulled for dear life, while his comrade sat in the stern and steered. Reaching

¹ Tabasintak is the place pointed out on the map by Ben Brooks as the identical spot. He has been there, and seen the rock on which tradition says the Kwědĕch's head was smashed; it lies about in the centre of the sand-bar that stretches along in front of the mouth of the river, outside of the lagoon.

the shore, the chief leaped out and directed the other to wait while he ascended the bank to reconnoitre. He crept up to the top of the bank, keeping close to the ground, and concealing himself, as though looking for ducks (teals). What should he see there but a party of Kwědēches, to the number of about fifty, moving stealthily along in their canoes,—some containing three warriors, some four, and some five! Their leader, named Wōhoowēh, had two canoes lashed side by side, with a deck laid over the two, on which, near the prow, he was standing holding up a flag, and carefully looking around in all directions, as though expecting to see the enemy. The Micmac chief, exerting all his magical powers and his more natural sagacity, concealed himself, and moved down to the shore in advance of the fleet, where he awaited their approach. Old Wōhoowēh never noticed him until he was hailed: '*Nsees, tame āleēn? Cogooowā kwelīmūn?*' ("My brother, where are you going, and what are you looking for?") The chief gave a start, confounded and ashamed that he should have overlooked, from his exalted position, a man so near him, and immediately turned in to the shore and landed. They greeted each other in a friendly way, and the Kwědēch explained the object of his expedition. "Do you know," says he to the Micmac, "of a celebrated chief about here named Mējelābēgadāsich (Tied-in-a-hard-knot)?" "No, I do not," answers the other; "I have heard tell of him, however; he resides a long distance farther along this extended point." "Well," replies the other, "I am looking for him, and I mean *n̄jemoosīktūm* (to pick thoroughly this whole bone; that is, I mean to destroy every man, woman, and child in the whole region)."

The Micmac chief says: "This is my place of residence, and I have a few men under me who would be glad of an opportunity of meeting you and your men. Say the word, and I will call them over." To this proposal the Kwědēch agrees; and so Tied-in-a-hard-knot, calling to his captain on the other side of the sand-hill, directs him to summon half

the warriors (he had about three hundred there), and to leave the other half to guard the village, as there might possibly be a party coming down upon them by land. This is done; and the two parties, drawn up in battle array, stand in close proximity, facing each other and waiting the signal to begin. The two chiefs must meet in single combat first; the armies are too near together for the use of bows and arrows, — the tomahawk and the knife must do the work. The chiefs begin, and Victory for a long time holds the scales in even balance. So rapid are their movements in defence and attack, that sometimes they can scarcely be seen. Finally Victory declares for the Micmac; seizing his foe by the scalp-lock, he drags him to a stone that is near, lays his head upon it, and with one blow of his hatchet, crushes his skull. The report is like a clap of thunder, — loud as a cannon; it is heard at the village. One old man, bowed down with age, unable to leave his wigwam, and almost deaf, as well as blind, hears the joyful sound; and new life and vigor bound through his veins. He straightens himself up and laughs, exclaiming: "There goes the head of a mighty *powwow!*" He had been one himself.

Tied-in-a-hard-knot is now completely exhausted; he rushes to the water, and plunges in to cool and rest himself. Meanwhile the lines close in, and the fight becomes general. The invading party is disheartened at the loss of the chief, and the others are proportionably elated. The air resounds with the yells of the warriors, and the clashing of their deadly weapons. The Micmacs win the day. The next in command of the Kwědčh army, who has assumed the direction on the fall of Wōhoowēh, calls for quarter. He "strikes his colors," and submits. *Tā bedk!* ("It is enough!") he shouts. "It was his business," — referring to the fallen chief, — "not ours; let us quit, and make peace." To this the others agree. The chief now in command states that he knew Tied-in-a-hard-knot when he first saw him; that he had encountered him before, and was one of a very

small party that had escaped destruction at his hands; but that he had not dared to tell old Wōhoowēh so, as it would have endangered his life to intimate to his chief that his magic was defective, — that he was unable to distinguish at sight so renowned a warrior as Tied-in-a-hard-knot was, and that the experience of a subordinate was superior to the intuition of a chief and a *powwotw*.

The two parties now made peace for their two nations, and settled it upon so firm a basis that it has never since been broken.

[The place of the battle is well known; my informant has seen it. The stone upon which Wōhoowēh met his fate is still pointed out. It is of a singular form, — hollow on the top, like a dish; and from this stone, and the circumstance related, the place has ever since borne the name Bātkwēdā-gūnūchk', which no one English word can easily translate. It indicates very poetically that on this rock a fellow's head was split; an *anvil* comes nearest to it. My informant has not seen the rock since he was a small boy; but the form, and the associations connected with it are indelibly fixed upon his memory.]

XXIX.

THE THIRD INCIDENT OF THE KWĚDĚCH WAR.

THE MICMACS RETALIATE.

ABOUT a year after the return of the captive (as related in Legend XXVII.), he went to the chief and informed him that he was filled with a great longing to visit his friends who had treated him so kindly during his captivity among them; under this ironical and parabolical phrase was couched a request to be allowed to lead a band of warriors. The council was immediately summoned, and the modest request of their friend was stated and debated. "Our comrade," said the chief, "hankers for a visit to his friends." They decided to gratify him. "How many men do you wish to accompany you?" they asked. "About thirty or forty," he answered. These were soon forthcoming, and were equipped for the expedition. They took their canoes, and moved on at leisure,—going round by the main sea, and entering the St. Lawrence, and thus proceeding up into Canada; the Micmacs in former days were wont to ascend far up to the head of the Mississippi, the big river. The party stopped occasionally on their way, to supply themselves with food by hunting. As they approached the enemy's country, they moved cautiously, and encamped for the last night on a high hill that overlooked the Kwěděch village, which was located on an intervale just round a sudden curve in the river. There they landed, hauled up their canoes, and hid them in the bushes. From the top of this high hill, they could see and hear what was going on in the village. They ascertained that the triumphant return of a war-party was being cele-

brated. The whole village was astir; fires were blazing, loud shouts were being raised, dancing was going forward, and feasting. One very important part of the ceremony on such occasions was for an old woman, with a staff in one hand and a bundle of fresh scalp-locks — the trophies just brought from the battle-field — in the other, to dance and sing in the presence of the assembled warriors and their friends. The Micmac chief saw what was going on, and heard the old woman's extemporized addresses to the scalp-locks¹ as she sang. He ascertained that they had been snatched from the heads of his brethren, members of his own tribe. This awoke a storm of wrath in his bosom, and an uncontrollable thirst for vengeance. Ordering his men to remain where they were, he drew his knife, and rushed upon the unsuspecting and unarmed party. Emerging suddenly from the surrounding darkness, he darted like a tiger upon the old woman who was dancing the scalp-lock triumph; with one jerk he threw her backward to the ground, plunged his knife into her bosom, and laid it open; then, seizing the scalp-locks, he crammed them into her breast, — thus giving his friends honorable burial, according to their ideas, — and then shouted, "There's a Micmac for you!" Before the party had time to recover themselves, he darted away, and was lost in the darkness.

This startling event brought the ceremonies of the evening to an abrupt termination. There was no attempt at pursuit, but all hands immediately armed and kept watch. Several of the company recognized the man, and told their companions who he was; it was naturally inferred that he was not alone. As soon as morning dawned, the warriors were mustered and drawn up in battle array. The Micmacs from the hill watched their movements, made descent upon them, and

¹ These songs were usually a description of the battle, describing the bravery of the warriors and the desperation of the enemy, — how the former rushed upon the latter and cut them down; how terrified and cowardly the latter were; how they ran, and how they screamed and begged, like women and children.

the battle began. The Micmacs gained the day. Quarter was neither given nor craved. The whole village was destroyed, with the exception of three or four warriors; these were marked on their naked legs (in summer they wore no clothing, in those days, except on their feet and around their loins) by cutting the skin in several stripes up and down the leg, and peeling the skin down about half-way from the knee to the ankle, and letting it hang. They were let go without any further cruelties, and told to go on to the next village and tell their friends what beautiful leggins had been made for them. Satisfied with the results, the Micmacs, sadly diminished in number, returned home.

XXX.

KWĚDĚCH SPIES.

INCIDENTS OF THE KWĚDĚCH WAR. — NARRATIVE CONTINUED. — THE LAND OF THE MICMACS SPIED OUT. — AN ATTACK. — THE CAPTIVES RETAKEN.

EARLY in the summer, about twelve of the Kwěděch men were deputed as spies,¹ to perambulate the country of the Micmacs, and learn the nature and extent of their country, the number of their towns, and the state of things generally among them. They passed down through New Brunswick, went on to Cape Breton, followed the southern shore round to Yarmouth, and returned late in the autumn, taking a careful survey, and marking down the number of villages and wigwams, the lay and bearings of the country, and everything else that interested them.

Just before leaving the country in the fall, they came to a place where about thirty of the young men had gone back from the village into the woods, where they were intending to pass the autumn and winter, and there built a large, strong wigwam. They waited until night before completing their survey of the premises; creeping up in the darkness, they carefully examined everything without being seen.

¹ *Ouwiskook'* is the Micmac name for a spy. If a spy is caught, he is dealt with in a very summary manner. The Indians of these Provinces are under the impression that spies still come down occasionally from Canada, to see the "nakedness of the land." My friend Louis informs me that on Cape Breton, a few years ago, a party was discovered, supposed to be spies, and that one of them was shot. Report says also that Jo Cope, Captain Hardy's friend, once shot a spy. The Indians feel no compunction in doing so, even in time of peace.

A short distance farther up, they discovered where two young men, with their wives, were encamped, evidently intending to spend the hunting-season there. They did not attack them, but marked the place where they were. They then proceeded home and made their report.

Some time in the ensuing winter a war-party was fitted out to go down and destroy these hunters. The rivers and lakes were now frozen, making the transit comparatively easy; and in a short time they came upon the wigwam where the two men and women were. They found the men absent; they had gone down towards the shore to see some old men, women, and children who needed a supply of food. They found the two women there, and took them prisoners; they also took possession of all that was in the wigwam, and then compelled the women to act as guides to the place where the thirty hunters were encamped. Those who had explored the place the previous summer and fall were in the company, but these two women were supposed to be better acquainted with the region than they. The women led them on. The hunters were all found; an attack was made after nightfall, while they were unsuspecting and unarmed, and all were killed. The Kwědčches threw all the dead bodies out, and took up their quarters for the night in the ample, well-furnished lodge.

They posted no guard; ¹ this was contrary to their custom, and it cost them dear. The two hunters came home from their excursion hungry and tired, and found no food, no fire, and no women waiting for them; all was dark, cold, and empty. They soon divined the cause. The snow was tramped into hardness by numerous feet; an army had been there, and had taken all away.

After wasting a little time in useless grief and anger, they resolved to follow the party. They took their trail, and on approaching the large wigwam of their brethren, they heard

¹ It was one of the most difficult things for the more civilized warriors to teach their Indian allies, that a camp should not be left unguarded by sentries.

the sound of voices; and on cautiously approaching in the darkness, they learned who and what they were. It was a war-party of Kwěděches, — no doubt the same that had carried off the women.

Waiting until all sounds were hushed, they cautiously approached; and one of them peeped through a hole in the door-blanket, and saw their numbers and their position. They were lying round in the wigwam, asleep. The two women had been directed to keep awake and tend the fires; one was seated at one end of the long wigwam near the door, and the other at the opposite end near the door. This intelligence was communicated to the other man. The wife of the one who had peeped in was next to that door. He let her know that he was there by pushing the end of his belt through the hole in the door-blanket; she saw it, and went out. They then concerted their plans. The women were to wait until the shout, "We are attacked!" was raised outside. They were then to throw water on the fires, rush out, and make tracks towards the village as fast as their limbs would let them; the men having previously prepared for the worst by stating that probably they would all be killed. "We must die to-night," said the man who first showed himself to his wife when she went out to see him.

As soon as the shout was raised, the warriors leaped to their feet, and in the confusion, smoke, and steam raised by the hissing brands, mistook their friends for foes; and all hands laying about them wildly and at random, made sad havoc upon each other's bodies and lives. The wigwam had been built so strong, and was so firmly fastened by nature — the frost and the snow — as well as by art, that they could not burst through its sides. Exit was only possible by the doors; but there were strong arms stationed there, which brought down upon the head of the man who attempted to go out, the death-dealing tomahawk; and soon the door was so piled and choked that egress became very difficult, and destruction very easy.

They were soon all killed, — many having fallen by the hands of their fellows; the two Micmacs were unscathed. They carried out all the fur and meat that had been collected, then gathered up the mangled corpses of their companions, and piled them in upon the others; then they collected a great supply of fuel, piled it in, on, and around the wigwam, and set fire to it. They then returned to their village, carrying the glad tidings, and sent up parties to bring down the spoils.

XXXI.

THE RETURNED CAPTIVE.

A PARTY OF SCOUTS SURPRISED.

ABOUT forty years ago a very old Indian died, whose name was John Paul; he belonged to New Brunswick, about Thediac (Escdeitk). His nickname¹ was Sabadis Chübbüne.² This man was stolen by some Canadian Indians and carried up into Canada, when a child; there he remained until he grew up. He could speak Micmac, English, French, and one or two Indian dialects. After reaching years of manhood, he returned to his native place, where he spent the remainder of his days. He had been taken to a place about forty miles above Montreal, called in English the Lake of the Two Mountains, and in Indian Cānāskādāge.

After a residence of a great many years in New Brunswick, he was one day out hunting, when he heard strange voices in the woods, and concluded that there were strangers there. Creeping softly along, he discovered ascending smoke; and on approaching still nearer, he saw several strange Indians, whose dress indicated that they were not Micmacs. He had his gun with him; and concluding that he could at all events lessen their number by one, should they show fight, he walked up towards the fire where they were preparing their meal. As soon as they saw him, they all seized their bows

¹ The Indians are great for nicknames, or sobriquets. I have again and again found that individuals whose real names were unknown to them were known by their nicknames.

² Sabadis is the French Jean Baptiste. I am unable to understand John Chübbüne, which is usually given as its English equivalent.

and arrows, as they had no guns, and stood on the defensive. He spoke, telling them to put down their bows and arrows, and asked who they were and what they were doing. He spoke in Micmac, which they did not understand. "Can you speak French?" he inquired in that language. They replied that they could. He soon learned that he could speak their tongue, that they came from the place where he had been brought up, and that one of them was the son of the chief with whom he had lived. When they learned that he was acquainted with their language and country, and knew their friends, they were very much pleased. The young Sacūmow seized his hand, and was overjoyed to see him.

XXXII.

THE DREAM OF THE WHITE ROBE AND THE
FLOATING ISLAND.

[THIS account of the coming of the white man, revealed to a young woman in a dream, was related to me by Josiah Jeremy, Sept. 26, 1869.]

WHEN there were no people in this country but Indians, and before any others were known, a young woman had a singular dream. She dreamed that a small island came floating in towards the land, with tall trees on it, and living beings, — among whom was a man dressed in rabbit-skin garments. The next day she related her dream, and sought for an interpretation. It was the custom in those days, when any one had a remarkable dream, to consult the wise men, and especially the magicians and soothsayers.¹ These pondered over the girl's dream, but could make nothing of it. The next day an event occurred that explained all. Getting up in the morning, what should they see but a singular little island, as they supposed, which had drifted near to the land and become stationary there! There were trees on it, and branches to the trees, on which a number of bears, as they supposed, were crawling about.² They all seized their bows, arrows, and spears, and rushed down to the shore, intending to shoot the bears; what was their surprise to find that these supposed bears were men, and that some of them were lowering down into the water

¹ Like the Egyptians, Chaldees, and other nations.

² It is needless to say that it was a vessel with masts and yards, and sailors upon them moving about.

a very singularly constructed canoe, into which several of them jumped and paddled ashore. Among them was a man dressed in white, — a priest with his white stole on, — who came towards them making signs of friendship, raising his hand towards heaven, and addressing them in an earnest manner, but in a language which they could not understand.

The girl was now questioned respecting her dream. Was it such an island as this that she had seen? Was this the man? She affirmed that they were indeed the same. Some of them, especially the necromancers, were displeased; they did not like it that the coming of these foreigners should have been intimated to this young girl, and not to them. Had an enemy of the Indian tribes with whom they were at war been about to make a descent upon them, they could have foreseen and foretold it by the power of their magic; but of the coming of this teacher of a new religion they could know nothing.

The new teacher was gradually received into favor, though the magicians opposed him. The people received his instructions, and submitted to the rites of baptism; the priest learned their tongue, and gave them the Prayer Book written in what they call *aboctûloocëgäsik'* (ornamental mark-writing); a mark standing for a word, and rendering it so difficult to learn that it may be said to be impossible.

[This was manifestly done to keep the Indians in ignorance. Had their language been reduced to writing in the ordinary way, the Indians would have learned the use of writing and reading, and would have advanced in knowledge so as to be able to cope with their more enlightened invaders; and it would have been a more difficult matter for the latter to cheat them out of their lands and other rightful possessions.

Such was Josiah's story. The priests who gave them this pictorial writing, whatever their motives may have been,

certainly perpetrated one of the grossest possible literary blunders. It is bad enough for the Chinese, whose language is said to be monosyllabic and unchanged by grammatical inflection; but Micmac is polysyllabic, endless in its compounds and grammatical changes, and utterly incapable of being represented by signs.]

XXXIII.

GLOOSCAP'S DEPARTURE FROM THE LAND OF
THE MICMACS.

GLOOSCAP resided near the salt water, on a high bank, against which the deep sea dashed. When about to go away and leave the Indians, he called up a whale to carry him off on his back. The words and the chanting tone of voice he used are still handed down. The words were these, repeated thrice: *Nēmājecchēk numeedīch* ("Let the small fish look at me"). A huge whale answered the call, and laid himself alongside the bluff. Glooscap saw him, but informed him that he was too small for his purpose. "I want one," said he, "so large that he will touch the deep bottom here." So the small fellow withdrew; and soon another, of the desired proportions, presented himself, and called, *Noojeech, cogoorwā parwōtīmūn?* ("Little grandson, what is your wish?") *Nīkskamīch* ("Grandfather, I wish you to take me across the water, to a distant land in the west"). "Get on my back, then," said the whale. So Glooscap descended, and sat upon the back of the huge monster, which then moved off with his burden. After proceeding some hours at a rapid rate, the whale inquired: "My grandson, does not the bow-string appear above the horizon?"—referring to the first sight of land, extending along and rising, perhaps, in the middle, like a bent bow. *Mogwāā* ("No"), was the answer. Whereupon the whale put forth a little extra exertion, and pushed rapidly on until he could see the bottom, and the small shells that lay scattered there; he then repeated the question, inquiring if land was not yet in sight. Glooscap

assured him that it was not, although this was untrue, — for they were rapidly nearing shore. "I see the shells on the bottom," said the whale. "That is because we are passing over a ledge of rocks," answered Glooscap, wishing to deceive the whale, in order to drive him close to land, so that he could easily reach the shore. The whale then dashed furiously on, and ran his head up high and dry upon the shore. Glooscap leaped off his back, and the whale answered quietly, "You have done it for me." But Glooscap placed his bow against the whale's huge carcass, and gently pushed him off into deep water. "My little grandson," said the whale, "have n't you some piece of a broken pipe to give me?" "I have," said Glooscap; and forthwith he filled one with tobacco, lighted it, and placed it in the whale's mouth. The whale puffed out volumes of smoke at intervals as he swam off towards his distant home. Glooscap ascended a high hill to watch him as he went; as far as he could see, he saw the volumes of smoke rolling up at intervals into the air. The two were then separated, to meet no more. Glooscap went on his way. The Micmacs expect his return in due time, and look for the end of their oppressions and troubles when he comes back.

[Related to me by Josiah Jeremy, Sept. 26, 1869.]

XXXIV.

THE INDIAN FANATIC.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, in the region of Mirimichi, there lived an Indian whose name was Abistānāooch' (Marten), who became deranged on the subject of religion, and persuaded himself that he was God; he succeeded in deluding also an entire village of Indians into the same fanaticism. He introduced new doctrines, new forms of worship, and new customs. Dancing was introduced into their worship; day was turned into night, and night into day, as they slept in the daytime and had their prayers and did their work in the night. This fanatic succeeded in obtaining so much reverence for himself that people would come in where he sat concealed from view behind a curtain, and would reverently kiss his feet, which were left exposed for that purpose.¹

This state of things continued for some time; and such was the power of Satan over these foolish people that their food, after it was cooked, turned into charcoal.

After a while an uncle of the fanatic — a brother of his mother — heard of his nephew's doings, and went to the village to oppose him. He inquired in a loud, authoritative voice

¹ One of his sons refused to obey his father, the pretended deity, neglected worship altogether, and indulged in unbridled iniquity. He was often reproved, rebuked, and exhorted by the others, all to no purpose. Finally his father was informed of his son's misdeeds, — that he was becoming a very demon, and would certainly soon be in hell. The old man said he could tell whether their complaints and accusations were just or not; so, taking a large book, he read for a while, and then, closing it with great force, he shouted, "Let him be so!" This was repeated three times, and the young man sat unharmed by his side. Thereupon the father declared him to be belied, reproached his accusers, and sent them away.

where his nephew was. "Hush!" said the people; "don't speak so loud, — God is here." He answered, "I will speak as loud as I please; he is not God, but the Devil. He has given himself into the hands of the Devil, and you have all done the same thing. You are all deluded, crazy fools, and are going to eternal perdition." Rushing into the wigwam, where the impostor was hid behind his screen, he seized the curtain and tore it into shreds, and at the same time laid lustily over the back and sides of the impostor with a heavy bundle of rods, which he had taken care to provide for the purpose. Having soundly thrashed him, he exhorted him to repentance and to penance, — enforcing his exhortations with commands and threats, and addressing himself at the same time with energy to the guilty dupes of this fellow's imposture. They were directed to send for a priest, and to humble themselves before God and him, to submit to his counsels and to the penance he might impose, and to entreat his prayers in their behalf, that they might be delivered from the power of Satan and forgiven.

These exhortations, so earnestly urged, and enforced by such mental and physical energy, had the desired effect. A priest was called, penance was submitted to; and all parties, not excluding Abistānāooch' himself, were reclaimed and pardoned. This man's descendants were numerous, and are still to be found. The story is well known among the Indians.

[Related by Stephen Hood, Sept. 29, 1869. He affirms that it is a fact.]

XXXV.

GLOOSCAP, KUHKW, AND COOLPŪJŌT.

THE tradition respecting Glooscap¹ is that he came to this country from the east, — far across the great sea; that he was a divine being, though in the form of a man. He was not far from any of the Indians (this is the identical rendering of the Indian words used by my friend Stephen in relating the sketches of his history here given). When Glooscap went away, he went toward the west. There he is still tented; and two important personages are near him, who are called Kuhkw and Coolpŭjŏt, — of whom more anon.

Glooscap was the friend and teacher of the Indians; all they knew of the arts he taught them. He taught them the names of the constellations and stars; he taught them how to hunt and fish, and cure what they took; how to cultivate the ground, as far as they were trained in husbandry. When he first came, he brought a woman with him, whom he ever addressed as Noogŭmich' (Grandmother), — a very general epithet for an old woman. She was not his wife, nor did he ever have a wife. He was always sober, grave, and good; all that the Indians knew of what was wise and good he taught them.

His canoe was a granite rock. On one occasion he put to sea in this craft, and took a young woman with him as

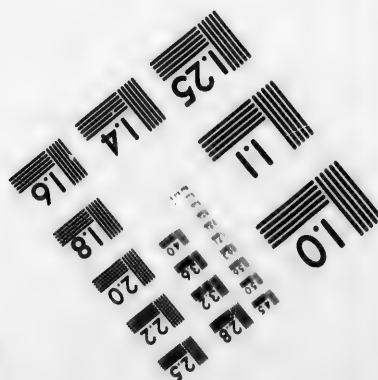
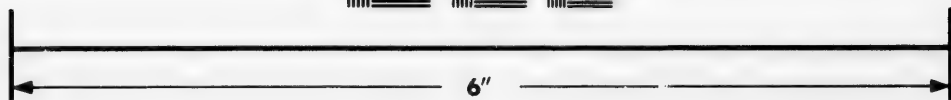
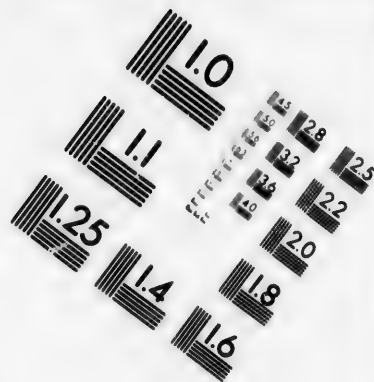
¹ This remarkable personage figures in all their *atookvoŭkŭns*. Here is evidently a clear tradition of God as the friend, companion, guide, instructor, and helper of the human race; it would suit the idea that the Indians are the Lost Tribes of Israel. This Divine Friend leaving them on account of their disobedience, and their longing expectation of his return, looks marvellously like the Jewish expectation of a Messiah, and of the reason given by the prophets why God forsook them in former days.

a passenger. She proved to be a bad girl; and this was manifested by the troubles that ensued. A storm arose, and the waves dashed wildly over the canoe; he accused her of being the cause, through her evil deeds, and so he determined to rid himself of her. For this purpose he stood in for the land, leaped ashore, but would not allow her to follow; putting his foot against the heavy craft, he pushed it off to sea again with the girl on it, telling her to become whatever she desired to be. She was transformed into a large, ferocious fish, called by the Indians *keegânibc*, said to have a huge dorsal fin,—like the sail of a boat, it is so large and high out of the water.

The Indians sometimes visit Glooscap at his present residence, so says tradition; this is in a beautiful land in the west. He taught them when he was with them that there was such a place, and led them to look forward to a residence there, and to call it their beautiful home in the far west,—where, if good, they would go at death.

The journey to that fair region far away is long, difficult, and dangerous; the way back is short and easy. Some years ago, seven stout-hearted young men attempted the journey, and succeeded. Before reaching the place, they had to pass over a mountain, the ascent of which was up a perpendicular bluff, and the descent on the other side was still more difficult, for the top hung far over the base. The fearful and unbelieving could not pass at all; but the good and confident could travel it with ease and safety, as though it were a level path.

Having crossed the mountain, the road ran between the heads of two huge serpents, which lay just opposite each other; and they darted out their tongues, so as to destroy whomsoever they hit. But the good and the firm of heart could dart past between the strokes of their tongues, so as to evade them. One more difficulty remained; it was a wall, as of a thick, heavy cloud, that separated the present world from that beautiful region beyond. This cloudy wall



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rose and fell at intervals, and struck the ground with such force that whatever was caught under it would be crushed to atoms; but the good could dart under when it rose, and come out on the other side unscathed.

This our seven young heroes succeeded in doing.¹ There they found three wigwams, — one for Glooscap, one for Coolpūjōt, and one for Kuhkw. These are all mighty personages, but Glooscap is supreme; the other two are subordinates. Coolpūjōt has no bones. He cannot move himself, but is rolled over each spring and fall by Glooscap's order, being turned with handspikes; hence the name Coolpūjōt (rolled over by handspikes). In the autumn he is turned towards the west, in the spring towards the east; and this is a figure of speech, denoting the revolving seasons of the year, — his mighty breath and looks, by which he can sweep down whole armies and work wonders on a grand scale, indicating the weather: frost, snow, ice, and sunshine. (Such was Stephen's very satisfactory explanation.)

Kuhkw means Earthquake; this mighty personage can pass along under the surface of the ground, making all things shake and tremble by his power.

All these seven visitors had requests to proffer, and each received what he asked for; though the gift did not always correspond with the spirit of the request, it oftentimes agreed with the letter. For instance, one of these seven visitors was wonderfully enamoured of a fine country, and expressed a desire to remain there, and to live long; whereupon, at Glooscap's direction, Earthquake took him and stood him up, and he became a cedar-tree. When the wind blew through its boughs, they were bent and broken with great fracas, — making a thunder-storm that rolled far and wide over the country, accompanied by strong winds, which scattered the cedar-boughs and seeds in all directions, producing

¹ I strongly suspect that there is some mistake here, and that my informant has confounded the traditions respecting the passage of souls to the happy abode of the blest, with the journey of mortals to Glooscap's present residence.

all the cedar-groves that exist in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and elsewhere.

The other men started, and reached home in a short time.

One of them had asked for a medicine that would be effectual in curing disease. This he obtained ; but, neglecting to follow implicitly the directions given, he lost it before he reached home. It was carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, and he was charged not to undo the parcel until he reached home. His curiosity got the better of his judgment ; he could not see what difference it could make if he just looked at his prize as he was going along. So he undid the parcel, and *presto!* the medicine slipped out on the ground, spread and slid in all directions, covering up the face of the earth, and vanishing from sight.¹

On another occasion several young men went to see Glooscap in his present abode. One of them went to obtain the power of winning the heart of some fair one, which all his unaided skill had failed hitherto to do ; an hundred times he had tried to get a wife, but the girls all shunned him. Many of the party who started on this perilous expedition failed to overcome the difficulties that lay in their way, and turned back, baffled and defeated ; but several of them succeeded. They were all hospitably entertained ; all presented their requests, and were favorably heard. The man who sought power to captivate some female heart was the last to proffer his petition. Glooscap and his two subordinates conferred together in a whisper, and then Earthquake informed him that his ugly looks and still more ugly manners were the chief hindrances to his success ; but they must try to help him. So he was handed a small parcel, and directed not to open it until he reached his own village ; this he took, and they all set off for home together. The night before they arrived, he could restrain his curiosity no longer ; he opened the parcel, the foolish fellow ! Out flew young women by the

¹ Here would be a striking lesson respecting the ruinous effects of an undue and unrestrained curiosity.

scores and hundreds, covering the face of the earth, piling themselves in towering heaps, and burying the poor fellow, crushing him to the earth under the accumulating weight of their bodies. His comrades had cautioned him against disobeying the mandate, and had begged him not to undo the parcel; but he had not heeded the caution. They now heard him calling for help, but he called in vain, they could not help him; and his cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Morning came at last. The young women had all vanished, and the fragments of their comrade were scattered over the ground; he had been killed and ground to atoms as the result of his unbridled curiosity and disobedience.

In former days, water covered the whole Annapolis and Cornwallis valley. Glooscap cut out a passage at Cape Split and at Annapolis Gut, and thus drained off the pond and left the bottom dry; long after this the valley became dry land. Aylesford bog was a vast lake; in this lake there was a beaver-house; and hence the Indian name to this day, — Cobeetëk (the beaver's home). Out of this beaver-house Glooscap drove a small beaver, and chased it down to the Bras d'Or lake in Cape Breton, — pursuing it in a canoe all the way. There it ran into another beaver-house, but was killed; and the house was turned into a high-peaked island; Glooscap feasted the Indians there. A few years ago a heavy freshet tore up the earth in those regions, and laid bare the huge bones of the beaver upon whose flesh Glooscap and his guests had feasted, — monstrous thigh-bones, the joints being as big as a man's head, and teeth huge in proportion.

In cutting open a beaver-dam at Cape Chignecto, a small portion of the earth floated away; and Glooscap changed it into a moose and set his dogs on it. The moose took to the bay and made off; whereupon Glooscap turned him back into land, made him an island, — the Isle of Holt, — and fixed him there. He changed the dogs into

rocks, which may be seen to this day, seated on their haunches, with their tongues lolling out of their mouths; the plain is called Ooteel (his dogs). Spenser's Island is his kettle turned over; and the scraps he shovelled out when trying out his oil still lie scattered around, but turned into stone.

[Related to me Sept. 30, 1869, by Stephen Hood, a very intelligent and reliable Indian.]

XXXVI.

A WAR STORY.

SAVED BY A CHIP.

A MICMAC, with his wife and a female relative of hers, went one autumn up the river, for the purpose of hunting. The village to which they belonged was some distance down the river. After a while the women were seized with a feeling of terror, as though some evil were at hand. When the man came in from hunting, they mentioned their impressions to him, and inquired if he had any such feelings himself; he assured them that he had not, but that he was quite sure he would have if any untoward event were upon the point of happening. He laughed at their fears, and so they said nothing more about them; but the uneasiness remained, — they could not divest themselves of the idea that a band of warriors was coming down to murder them.

One day not long after this, the two women were out gathering firewood, when, becoming thirsty, they went down to the river for a drink. They were surprised to see a quantity of chips floating by. They picked up one, and took it home; evidently it had not come there without hands. Some one must have been at work chopping above them; and so many chips could scarcely have fallen into the river unless a bridge over it were being constructed.¹

When the man came in, he was shown the chip. "You laughed at our fears," said his wife, "but what do you say

¹ *UsookumgAkân* (a crossing-place), made by felling tall trees across; and as the trees were cut near the edge of the water, the chips would of course fall in, float down, and thus bear the news of their approach.

now? What do you think of this?" —tossing the chip to him. "We took it out of the river; and there were many more like it floating by." He took the chip in his hand, and examined it. The evidence was clear that parties were chopping above them, and that they could not be friends, as none of their own tribe was above them; it was evident, therefore, that they must be enemies. The man immediately directed the women to gather up their possessions and start for home, to alarm the village. The canoe was launched; no time was to be lost, and they were soon, with all their effects, passing rapidly down towards their home.

The Indian left a magic sentinel, however, behind. He took his *wijepōde* (pouch) made of a fox-skin, and doubled it across a branch of a tree near the wigwam. This was his *teomūl*, — his charm, his tutelar manitoo, — which had the power to warn them if an enemy came there; and sure enough, about midnight, from the little island where they were encamped, they heard the fox bark. This was sufficient; they hastened forward and sounded the alarm. All were immediately astir. The warriors armed themselves. According to the Indian custom, they prepared to feed their foes before the fight; they extemporized a large lodge for that purpose, and cooked up a bountiful supply of provisions.

It was not long before the war-party arrived; they were met in a friendly manner, and feasted preparatory to the fight, — or, as the story goes, to the play.

After the eating was over, the chief of the Kwédèches rose and commenced the exercises by dancing the war-dance and singing a war-song. This was the song: —

"Ho-egānū! hogei-egānū!
Ho-egānū,! hogei-egānū!"

The Micmacs answered this with a kind of defiant grunt:

"Hěh, ěh! hěh, ěh! hěh, ěh!"

After the Kwéděch had danced and sung sufficiently, it was the Micmac's turn. His words and tune were different; but

in both cases no particular meaning can now be attached to either of them.

The Micmac words were: —

"Kwěd-ăi-look-tan-o'!

Kwěd-ăi-look-tan-ŭ!"¹

The play now commences. The Kwědēch chief rushes upon the Micmac chief, and aims a deadly blow at his head with a hatchet; this is parried either by art or by magic, and all engage in the fray. The Micmacs conquer. All their enemies are killed but two, and they are dismissed to carry home the news; they are carefully instructed relative to the important part the two women had in the victory. "Tell your people," says the chief, "that your warriors were all defeated and destroyed by two women." The nature of this consolation can be readily appreciated.

In due time vengeance is taken on the women; a village of the Micmacs is surprised by the Kwědēches during the absence of the men, and all the women and children are put to death. But this triumph is soon avenged. The fathers, husbands, and brothers, returning to camp, see the mangled bodies of the women and children, and are soon in full pursuit of the retreating, spoil-encumbered foe; they overtake, attack, conquer, and kill them all.

[Related to me by Stephen Hood in Micmac, Sept. 30, 1869.]

¹ The Indians are exceedingly careful of their songs. I have never heard them sung and explained, to my recollection, before; the friend who gave them to me laid me under a ban not to expose him. Poor old Jo Cope, now dead, who taught them to him some years ago, came near paying dearly for it. *Kwědaloooktoot* is a verb, meaning "to sing this song" (infinitive, *kwědalook*).

Kwědalooktano'

Kwědalook-tānoo (on a level)

Kwědalooktano'

Kwědalooktan'

Kwědalooktāno

(I must kill! I must slaughter! I must slaughter! I must kill!)

Kwědaloooktādēnk, singing and acting the trying tune and song.

XXXVII.

THE MAN WHO SAVED HIMSELF AND WIFE.

A WAR STORY.

A MAN and his wife lived alone in the woods near a lake, but some distance from the village. It was a time of war; and as depredations were continually made by the enemy upon single families, they could not but be apprehensive of evil. The man, however, was very much attached to his wife; and he assured her from time to time that he would never desert her, — no, not even to save his own life.

One night they were startled by the approach of the enemy, — a small company, of about twelve men; and our hero, on the first alarm, darted out of the wigwam and fled. His wife ran after him. They were pursued, and the woman was soon overtaken and captured. She called aloud to her husband for help, and reminded him of his promise never to desert her; he thereupon turned back and rescued her. The way was so blocked up by the enemy, that he had no means of escape except by rushing into the water. She followed him; and he, before getting beyond his depth, turned around and kept the foe at bay, — his wife standing behind him for shelter while he fought. From thence he shot his arrows and used the tomahawk; he then succeeded in killing all his foes but two; these two yielded. He took one of them, and marked him by cutting off his ear and slitting his under lip; he then dismissed them to carry the tidings home.

XXXVIII.

STEPHEN HOOD'S DREAM.

[AFTER obtaining the war-songs recorded in Legend XXXVI., friend Stephen gave me a serious caution. I must, he said, be careful where I sang them; should I sing them among the people of a certain tribe in Canada, — he did not quite know by what name they were called in English, — it might cost me my life. To illustrate and prove what he said, he related the following dream and its fulfilment.]

ABOUT twenty years ago, he said, he was in the vicinity of Paradise, Wilmot, Nova Scotia. Coming home one night, weary and sleepy, he lay down to rest. He soon fell asleep, and dreamed that the wigwam was light, and that it was as light as day out-of-doors. He thought that he looked out and saw a man, a stranger, creeping on his hands and feet, and hiding behind an old stump that was near. He awoke; and the dream was so vivid that he caught up his little axe and walked out. It was really as light as day, and he saw the top of a man's head behind the stump. Walking up to the stump, he called out to him and inquired who he was, and what he was doing there. Taken thus by surprise, the fellow showed himself, and the light was gone. He was invited in. The mother, wife, and others were frightened at the stranger, but Stephen was not; he had conquered him. They attempted to converse with him, but he could not speak Micmac; he spoke in his own tongue, which was unintelligible to them. Stephen's mother asked him in French if he spoke that language; but he did not.

Then they tried English, and succeeded. The fellow was large, and had his nose pierced in the cartilage, as though for nose-rings. Stephen proposed to hunt with him; they agreed that he should do so, and receive ten dollars per month. They went pleasantly on for several weeks. But one day, while they were busy out-of-doors, Sam Navel Labrador took up his axe, and coming along by the stranger, began in sport *kwēdalooktanó* (to sing); the fellow was soon trembling all over, as though certain of being killed. Stephen assured him that Sam Navel was only in fun, but he could hardly be pacified.

After the season of porpoising was over, they took their oil to St. John; during the delay, and while several pounds were due the Canadian Indian, he slipped off without getting his pay, and went home. He told Stephen if any one had sung that song in his country, he would have been instantly killed.

[The above story was related by my friend Stephen Hood; and from what I know of the man, I cannot doubt its accuracy. But after all, it inspires no fear in my bosom. I shall, however, endeavor to use wisely the tunes which I have nearly learned, and intend to finish learning and commit to paper. *Ow̄w̄scōōk* is the Micmac name for a spy; this man was an *ow̄w̄scōōk*.]

XXXIX.

THE DEATH OF A SPY IN CAPE BRETON.

A FEW years ago, the Indians were assembled in Pōtloedēk, Cape Breton, on Saint Ann's Day; and by what they heard and saw they were led to conclude that there were *owwōtsōōdēs* (spies) from Canada on the island. It was proposed by the young men to use their guns upon them; but the old chief, Tooma, would not allow it. One night, however, one of the boys fired upon them. The next day they traced the blood to where he had been carried and buried; a *luscun* (signboard) was set up, informing them that there were twelve of the strangers, who had no evil intentions, and need not have been fired upon.

The Indians have the impression, however, that spies deserve to be killed even in times of peace. Why should they conceal themselves, if their intentions are good? Why should they not boldly present themselves, and deal above-board, when they could be treated with all hospitality?

XL.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

THE following singular story was related to me by Stephen Hood. A captive had fallen into the hands of the Micmacs, and the Micmac chief had taken him into his family and treated him kindly. The Micmac was a mighty magician; and after a while, perceiving that his Kwëdëch friend was longing for home, he asked him if he wished to return to his own country. He frankly owned that he did. "Then let us go into the woods, and obtain birch-bark for building a canoe." So into the woods they went, and camped out all night. Suspecting that the Kwëdëch might attempt to kill him during his sleep, the Micmac took precaution to hide his *memājooðkân*¹ out of doors somewhere, so that he could not be killed. The other, seeing him apparently in his power, chopped off his head and cut him up into quarters, and made off. All this, however, could not destroy him, as the living principle had been taken out and hidden. By and by he awoke from his sleep, and found himself lying about in pieces; he went to work, picked himself up, and put himself together as best he could, introduced the vital principle, and was all right again, except a few slight pains.

[I had so many stories to remember that day without notes, that I lost this altogether until I recalled it this evening; and now, several days having elapsed since I first heard it, I find it impossible to remember the details of the beginning and the close. So I leave it here, and wait until I hear it again.]

¹ *Memājooðkân*, life, soul, seat of life.

XLI.

AN INDIAN TURNED INTO A CHĚNOO.

[I LEARNED from Ben Brooks to-day that the ChĚnoos were not supposed to be a distinct race, like the Kookwĕses, but that they were simply common Indians transformed. The following two anecdotes were given as illustrations. They are supposed to be of modern date, — since the so-called conversion of Indians to Christianity.]

SOME distance up the river Sagunay, a branch turns off to the north, and runs far into the region of ice and snow. Up this branch, one fall, ten or a dozen families ascended in their canoes, to hunt and trap; they were obliged to pass the winter there, so that in the spring they might bring down their fur and meat by water after the ice was gone. Among those hunters was a youth who fell desperately in love with one of the young women. She was about twenty years of age; she did not favor the young man's advances, but flatly refused him. This roused his savage ire, and he vowed revenge. He hinted darkly that some calamity would soon befall her; nor was he long in finding the means of fulfilling his own prediction. Being somewhat skilled in medicine, he soon found some herb, from which he manufactured a powerful soporific drug. Stealing into the lodge one night, after all the inmates were asleep, he carefully held it to her nose, so that she might inhale the narcotic perfume; he had a good opportunity for this, as she lay with her face up, and her mouth wide open. She was thus put into a sound sleep, from which she could not be awakened. He then went out and rolled up a snow-ball,

making it hard and as large as his two fists; this he brought in, and placed in the hollow of her neck, just below her throat; he then retired without being discovered. The sleep-producing drug prevented the girl from awaking, while the snow melted and extended its chilling influence over the region of her vitals. When, after many hours of sound sleep, she awoke, she was chilly, shivering, and sick; she said nothing, however, but refused to eat. This continued for some time, until her parents became alarmed, and inquired what the matter was with her. She insisted that nothing was the matter, but still refused to eat; she was ill and cross, and would not work. One day she was induced to go to the spring for water; she stayed so long that her mother became uneasy, and went to look after her. She approached cautiously, so as not to be discovered, and found the girl greedily eating snow. She asked her what she meant by that. The girl replied that she had a burning sensation at her stomach, which the snow relieved; and more than that, she craved the snow, and the taste of it was pleasant.

After a few days she began to grow fierce, as though ready to kill somebody. Finally, she requested her parents to kill her. She was very fond of them, as they were of her; and she told them that unless they killed her she would kill them,—not that she desired to do so, but she felt herself uncontrollably impelled towards it; her whole nature was being changed.

"How can we kill you?" her mother inquired. "You must shoot me," she replied; "you must fire seven¹ guns at me, all together. And if you can kill me with seven shots, all will be well; but if you fail to do it by firing seven guns at me seven times, you will not kill me at all, but I shall kill you."

This was done. Seven guns were loaded; and seven men, standing at the door, aimed at her heart, as she sat in the wigwam just opposite. She was not bound. The guns went

¹ Note the mystic number, seven.

off, and every ball struck her in the breast; but she sat there firm and unmoved. As she had previously directed them, they immediately proceeded to reload their pieces. Again they fired, and every ball hit and went through her; but she neither fell nor faltered. Six times their guns were discharged, — when she looked up with an encouraging smile, as much as to say, "You will succeed." The seventh discharge was made, and she fell forward dead, with her body, and especially her heart, completely riddled with bullets. They now proceeded to burn her body, according to the directions she had previously given them. They left her lying in the wigwam where she fell, and proceeded to fill it with dry pine fuel that would kindle up and flame and burn furiously. She, with all her surroundings, was soon reduced to ashes, except her heart. This had become congealed and hard as if frozen solid; and it required patience and perseverance to reduce it. All was at last accomplished, and the Indians immediately left the place. The girl had evidently been brought under the power of an evil spirit, and had been transformed, or was rapidly becoming transformed, into a Chénoo, — one of those wild, fierce, unconquerable beings. But the transformation was going on contrary to her wishes, and she was being impelled to do deeds from which her better nature shrank; it was in order to avoid killing and devouring her parents that she caused herself to be killed.

The Indians all immediately moved down to the shore, where they were obliged to await the breaking of the ice. Thither, after emptying their *tšoktägüns*,¹ they conveyed on sleds their provisions and furs, — the result of the winter's hunting. They dreaded and avoided the place where the poor girl was killed; they feared lest some particle of her flesh might remain unconsumed. Should that have been the case, all their labor would have been in vain; from that

¹ Cribbs raised from the ground, in which the dried meat was packed to keep it from the weather and the moisture of the ground.

particle of unconsumed flesh would sprout and spring a full-fledged ChĚnoo, from whom no mercy could be expected, and from whose fury and power there could be no escape.

When the snows melted, and the ice on the river thawed, they launched their canoes and returned to their village.

XLII.

ANOTHER CHĒNOO TRANSFORMATION.

SOMEWHERE near the river Sagunay,¹ six men, without their families, went out one fall to hunt. They would have to pass the winter there, as usual, as they could not convey their fur and venison home except by water, and this could not be done till the ice melted in the spring.

These six men were all connected; they were brothers, uncles, and nephews. They always said their prayers before lying down to sleep.

After a while something went wrong with the eldest member of the party. He refused to eat; he would neither go out hunting, nor would he say his prayers. He usually led their devotions, and they had looked up to him as their counsellor and guide. Now they were alarmed; for they thought that he must be sick, and they feared that he would die. Should he die, they could not leave him there, — they would have to bring him all the way to the village, in order to lay him in consecrated ground. He began to look very surly, and finally told them to go home and leave him there.

They talked over the strange affair among themselves. What could it mean? Was he laying a plan to cheat them out of their share of what they had taken? A week passed. He was evidently becoming worse; his countenance was more wild and fierce, and his eyes flashing and glassy. "Off home with you," said he, "as fast as you can go, if you know when you are well off! Take all you can with you; I shall remain here." "But, uncle, what will become

¹ The Micmacs call this river Tādoosóke, because of the steep, perpendicular rocks that line the shore. The Indians who reside there are called Oosâgūnâk', — from which the English name of the river evidently comes.

of you if we leave you here?" they asked. He replied that they need not trouble themselves about him; he could take care of himself. All they had to do was to hasten home and let him alone, or it would be worse for them.

So they load up their sledges, and start on their journey. After a long, heavy, and sorrowful march through the woods, they reach the village; and all gather round to learn why they have come home in midwinter, and what has become of their comrade. "He became wild and drove us away," is their reply. It is now determined to send out a strong party to bring him in, dead or alive. About thirty strong men start out on the expedition. When they reach the place where they left him, all is quiet; there is no smoke rising from the wigwam in which they left him, nor do they see any other signs of life there. They conclude that he is dead. Approaching cautiously, they look in; he is not there, but he has left his moccasins, his gun, and his hat. They hunt around for his tracks; by and by they discover which way he went. Snow has fallen since; the tracks are old, but they can be followed. When they see his gun and his moccasins, they are sure that, if he is alive, he possesses superhuman power; for otherwise he could not go barefooted through the snow, or subsist without the means of providing game. After a while they find his coat, which he has thrown off. Night comes on, and they halt until morning. As soon as it is daylight, and they can discern the tracks, they are off again. He has gone over the crust naked and barefooted; and sometimes, in sinking through the crust, he has left his blood on the snow,—the sharp crust having scraped and barked his shins. He has been running due north, and his leaps over the snow have increased in length as he has advanced towards those frozen regions; a moose could not jump farther. They are forced to give him up. He had evidently been transformed into a ferocious Northman,—a Chĕnoo; and they abandoned the pursuit and returned to their village, glad to have escaped

an encounter with so formidable a foe as he would have proved had they come up with him. He was never heard of again.

[Such is the story. The inference is that if it be not all fiction, the man had become deranged, and had wandered away and died. The case of the girl presents greater difficulties; its historical basis, however, if it had any, might be the same, — a case of lunacy, fiction and figure adding the incredible details.]

XLIII.

GLOOSCAP AND HIS FOUR VISITORS.

SOON after Glooscap had left the Indians, four men agreed to go in search of him. They did not know where he was, and therefore they did not know which way to go; but they knew that while he was with them he was never very far away, and that he could always be found by those who diligently sought him. This encouraged them to undertake the search, and continue it for many months; their diligence was in the end crowned with success.

They started from their home in the spring of the year, and continued their journey and their search until winter. Nor did they stop then, but persevered until spring, and on through the ensuing season, until midsummer.

The first indication of success was the discovery of a small path in the forest. They did not know whither it led, but they followed it. It brought them out to a beautiful river; the path continued to wind along the bank of this river, until the river spread out into a broad, beautiful lake. Still following the path, which was marked by blazed trees,¹ they at length reached an extensive point of land running far out into the lake. Looking on from the top of a hill, they saw smoke ascending through the trees, and soon came up to a large, well-constructed wigwam. They entered, and found seated on the right a man apparently about forty years old, who looked healthy and hale; on the other side a very aged woman was seated, doubled over with age, as though she were about an hundred years old. On the part of the wig-

¹ The blazing was, as is always the case among Indians, on the side directly opposite the direction in which the wigwam lay; so that the mark can be seen as you go on towards the wigwam, but not as you go from it.

wam opposite the door, and on the left-hand side, a mat was spread out, as though a third person had a seat there.

The visitors were welcomed in, and invited to seat themselves. They were not asked whence they had come, or whither they were going;¹ the man was affable, pleasant, and evidently well pleased (*wēledaasit keseg'ooñ*).

After a while they hear the plash of a paddle in the water, and the noise of a canoe. Then they hear approaching footsteps; and soon a young man enters, well clad and of fine form and features, bringing in his weapons, and showing that he has been hunting. He addresses the old woman, calling her *Keejoo* (Mother), and tells her that he has brought home some game. This is, according to Indian custom, left outside for the woman to bring in, dress, and cook. The old woman, weak and tottering, rises with great difficulty, and makes her way out for the game; she manages to bring in the four or five beavers which have been killed, and commences operations upon them. But she makes slow and feeble progress; then the more aged man addresses the younger, calling him *Uchkeen* ("My younger brother"), and tells him to take the work out of her hands and finish it himself. He does so; and in a short time a portion is cooked and set before the weary and hungry guests, who do ample justice to the repast.

There they remain and are hospitably entertained for about a week. They rest and recruit themselves after their long and tiresome journey. Time and travel have made sad work with their wardrobes; their clothes are torn to pieces, and their skin is peeping out in all directions.

One morning the elder man tells the younger to wash their mother's face. (They had concluded that the old woman was the mother of these two men.) He proceeds to do as directed. As soon as he washes her face, the wrinkles vanish, and she becomes young-looking and very fair. Her

¹ Among all tribes of Indians, these questions are almost invariably asked of strangers when they arrive, or whenever they chance to meet.

hair is then combed out, braided, and rolled up and fastened in a knot on the back of her head. It is no longer white, but black and glossy. He arrays her in a beautiful dress; and now, instead of being old, bent down, and decrepit, she becomes straight, active, and young. The men look on at the transformation in utter bewilderment. They perceive that whoever their host is, he is possessed, in a high degree, of supernatural powers. He has given them an illustration of what he is able to do. They are invited to walk around and survey the place. The situation is seen to be delightful in the extreme. Tall trees with luxuriant foliage, and covered with beautiful, fragrant blossoms, extend in all directions; they are so free from limbs and underbrush, and they stand in rows so straight and so far apart, that the visitors can see a long distance in every direction. The air is balmy and sweet, and everything wears the impress of health, repose, and happiness.

The owner of this blissful domain now inquires from whence they have come, and they tell him. He inquires the object of their journey, and they tell him that they are in search of Glooscap; he informs them that he himself is Glooscap. He next inquires what they want him to do for them; and one by one they tell him. One says, "I am a wicked man, and have an ugly temper. I wish to be pious, meek, and holy." "All right," says Glooscap. The next says, "I am very poor, and find it difficult to make a living. I wish to be rich." "Very well," is the answer. The third says, "I am despised and hated by my people, and I wish to be loved and respected." "So be it," says Glooscap. The fourth says, "I am desirous of living a long time." Glooscap shakes his head at this. "You have asked a hard thing," he tells him. "Nevertheless, we will see what we can do for you."

The next day they prepare a festival, and all four are feasted and sumptuously entertained. They are then taken to the top of a hill which is very high and difficult of access.

The ground is rocky, broken, and totally unfit for cultivation. On the very apex of this hill,¹ where the sun would shine from morning until night, they halt; and Glooscap takes the man who had desired to live a long time, clasps him around the loins, lifts him from the ground, and then puts him down again, passing his clasped hands up over the man's head, and giving him a twist or two as he moves his hands upwards, transforms him into an old gnarled cedar-tree, with limbs growing out rough and ugly all the way from the bottom. "There!" says he to the cedar-tree; "I cannot say exactly how long you will live, — the Great Spirit alone can tell that. But I think that you will not be likely to be disturbed for a good while, as no one can have any object in cutting you down; you are yourself unfit for any earthly purpose, and the land around you is of no use for cultivation. I think that you will stand there for a good, long while."

The three companions are horror-stricken at the scene; they mourn the loss of their comrade, and shudder at their own fate, expecting that something no less terrible awaits them. But their fears are soon dispelled. Returning to the lodge, he opens his *upsākūmoode* (medicine-bag), and taking out three small boxes, gives one to each, and furnishes all three with new suits of apparel, all beautifully finished and ornamented; they doff their old clothes, and put on the new ones.

He now inquires of them when they intend to go home, and in what direction their home lies; they inform him that they wish to return immediately, but are utterly ignorant of the way, — it took them one whole summer, a whole winter, and half another summer to come; their home must be very far away, and the prospect of ever again finding it is small. He smiles, and tells them that he knows the way well, having often travelled it. They request him to be their guide; he agrees to do so, and bright and early the next morning they prepare to start.

¹ *Keneskwākkūlk*, from the top of a hill (sugar-loaf).

Morning dawns; Glooscap puts on his belt and leads off, and they follow. About the middle of the forenoon they reach the top of a high mountain. From thence they can discern another mountain away in the distance, the blue outlines of which are just in sight above the horizon; the men conclude that it will take them at least a week to reach it. They push on; and to their astonishment, at about the middle of the afternoon they have reached the top of this second mountain. From the top of this they are directed to look around; and lo! all is familiar to them. They are perfectly acquainted with hill and forest, lake and river; and Glooscap says to them, "There is your own native village." Then he leaves them, and returns. They go on, and before sunset are at home.

When they arrive no one knows them, their new and splendid robes have so changed their appearance for the better. They tell who they are, however, and are soon surrounded by old and young, male and female, who listen with amazement as they recount their adventures.

They now open their boxes, which, according to Glooscap's directions, they have kept carefully closed till they reached their homes. The boxes contain a potent unguent; this they rub over their persons, and each one's desire is accomplished. The one who had been despised, hated, and shunned is now rendered beautiful, well-beloved, and withal so fragrant from the perfume of the "divine anointing," that his company is sought after by all. The one who had desired abundance is blessed in that line; success attends him in the chase, and plenty daily crowns his board. And, best of all, the man who had sought for durable riches and righteousness, and the honor that cometh from above, was not disappointed in this respect; he was ever after meek and devout.

[Related to me by Benjamin Brooks, Oct. 14, 1869, and written down the same day.

Here seems clearly to be a parable: —

1. All who seek divine help will find it. We may not know where God is; but let us search after him, and we shall find him.

2. Truth is disclosed to the mind gradually; we first find a small, dim path, but it becomes plainer; the Divinity is often found before he is known.

3. Here are four of the chief objects of human pursuit: religion, fame, wealth, and long life.

4. Those who diligently pursue after these things will, ordinarily, find them.

5. Sometimes an answer to an unreasonable request is given, but it proves to be a curse instead of a blessing; long life is granted, but at the expense of enjoyment and usefulness. Better a short and useful life than a long and useless one, like the gnarled and twisted cedar, not worth the cutting down.]

XLIV.

A CHILD NOURISHED BY A BEAR.

[MY friend Benjamin Brooks informs me that there is a family of Mooin (Bears) among the Indians, and his grandfather's second wife was one of them. He remembers asking her how the name came to be applied to them, and she told him the following story.]

A LONG time before either the French or the English people were heard of, there was in a certain village a little boy who was an orphan; he was in charge of no one in particular, and sometimes stayed in one wigwam and sometimes in another, having no home of his own.

As fall was verging towards winter, this little boy went out into the woods alone one day, to pick berries. Wandering on and on, he at last got lost; and when he attempted to find his way back to the village, he was unable to do so. Night came on, but he still pursued his way; by and by he saw a light, and making for it, he reached a wigwam, where he heard people talking within. Entering, he saw a woman seated there, and farther on he saw two small boys. The woman told him to come in, and the boys seemed delighted to see him. The woman gave him some food; he remained there all night, and was so well pleased that he remained there altogether.

As he had no home in particular, the people in the village did not miss him for several days. But they missed him at last, and a careful search was made for him; they could not find him, however, and gave him up as hopelessly lost.

Now, it so happened that the boy had entered a bear's den. In his bewilderment, he had mistaken the old bear for

a woman, and the two cubs for boys; he was not able, afterwards, to correct the error.

All winter long he remained. The bear had a store of dried meat laid up, and a good supply of berries; these berries were stirred up in a large *wiscōmde* (birchen vessel). These, together with the dried meat, were brought out and given to them when they were hungry.

Spring came; the ice broke up, and the smelts began to ascend into the fresh water in order to deposit their spawn. The Indians took advantage of the season to catch the smelts; and as usual, the bears took occasion to do the same thing.

The method of fishing adopted by the bears is to walk into the brook and sit down; then they spread out their fore-paws, make a grab at the fish, and toss them on to the bank. The Indians, knowing the habits of the bears, took occasion to hunt them at the same time that they fished for smelts. So one day a man looking for bears' tracks discovered those of an old bear and two cubs; along with these there was what seemed to be the tracks of a child's naked foot. "This is a queer-looking bear's track," said he to himself; "there is something remarkable about this; I must watch." So, going the next day about sundown,¹ he concealed himself near the place, and watched.

Presently he heard some one coming that way, and talking very busily as he came. Soon an old she-bear hove in sight, followed by two cubs and a small, naked boy. The boy and the cubs were engaged in earnest conversation. The man could distinctly hear and understand what the boy said; the boy could understand the cubs, but their talk sounded to the man just like the usual unmeaning murmur of young bears.

When the old bear reached the smelting-ground, she walked into the water and seated herself on her haunches,

¹ At sundown the smelts are most abundant; at this hour the bears and men, knowing the habits of smelts, pursue their piscatory practices.

and commenced seizing the smelts and tossing them out upon the bank. The boy walked in below, and drove them into the net; and the old bear, shouting at the top of her voice, *Přjedajík!* ("They are coming!") would throw them out in heaps as fast as a fisherman would with a scoop-net.¹

The man now returned home, and reported what he had seen. He felt satisfied that the boy he had seen among the bears was the one that had been lost; the boy was now five years old. All the village was in commotion; they determined to rescue the child, but it was difficult to decide how to do it. It was finally determined that all the men should go the next night to the fishing-place, and attempt to seize the boy and bring him home. The man who had made the discovery led the party. They took care not to cross the bear's course, and avoided the direction she had taken, so that she should not get the scent of their tracks and be alarmed. Arriving at the place, they concealed themselves, sat down, waited, and watched. Presently along came the bear and her two cubs, attended by the object of their search. They allowed them to become engaged in their work, as the noise of the running water and their attention to the smelts would prevent them from hearing the approach of the men; then they closed quietly in upon them, making the circle narrower and narrower; and finally, rushing upon the boy, they seized and held him fast. He yelled lustily, scratched and bit like a little bear,—showing that he had profited by the lessons he had received in the den; while the old bear, uttering fierce and defiant growls, slowly retired from the field, and refused either to give battle or to run. They allowed her to pass unmolested, and carried home their prize. He was wild and fierce; small black hairs had begun to sprout out upon his little naked body. But he was quieted and tamed in a short time, grew up, and was the progenitor of the family of the Bears. Naturally enough, they had named him Mooiin.

¹ The Indians affirm that bears actually fish for smelts in this way.

ADDITION TO THE BEAR STORY.

BEFORE the boy left the den of Mooīnāskw, she asked him to intercede with his friends, the Indian hunters, not to kill her. "But how will they know you from the rest?" inquired the boy. She directed him to climb a high tree and look around; he will see smoke rising here and there in all directions, as from a solitary wigwam. He will perceive that from some a larger volume of smoke arises than from others; those from which the largest volume of smoke arises are the dens of female bears, who, having families to nourish, are obliged to do a larger amount of cooking, and therefore to build larger fires.

[This addition was related to me by Mrs. Jim Paul, May 10, 1870, at Dartmouth.]

XLV.

BADGER AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

SOMEWHERE in the forest there resided an Indian, — a young man named Kekwajoo (Badger); he had with him a small boy, who was his brother. In order to secure their winter's supply, they retired into the midst of the woods, where game abounded. As they moved on, they came out to a large, beautiful lake covered with water-fowl. There were wild geese, brant, black ducks, wood-ducks, and all the smaller kinds, such as teals and whistlers.

The small boy was delighted with the sight; but he eagerly inquired of his brother how they were going to manage them. He answered, "Let us first go to work and build a large wigwam, and make it very strong, affixing to it a heavy, solid door." This was done. Kekwajoo then, being a magician, arranged his plans for decoying the geese and ducks to their destruction. The little boy received the orders. He was to go out on a point of land that extended far into the lake, and call the birds; he was to tell them that his brother was waiting in the wigwam, to give them a kingly reception. The boy went out, as directed; and Kekwajoo, arraying himself in his most splendid robes, seated himself in the part of the wigwam opposite the door; he leaned back with his eyes nearly closed, awaiting their approach.

Then the boy shouts at the top of his voice, calling to the birds to come in and attend upon their king, while he displays his royal authority and utters his high behests. In flock the birds through the open door; they arrange themselves around their monarch, in the order of their size. The wild-geese come nearest, and sit down; next to them the brant take their station, then the black ducks; and so

on, until the least in size are farthest off and nearest to the door. The little boy comes in last, sits down by the door, closes it as he has been directed, and holds it together.

He now, according to previous instructions, directs all the birds to close their eyes and keep them shut as tight as possible, until he gives them word to open them, or their eyes will burst when the king displays his royal magnificence. They obey to the letter. Whereupon Badger begins operations upon them, grasping each one tightly round the wings and legs, and crushing their heads with his teeth, — thus preventing all noise and fluttering. He proceeds quietly with the work of death, until he has finished all the wild-geese, brant, and black ducks. The small boy now begins to have his better feelings stirred. He sees no necessity for such wanton destruction, as it seems to him; they can never eat what are already killed. So, stooping down, he whispers into the ear of a small bird seated near him to open his eyes a little.

This the bird does cautiously, lest his eyes should burst; he sees to his horror what the man is doing. He immediately gives the alarm; he screams out, *Kēdūmmēdolk!* ("We are all killed!") Whereupon they all open their eyes, scream, and fill the wigwam with flutter, noise, and confusion worse confounded. The boy drops down as though knocked over in the general *mêlée*; the door flies open, and out the birds rush over his prostrate body. Kekwajoo in the mean time exerts himself to the utmost in seizing them and crushing their heads. The little boy seizes the last one by the legs and holds it fast, lest his brother should suspect the trick and administer condign punishment. He is suspected, for his brother seizes him roughly and threatens to flog him; but he begs off, and declares that the birds knocked him down and forced open the door, and that he could not possibly help it. This apology is accepted, and the two begin to pluck and dress the game. The giblets are carefully preserved, and the fowls are sliced up, dried, and thus preserved for their winter's store.

Time now passes on. They have plenty of food and fuel, and are comfortable in their lodge.

About midwinter they have a visitor. A little fellow comes smelling around, and finally enters the lodge; he is hungry, and intimates that he wishes to share in the abundance that evidently reigns there. His name is *Ābistānāooch'* (Marten), and he is entertained according to the rules of Indian hospitality. After a while another visitor arrives, whose name is *Ableegūmooch* (Rabbit); and they all dwell comfortably and cosily together, telling stories, and engaging in other pastimes.

One day Marten undertakes to quiz Rabbit. The latter is somewhat inclined to boast, and pretends that he has moved in a higher circle than his present company. He is proud of his white robe, and claims to have been the companion of the aristocracy; "he has kept company with gentlemen."

"What means that slit in your lip?" his comrade, the Marten, asks archly.

"Oh," says he, "over there where I live, we eat with knives and forks; and one day my knife slipped while I was eating, and I cut my lip."

"And pray, why are your mouth and whiskers always going when you are keeping still?"

"Oh, I am meditating, planning something, and talking to myself; that's the way we do."

"Well, why do you always hop? Why do you not sometimes walk and run, as we do?"

"Ah, that's our style! We gentlemen do not move like the vulgar; we have a gait of our own."

"But, pray, why do you scamper away so fast, jumping so far and so rapidly when you move?"

"Well, I used to be employed in carrying *weēgadiḡūnn*¹ (despatches), and got into the habit of moving nimbly; and now it comes natural."

"And why is your dung so round and hard?"

¹ *Weēgadiḡūnn* means despatches, books, letters, or papers of any kind.

"It is because we eat biscuit and other nice things."

"And why does your water stain the snow of a red color?"

"That is owing to the fact that we gentlemen often regale ourselves with wine."

While this important discussion is going on between the two little guests, their host has been attentively listening. He inquires where their homes are. Marten informs him that his home is not very far away. "Who and what are the people who reside there?" asks Badger. Marten gives him a full account. They are all named from the animals; he begins with the largest animals in the forest, placing the moose at the head, and going downwards to the smallest creature, — mentioning the bear, the caribou, the deer, the wolf, the wildcat, the squirrel, and the tiny mouse.

"Will you go and show me the way to your village?" Kekwajoo asks. "I will," is the answer; and they start on the journey. As soon as they come in sight of the village, however, the wily Badger turns back; he is resolved to have some sport at the expense of the strangers, and to play upon them a practical joke.

So he returns to his own lodge, and tells his little brother that he has found a village of Indians, and he is going to pay them a visit. Taking a quantity of feathers and a good supply of dried fowl, the two go on towards the newly discovered settlement. Before they reach it, Badger fixes a bed for his brother under a hollow stump, puts in the feathers, leaves the meat, and tells him to remain there until he comes for him.

He now arrays himself in the garb and ornaments of a young woman. In this attire he proceeds to the camp. He enters the chief's lodge, and is kindly received and entertained. A young man and several girls are there; the young chief and his sisters, as well as their parents, are delighted with the looks and manners of the stranger. The young man becomes enamoured of her beauty, and inter-

cedes with his parents, who make proposals of marriage in his behalf; she replies that if they will treat her kindly, she will consent to the match. So the agreement is made, and the wedding is celebrated in great style, with feasting, dancing, and sports suited to the important occasion.

A new lodge is erected, and the newly married pair retire to their own home.

Time passes, and the young chief does not suspect the imposition that is being practised upon him; when the jester determines to cap the climax with a bogus baby. One day the young man kills a moose, and the wife obtains permission to go out and see it dressed. It is a cow, and there are two small calves; one of these calves the pretended wife snatches up unperceived, and concealing it under her dress, she carries it home. This she manages to dry and hide against the time of need.

Meanwhile the little brother hidden under the stump has eaten up all his provisions; he is lonely, and shouts lustily for his brother. The villagers hear the strange noise, but cannot understand the words or divine their cause. The young chief's wife is called out to listen; she understands and explains all. It is the Owoolakūmoočjīt (Genius of Famine), gaunt and grim; and should he reach the village, starvation would be the consequence. Alas! she remembers too well his visits in her country. "Can you meet and drive him back?" they eagerly ask. "I can," is the reply; "do you furnish me with a well-dressed hide of a yearling moose, and a good supply of tallow, and I'll soon stop his noise and drive him away." The articles are forthwith furnished; she takes them, and rushes furiously forth, shouting the name of the brother: *Āā chowwād* [a word to which they could attach no meaning; nor could any one else now], *ēlīmeē!* ("go home!") and bidding him at the same time to stop his noise. The noise accordingly soon ceases. The little fellow is completely rolled up in the soft blanket, supplied with food, and told to wait a little longer, and the game will soon be played out.

The next step is to bring forth the babe. When all is ready, she informs her verdant husband that custom on such occasions among her tribe is for the mother to be left entirely alone, and for the husband to go away and remain till all is over. He accordingly goes to his father's lodge, to await the important event. So the dried little moose-calf is taken and carefully rolled up like a new-born infant, whose cry the pretended mother exactly imitates; when in rushes a bevy of young girls, to welcome the little stranger,—for they had heard the cry as they were going to the spring for water. There lies the mother; and she holds the baby all rolled up, and concealed in a blanket. They take it up carefully, and make a dive for the dear little face, but are told that they must not do that,—that the father must see it first, and that he must uncover the face, and they must carry it to him. *Noolmusŭgakēlīmadijŭl* (They kiss it outside the blanket). Off they start; and off he starts, too, in hot haste, as well he may, running with all his might to where his brother lies concealed, whom he snatches up, and away they run for dear life.

Meanwhile the girls have given the supposed babe into the hands of the supposed father. Grinning with delight, he begins to unroll the wrapper; when, to his dismay, horror, and mortification, the cheat is exposed. He flings it indignantly into the fire, and rushes furiously towards his lodge, to deal summary vengeance upon the author of the trick. But the lodge is empty. A party of fleet hunters and warriors is, however, soon upon the trail; the wily magician baffles them. He and his brother reach the lake. Seizing some dry, broken limbs, he casts them into the water and commands them to turn into a canoe; instantly this is done; in they leap, and paddle for life. His pursuers reach the shore, and just catch a glimpse of the canoe, with its freight, far out and rapidly approaching the opposite shore.

They hunt round, and find the lodge; little Marten and

Ableegümooch can now give them the whole history of their adventures. They take possession of all that is of any service, and, chagrined and mortified, but unrevenged, they return to their own village.

[The above was related to me by Ben Brooks, Dec. 9, 1869. He had heard it many times, and ever so long ago.]

XLVI.

GLOOSCAP DESERTED BY HIS COMRADES.

GLOOSCAP resided on an island with a number of Indian families, who were named from the different animals and birds. The name of the island was Ajaalgünüchik; and prominent members of the community were Pūlowēch', Wejēk', Teetečs, Cakakooch, and Mikchāgo-gwēch. Some of the men, and especially Pūlowēch', became jealous of Glooscap, though there was no real ground for their surmises; and they determined to take advantage of Glooscap's absence and remove the encampment, hoping that Glooscap, being left on the deserted island, would perish. Glooscap, though absent, knew very well what was going on, but allowed the jealous man to have his own way; and so the whole party removed and left the island, taking the two members of Glooscap's family,—the old woman, here called Mooiṇāskw (Mrs. Bear), and Marten, Glooscap's waiting-man, who was always honored with the title of Ūchkeen (My younger brother).

Glooscap returned to his wigwam, and found it empty, and the whole place deserted. So he made himself easy, and remained for seven years alone on the island, "the monarch of all he surveyed." He then determined to go in quest of his former neighbors. His first step was to summon a comrade who could convey him to the mainland; and at his call a whale made his appearance in the distance, approaching rapidly, and spouting nearer and nearer every time he came up. Soon he placed himself alongside of a rock; from the top of which Glooscap, with his dog under his arm, stepped on his back, and was rapidly and safely con-

veyed to the mainland. He soon came upon a deserted camp, and ascertained that it was forsaken seven years ago. One of the wigwams was inhabited, however, by an old man and woman; from whom Glooscap learned the course his comrades had taken, and withal the hardships he would have to encounter in coming up with them. The first obstacle would appear in the shape of a wrinkled old hag, who would seem very helpless and innocent; she would address him in a kind and bland manner, in order to get him within the grasp of her sorcery, when she would mercilessly destroy him. She would request him to obtain some firewood for her, and also to examine her head; he would have to comply with her request, but must manage to deceive her. "Before you reach the next camping-place of your people, where this witch resides," says his counsellor, "you will pass over a small bog where cranberries grow; gather a few handfuls of these, and carry them with you; and when you engage in your 'hunting expedition,' and wish to 'pop the game,' you must cast the latter into the fire, and crack the cranberries between your teeth. In this way you will baffle the old woman's witchcraft, and escape unhurt."

Receiving this information and these directions, he leaves his friends and pursues his way. He crosses the cranberry bog, and puts a few handfuls of the berries into his bosom, and keeps them against the time of need.

He finally reaches the second camping-ground of the company who had so unjustly left him on his island home of Ajaalgünüchik; he ascertains that it has been deserted six years. From the top of a solitary wigwam he sees smoke ascending, and he enters the lodge. There sits an old woman, so wrinkled, and apparently so enfeebled by age, that she seems utterly incapable of helping herself. But all this is feigned; she is sufficiently young and active, and also sufficiently versed in magical arts, to be able to accomplish wonders. But she has now a subtle game to play; she is not ignorant of the character of her guest, and is anxious

to destroy him. So she asks him to collect for her an armful of dry wood, and to kindle up her fire; he does so accordingly. She now pretends to be sleepy, and requests him to examine her head. With this request he also complies; and when he has made a discovery, he announces the important fact (*wakwājeekw*). She says to him, *Bâsp* ("Crush it"). Thereupon he throws it into the fire and cracks a cranberry between his teeth, and composedly proceeds in his benevolent enterprise. Each successive discovery is disposed of in the same way, until, getting tired, he says, "That will do; I must go now." She is outdone, — fairly conquered; she becomes his friend, and admonishes him respecting the next danger he will have to meet. At his next stopping-place he will be attacked by two huge, savage wild beasts, — the tutelary genii of two young women, who, concealed behind a curtain in their father's lodge, are guarding the pass against strangers, and who will send out their dogs to destroy Glooscap when he comes. But he himself has a small accompaniment in the canine line, — a tiny thing that he can easily snatch up and carry under his arm, but which can enlarge himself into any size which the occasion requires.

This being the state of things, the adventurer moves forward. As they approach the next deserted *oodĭn*, Glooscap gives the dog his instructions. He is to retain his small size, and keep behind, close to his master's heels, until the formidable beasts assail him; he is then to close in to the rescue.

As soon as he reaches the deserted village, he spies the solitary lodge where the two girls reside, with their enchantments and their savage sentinels. The two furious beasts, large as lions, rush upon him; but his faithful dog, instantly rising to the size of a bear, grapples with them. They are soon despatched. The dog seizes the first by the throat, and brings him to the ground; then he pounces on the other, which is as speedily despatched. Glooscap then lays his

hand on the dog; and he is so tiny and quiet that he places him under his arm, walks in, and salutes the old couple, the parents of the girls, in the usual friendly manner, as though nothing had happened. He cannot see the two sisters, as there is a curtain hung across the middle of the wigwam, and they are behind it; but their curiosity is awakened, and they cautiously lift the bottom of the curtain, and peep under to see who the stranger is, and what he is like.

Glooscap inquires of the old people if any Indians have passed that way lately. "Not for four years," he is told. At that time a number of families had encamped in the neighborhood; but they were now a long distance away, and it would be impossible to overtake them. There were many obstacles in the way; but particularly there was a huge giant, — a *kookw's*, — who guarded the passage; and he managed to entrap all that passed, whether man or beast.

Thus instructed and admonished, Glooscap moves on. He arrives in due time at the place which the giant guards, and where he has built his *neesâkûn*. The *kookw's* sees him approaching, and exults at the sight. "Now I shall have a capital dinner," he says to himself. Glooscap gives his dog the wink, and boldly marches in to face the *kookw's*. The latter unsheathes his long knife, and prepares for slaughter. But he has mistaken his man this time; the dog is let slip, and with a bound he seizes the giant by the throat, throws him to the ground, and despatches him.

Glooscap has now cleared the road; he meets with no more obstructions until he reaches the place where his quondam companions are encamped. But he does not immediately make himself known. He conceals himself near the village until he sees his own friend Marten out hunting for wood. He endeavors to arrest his attention; but the poor fellow — who, with the old woman, was compelled to remove sorely against their inclination, and has not been treated very kindly since — is so absorbed

in his troubles that he does not listen or look up, until Glooscap throws a small stick at his head. This makes him look round. At first he supposes it has fallen from a tree; but he spies his friend in concealment, recognizes him at once, and utters a cry of joy. But he is instantly checked. "Wait till dark, and I will go to your wigwam; you may go home and tell your grandmother." He goes home accordingly, and makes the announcement; in due time Glooscap comes in. Marten is poor, and his provisions are low; but his clothes are good.¹ He goes out to beg food for supper; he tells the people that his elder brother, Glooscap, has arrived, and he wants to furnish him with the usual expressions of hospitality to strangers and friends. But they do not believe a word of it. Teeteēs (Jay) flies over, peeps in, and sees him; she confirms Marten's tale, but she is disbelieved. "It is all nonsense," they say; "Glooscap is still at Ajaalīgūnūchk, and dead long ago." Glooscap, in the mean time, takes special care not to dissipate their doubts, and for this purpose manages to keep concealed.

But when night has settled down upon the world, and the whole village is hushed to repose, Glooscap prepares for a hunt. He and Marten go out; and before morning they have brought home an ample supply of venison. Madame Ka'kakooch (Crow) soon discovers this, and spreads the news through the village. They inquire of Marten where he has obtained so much meat, and he tells them that he obtained it by hunting. Glooscap, by putting his own robes, and especially his belt, upon the young man, has in fact endowed him measurably with his own strength and skill.

After a while the whole truth is out; it is known that Glooscap is too much for them. He does not resent their

¹ Nancy Jeddore, from whom I received this *ahtookwōkēn*, informs me that this statement is predicated upon the well-known fact that the marten is always lean, but his fur is abundant and fine; he is lean in flesh, but wears a fine coat.

ill-usage; he is too noble and generous for that, and rather enjoys their confusion, as well as his own independence. The whole village is now supplied with venison of all kinds.

After a while he proposes a removal; he and his comrades will leave the rest, since they are so anxious to get rid of them. The first step is to construct a canoe for the voyage; in due time they are ready for a start, and Glooscap, Grandmother, and Marten enter the canoe, push out into the middle of the broad and beautiful river, and sweep away down towards its mouth. After a while this river rushes down under the surface of the earth, and flows under ground, through rocks and cataracts so dark and frightful that the young fellow dies of fright, and the old woman soon follows suit, — leaving Glooscap to manage the craft. He guides it through without difficulty, and in due time emerges again into the upper world, and soon reaches a solitary wigwam situated near the bank of the river. Glooscap turns in to the shore, takes Marten by the hand, and calls upon him to *nūmchaase* (get up); he opens his eyes, and supposes he has only been sleeping a somewhat sound sleep. The old woman is aroused in the same way, and restored to life by Glooscap's supernatural power.

There resides in the wigwam at which they arrive, an old man with his wife; this old man is a distinguished *kenāp'* (warrior), and is well versed in the magical art. He entertains his guest in a hospitable manner, but feels disposed to measure swords with him in trial of his skill in the same art of magic; he determines to freeze him, if possible. So, going out as the evening advances, he brings in an armful of wood, and remarks dryly that there is every prospect of a cold night, as the sky is red. So the two sit and converse; but the cold becomes so intense that the parties are all keeled up except the master of the house and his guest. Glooscap pays no attention to the cold, though about midnight it puts out the fire completely. Next morning

Glooscap invites his friend to feast with him that evening, having had a small lodge erected for himself on the day of his arrival; his friend comes. A good supply of wood is secured, and the old woman and Marten are instructed to put in and pile on all the clothes and furs at command, as there will be a trial of strength in the frost line during the night.

After the festival, a blazing fire is made, and the parties become engaged in eager conversation; then the cold comes on more and more intense, until the poles of the wigwam fairly snap, and every particle of fire is stifled out, and the old grandmother and Marten, notwithstanding their warm wrappers, yield up the ghost. But the two men continue their conversation, as though nothing were the matter, until morning. Then, giving the frozen parties a shake, he tells them they are overdoing the business of sleep, and calls upon them to rise,—which they do.

Glooscap now inquires where the town is to which their *kenāp'* belongs, and is informed that it is on the seashore, at the mouth of the river, hard by. So he and his companions go forward in their canoe to the town. There is a chief residing there; but Glooscap does not go to him at first, as he has '*nkūlamooksīs* (an uncle on his mother's side) to whom he intends to make his first visit. This uncle turns out to be a miserable old bachelor, ugly, decrepit, and infirm; his looks are so horrid that he has always failed in wooing and winning,—the young ladies of the village will not look upon him. His name is Mikchikch' (Tortoise). He is not only ugly, but poor; and his clothes are soiled and tattered. When they arrive, the old fellow is seated out-of-doors, finishing off a salmon-spear. He seems delighted to meet his old friend, and gives him a cordial reception, the best place in the wigwam, and a good supper.

Word goes round the village that a distinguished stranger has arrived,—even Glooscap himself; and preparations are made for a feast and a dance. A crier is sent round to

make proclamation to that effect; this he does by shouting at the top of his voice, "How! how! how!"

The chief who resides there has two unmarried daughters, — both young and beautiful; and Glooscap advises his uncle to solicit the hand of one of them in marriage. But he coolly informs his friend that that is a subject concerning which he has long ago abandoned all thoughts. But Glooscap offers to lend him his dress and influence, and the offer is accepted. Arrayed in his friend's coat, leggings, and particularly in his belt (the belt being more especially the seat of magic), the old, ugly Tortoise is transformed into a young and beautiful beau, — attracting the attention of all parties, and more especially of the marriageable daughters. They take him for Glooscap himself, — the veritable Glooscap keeping well away from the feast, and rolling himself completely up in the skins which form the sleeping-furniture of the wigwam.

Tortoise invites one of the chief's daughters to dance with him. The men and women dance together, round and round in a circle, according to the custom; each one places his female partner in front of himself, and each chases the other round in a circle; the musician stands in the centre, and beats with a stout stick upon his *cheegümäkün* (piece of birch), to the *rat-a-tat-tat* which he utters like a monotonous grunt, while the dancers keep time as they pursue their rounds. By and by Tortoise says to his partner, *Tabedk* ("That will do"), and they fall out of the ranks. Soon after, the old man goes home to his own lodge, and reports the state of affairs to his friend Glooscap. The latter urges him to follow up his advantage, and boldly ask the old chief for his daughter in marriage. But he declines the advice; he will be discovered; the cheat will be avenged, and he will lose his life as the result.

Tortoise now says, "I shall quit this place, and go on." Glooscap says, "Whither will you go?" "Anywhere and everywhere," is the answer. "Well, listen to me, Uncle," says Glooscap. "I will bestow immortality upon you, —

you shall never die ; you may live on the land, and the water shall not drown you ; although your head may be cut off, it shall not kill you, and your heart shall continue to beat, even though your body be chopped in pieces."

With this Mikchikch' took his departure, and has ever since led a solitary life.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, May 17, 1870.]

XLVII.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S VISIT TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

SHORTLY after the country was discovered by the French, an Indian named Silmoodāwā' was taken to Plâcheân' (France) as a curiosity. Among other curious adventures, he was prevailed upon to exhibit the Indian mode of killing and curing game. A fat ox or deer was brought out of a beautiful park and handed over to the Indian; he was provided with all the necessary implements, and placed within an enclosure of ropes, through which no person was allowed to pass, but around which multitudes were gathered to witness the butchering operations of the savage. He shot the animal with a bow, bled him, skinned and dressed him, sliced up the meat, and spread it out on flakes to dry; he then cooked a portion and ate it, and in order to exhibit the whole process, and to take a mischievous revenge upon them for making an exhibition of him, he went into a corner of the yard and eased himself before them all.

[Related May, 1870.]

XLVIII.

A LITTLE BOY CATCHES A WHALE.

AN old man and woman living by themselves once heard an unusual rapping, but could not tell exactly where it was. They looked to see if they could discover the cause, and after a while they found that the noise proceeded from under ground. They dug away the earth, and discovered a small boy, whom they took home and cared for. The old people were poor, and hardly able to hunt for themselves; but they willingly took upon themselves the additional burden of bringing up this boy. They were well repaid for their labor and painstaking. The boy grew rapidly, and was very expert in fishing and hunting. One day, towards winter, he told the old people that he would go a fishing. He returned after a while, and reported that he had caught a whale. They hastened to the shore to look for it; but when they arrived there, all they saw was a pile of very large oysters. They brought out a stone knife, opened the oysters, and feasted upon them. Then the old woman suddenly became inspired with the inclination to dance, and she danced round the oysters with all her might. After she had been wrought up into a furor, one of the oysters began to expand and increase in its dimensions until it had extended about thirty *mooskūnīgūnegalooch* (cubits),¹ and had assumed the exact appearance of a whale. All now set to work to slice up the carcass and preserve it for future use.

¹ *Mooskūnīgūnegalooch* means, literally, "elbows placed on;" this is the Indian mode of measuring.

After a while the old woman died; she was properly prepared, rolled up in birch-bark, and placed in the family vault. After some time her husband went to visit her; the bark swathing was removed, and he saw her face once more. He was so delighted that he leaped and danced for joy.

XLIX.

A CHAPEL BUILT WITHOUT HANDS.

[NEAR the city of Quebec is a chapel dedicated to Saint Ann, to which the Indians in Nova Scotia are in the habit of making pilgrimages. The tradition among them is that it was erected by miracle.]

ONCE upon a time there was a French vessel, manned by Frenchmen, cruising on the ocean. A violent storm arose, which became so furious that all hope of saving the vessel was abandoned. She had sprung a leak, and was rapidly foundering. The captain now called all hands together, and informed them that there was no hope but in God; he commanded them to fasten the hatches and hatchways, and then invited them to go to the cabin and unite with him in prayer. This was done. The captain read from the prayer-book, and they all followed in earnest supplications. Soon the water ceased to increase in the vessel; after a while she stopped rocking, and lay perfectly quiet. The captain took an auger and bored a hole in the side; no water came in. He bored another lower down; still no water. He tried again, boring in the bottom of the vessel; still no water. The hatchway was now removed, and to their surprise, no water was to be seen; but they were close to a forest, by the side of a highway, and near at hand was a large stone chapel with a cross on the top of the steeple. The great, ponderous door was closed. The ground was paved with broken flint-stones. The crew, with the captain at their head, now disembarked, and at his direction took off their shoes, rolled up their trousers' legs, and walked over

the sharp pavement on their bare knees to the chapel-door, which opened to them of its own accord as they approached.

They entered; there was no one in the chapel, and no one near. They remained there fasting and praying until they all died; but the captain of the vessel, previous to his death, wrote out all the particulars of their experience, and left them for the information and benefit of those who might come after. Some of the inhabitants, passing that way soon after, were astonished at the sight of the chapel, and the vessel lying near. They entered with reverence and awe, and discovered the dead bodies of the crew, and the writing left by the captain. The chapel was immediately occupied, and has remained there unto this day. The vessel decayed after a while; but a model of it was constructed, and hung upon the chapel-door outside, where it still remains. After the country passed into the hands of the English heretics, they made an audacious attempt to burn this chapel; but they were defeated. They filled it with hay, which they set on fire; but though the hay burned readily and rapidly, the fire made no impression on the chapel. They tried a second time; they filled it with shavings and chips, and set fire to them. These burned, as the hay had done, and a few marks of smoke were left on the walls and ceiling; but the chapel stood intact. They now desisted from any further attempts to destroy it.

Wonderful miracles are performed at this chapel. The blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, and the lame walk; there is a pile of crutches and canes left by those who have been restored. A white dove hovers over the altar, but no fastening sustains it.

[Related by Andrew Stephens, and confirmed by others.]

L.

A WIZARD CARRIES OFF GLOOSCAP'S
HOUSEKEEPER.

ONCE, when Glooscap was living near Menagwes, he went out on a six weeks' hunting-excursion. While he was gone, a wizard named Winpe came along with his wife and child; and finding the Kesegooskw and Marten by themselves in the wigwam, he took them prisoners and carried them on to Pasummookwöddy, thence over to Grand Manan and Yarmouth, and then on to Newfoundland, before Glooscap overtook and recovered them.

Meantime Glooscap had gone on as far as Quaco. He returned home just in time to see the canoe pushing off from shore with the captives; so he called to the old woman to send back his little dogs, which she had taken with her. She accordingly placed the two tiny animals upon the dish in which the Indians toss their dice, put the dish upon the water, and then gave it a push towards the shore; straight forward it flew, bearing its precious burden, which reached the master's hand in safety.

Glooscap then remained a long time by himself before he set out to release the captives,—some accounts say three months, some say seven years. He finally determined to pursue and bring them home. But he was not going to take the trouble of following all the way on foot; he had horses at his beck, that could convey him through the water. He went down to the shore and sang; soon his obsequious servant, the whale, made his appearance, and awaited his pleasure. He descended and tried him; but the whale,

being too small, sank under Glooscap's weight. Glooscap then called another, a larger one, which came alongside; knowing her to be sufficiently strong, he stepped off on her back. She pushed on until she began to mistrust that the land was near. She had no wish to run ashore; so she called and asked, *Moonastabâkûnkwtjeanook*? ("Does not the land begin to show itself in the form of a bowstring?") Glooscap replied that they were still far from land. So on she went, until the water was so shoal that they could hear the clams singing. She could not understand what they said; but they were exhorting her to throw Glooscap off and drown him, as they were his enemies. Bootûp asked Glooscap what the clams were saying in their song. "They tell you to hurry me on as fast as possible," said Glooscap. So the whale put on all steam, and was suddenly grounded high and dry. "Alas, my grandchild!" said she, "you have been my death. I can never get out of this." "Never you mind, Noogûmee," said Glooscap; "I 'll set you right." So on leaping ashore he put the end of his bow against the whale, and with one push sent her far out to sea. Bootûp lighted her pipe, and pushed leisurely for home, smoking as she went.

Glooscap now began to search for the trail of his enemy, Wînpé, who carried off his family. He came to a deserted wigwam, but he found a small birchen dish which had belonged to Marten; knowing the age of the dish, he gained all the information he desired. The foe had been gone from this place three months, moving on to the eastward. Glooscap pushed on in pursuit, and in due time arrived at Ogûmkegeâk' (Liverpool), where he discovered another deserted wigwam. But looking round, he found one wretchedly poor-looking lodge, with a decrepit old hag in it doubled down with age, and apparently helpless. She was covered with vermin, and earnestly requested him to aid her in getting rid of them. Glooscap knew well what all this meant: she was not what she seemed, but an artful sorceress,

his deadly foe, bent on his destruction. He said nothing, however, but complied with her request. She bent her head forward, and he soon discovered that her hair was filled with live toads. He picked them out one by one, and pretended to kill them by cracking a cranberry each time between his teeth; the toads he placed under a large dish that stood by, bottom upwards. The old woman was soon mesmerized by the gentle and soporific manipulations of the mighty personage who had taken her in hand, and was soon snoring soundly on the boughs. Glooscap went on. Soon the sorceress awoke, and found that she had been outgeneralled. She was furious, and pursued him in her rage, determined to be avenged. Her magical servants had escaped from their cage, and were hopping about in all directions; they soon covered the face of the earth.

Glooscap, however, was in no danger, and he therefore had no fear. He carried in his bosom two little dogs, not much bigger than mice, but which could in an instant assume the size and fury of the largest animals of their genus. As soon as the woman approached, Glooscap unleashed the hounds. He told them beforehand that as soon as he commanded them not to growl, to spring upon her; and the more he called them off, the more furiously they were to tear her. She paused at their formidable appearance, shrank back from their growling, and called to him to take care of his dogs. He shouted lustily to them to be quiet; but they raged all the more furiously, and soon tore her in pieces. He now moved on until he came to the top of a high mountain, where he could see a long way off. In the distance he saw a large wigwam. There an old couple resided who were wizards, and who hated Glooscap. They had two daughters, whom they sent out to encounter him. They gave to them a portion of sausage made of bear's-meat, to put round his neck; this was to kill him, and they were to bring to their parents for food a similar portion of his intestines. Glooscap gave his dogs the hint, and let them go; as soon as they

began to growl at the girls, he commanded them to be quiet, telling them that these girls were his sisters. The dogs rushed on, and tore them to pieces. He took out the part the father desired, and, looking into the wigwam, said, "Was this the food you wanted?" Throwing it around the old man's neck, he caught him up and went on; he soon reached the main sea, and following the shore, he came to the old camping-places of Wînce. He always examined the *wîchkwêdlakûnceejâl* (little bark dishes) left behind, which gave him all the information he needed; he found that he was rapidly gaining upon the enemy. He now went on; but before he reached the Strait of Canso¹ he had to call up one of his marine horses to ferry him over, and then went on. Passing down the coast of Oonûmage, he arrived in due time at Uktûtûn (Cape North), and found that the parties had left three days before for Uktûkâmkw' (Newfoundland). Again he sang and charmed a whale to his aid, which (perhaps we should say *who*, since he has reason and intelligence) conveyed him safely to the other side. He now came up to where the party passed the previous night, and pushing on, soon overtook his old housekeeper, weak and tottering with ill-usage and hunger, and carrying on her back the starved and attenuated form of Marten. They were lagging behind, unable to keep pace with their persecutors, whom, however, they were obliged to follow. Marten, having his face turned backward, was the first to discover his friend, to whom he shouted most lustily for help and food. But the old woman would not believe that Glooscap was so near. "Your brother is not here," she said despondingly; "we left him far, far behind." But Marten, catching another glimpse, called out at the top of his voice, *Nsesako'! nsesako'! ookwôjegûneme weloo'* ("My brother, feed me with the marrow of a moose's shin-bones!") The old lady now looked back and saw her friend, and fell fainting with joy.

When she came to, she gave an account of the capture

¹ It was near this strait that he found his uncle Mîchîchik.

and the cruel treatment she had received. "Never mind," said Glooscap, "I'll punish him."

Before they came up to the place where Winpe had pitched his tent, Glooscap gave Marten his instructions, and concealed himself near at hand. Marten had to fetch water for the party, and tend the baby in his swing, and carry it about on his back. He went for water when directed, and then, in accordance with his instructions, put into it all kinds of filth. *Uksāā'!* ("Horrors!") exclaimed Winpe, and ordered him to go for more. Marten made a spring and tossed the baby into the fire, then ran for dear life towards the place where Glooscap was concealed, shouting, *Nsesako'! nsesako'!* ("My brother! my brother!") Winpe pursued him, vowing vengeance, and telling him exultingly, "Your brother cannot help you. He is far enough away, where we left him; and, though you burn the world up, I'll seize and kill you."

Glooscap leaped up from his hiding-place and confronted the foe, who stopped suddenly at the unexpected sight, but offered battle, and challenged Glooscap to the fight. Stepping back a few paces, Winpe prepared for the conflict by rousing all his magical powers. He swelled out his corporeal dimensions until his head almost reached the clouds, and his limbs were large and lusty in proportion. It was now Glooscap's turn to put on strength, and he overtopped his foe by mighty odds; his head went far up above the clouds. Winpe, seeing this, owned that he was beaten. "You have conquered and killed me!" he exclaimed. Glooscap gave him one tap with his bow, using no other weapon, and the huge form of his foe tumbled down dead. Winpe's wife was not molested, but she was ordered to leave immediately, and go anywhere she pleased; she accordingly decamped.

Glooscap found on the island of Newfoundland a village of Indians, friends of his, called Kwemoo (Loons). As in all such cases, these Indians were at one time people, and at another time real loons. They entertained their king and

benefactor, who bestowed many favors and wholesome counsel upon them, and directed them to think of him and to call for him when they needed his aid. This is the origin of the shrill and peculiar cry, or howl, of the loon; when they utter this cry, they are calling upon Glooscap.¹

Leaving his island friends, the Loons, Glooscap called up one of his sea-horses and crossed back to Nova Scotia, landing at Piktook. Here he found a large village, — somewhere about a hundred wigwams. Here he found, too, an ancient worthy, whom he honored with the title of uncle, but who was old and ugly in his looks, and had never been married, — the young ladies of the tribe all shunning and hating him. Glooscap went to his lodge and became his guest. Glooscap, young and handsome in appearance, was an object of attraction to all, — more especially to the unmarried young ladies, who each and all began to speculate upon the prospect of attracting his regards and winning him for a husband. A feast was provided, and games were celebrated; but Glooscap kept within doors, going out neither as a performer nor as a looker-on; but he sent out his uncle, whose name was Mikhichk (Tortoise), lending him his belt. Girded with this belt, Mikhichk was no longer an ugly, deformed, decrepit old man, but a sprightly, handsome youth. He could leap and run, play ball, and wrestle with the best of them.

But he got himself into difficulty. Having seized the ball, he was running for life to the post, all the rest after him to seize him, when, dodging right and left to avoid his pursuers, he was driven straight up to his own lodge, with pursuers to the right of him, pursuers to the left of him, and pursuers

¹ The conversation was held between the chief of the Loons and Glooscap. Three times the former made the circuit of the lake on the wing, approaching Glooscap every time, as if proffering a request. Finally, Glooscap told him to alight. He did so, and was directed to utter a shrill, doleful cry; and as often, ever afterwards, as he should want help from the same source, to think of him and call in the same manner. When the Indians hear this dismal cry of the loon, resembling the howl of a dog, they say, "He is calling upon Glooscap."

in the rear. There was nothing left him to do, in order to escape, but to spring sheer over the lodge. This he attempted, but he missed his aim, and was held dangling across the ridge-pole, just over the chimney-hole. Glooscap arose quietly, piled on the fir-boughs, raised a great smoke, which nearly stifled the Tortoise, and so stained his coat that the marks have never been obliterated. "You will kill me, *nūlooks* (my nephew)" shouted the Tortoise. "No, I will not," answered Glooscap; "but I will render you very tenacious of life." In pursuance of this benevolent design, he took a sharp stake, disembowelled the poor fellow as he dangled over the smoke, and fed the entrails to his dogs. He then helped him down and healed him, assuring him that he could live as independently as he chose,—using food if he could get it, and doing without it if he could not get it. "Though they crush your back and sides, they shall not be able to destroy your life; and though cutting off your head will indeed kill you in the end, you shall be able to live a very long time, even without a head." After these adventures, Glooscap and his train departed.

The next adventure mentioned in our narrative occurred at Partridge Island. Here he met with another worthy, of unnatural birth and supernatural nurture, and of vast supernatural powers. His mother fell a prey to the cannibal propensities of an ugly giant; and he was taken alive from his mother after her death, thrown into a deep spring, where alone and unattended he came to maturity, and afterwards came forth from his place of concealment to avenge the death of his parent, and to go forth as a deliverer of the oppressed and a general benefactor to his race. His name, which describes the manner of his birth, was *Kitpooseägunow*.

Glooscap halted at the lodge of this personage (it were hardly fair to call him a man), and he proposed to his guest in the evening to go out fishing by torchlight. The canoe,

the paddle, and the spear were all made of stone. The canoe was large and heavy; but Kĩtpooseäġūnow tossed it upon his head and shoulders as though it were made of bark, and launched it into the bay. As they stepped on board, Glooscap asked which should take the stern paddle, and which the prow and the spear. Kĩtpooseäġūnow replied, "I will take the spear." Glooscap was agreed, and away they pushed for a fish. Soon a whale glided by, and our magical hero struck him with his spear, and tossed him into the canoe as though he were a trout, — equal to him of the legends of another land, of whom the poet says: —

"His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

Having "bagged the game," he said: "There, that will do! Let us return home." Reaching the shore, he took a stone knife, and split the whale from snout to tail into two equal parts, tossed one half to his guest, and took the other himself. Each carried home his portion, roasted it for his supper, and capped the climax by eating all at one meal.

Before going farther up the bay, Glooscap now crossed over to Utkogūncheech (Cape Blomidon). There he arrayed and adorned his aged female companion, decked her out with beautiful beads and strings of *wōmpūm*, making her young, active, and beautiful, and for her sake making all those beautiful minerals for which the "hoary cape" has been so long celebrated. My aged friend, Thomas Boonis, who related this narrative to me, assured me with much animation that he had seen these beautiful minerals with his own eyes, — emphasizing his assertion by saying in broken English, "Glooscap, he makum all dese pretty stone." I allowed the worthy man to enjoy his own opinions without let or hindrance from me, only urging him to hasten on to the end of his tale.

His next halt was on the north side of the bay, at Spenser's Island. There Glooscap engaged in a hunting-

expedition on a somewhat large scale. A large drove of animals was surrounded and driven down to the shore, slaughtered, and their flesh sliced up and dried. All the bones were afterwards chopped up fine, placed in a large stone kettle, and boiled so as to extract the marrow, which was carefully stored away for future use. Having finished the boiling process, and having no further use for the kettle, he turned it bottom upwards and left it there, where it remains in the form of a small round island, called still by the Indians after its ancient name, Ooteomül (his kettle; that is, Glooscap's kettle).

He now visited a place lying between Partridge Island and the shores of Cumberland Bay, and running parallel to the River Hebert. It is called by the Indians Owökün, but in English River Hebert. He now pitched his tent near Cape d'Or, and remained there all winter; and that place still bears the name of Wigwam (House). To facilitate the passing of his people back and forth from Partridge Island to the shore of Cumberland Bay, he had thrown up a causeway, which still remains, and is called by the white people "the Boar's Back."¹ It is this ridge which gives the Indian name Owökün to the place and to the river. In this place he found Indians, and carefully attended to their interests.

In the ensuing spring, while he was out hunting with his dogs, a moose was started, and the dogs pursued him to the land's end at Cape Chignecto. There the moose took to the water and struck boldly out to sea, whither the dogs, with all their magic, could not pursue him. But they seated themselves on their haunches, raised their fore-paws, pricked forward their ears, and howled loudly and piteously at the

¹ The above incident is misplaced. Glooscap, in returning from Uktükâm, came to Bay Verte, and crossed over the portage to Cumberland Bay. There the old lady desired him to let her go across to Partridge Island, while he took the canoe round (for, having the family with him, he no longer rode on a whale, but came in a canoe). He agreed to this, but stepped across himself before he sent her, and raised the causeway, now called Boar's Back, for her to go over. She went across on this road, while he took the canoe around.

loss of their prey. Glooscap arrived on the spot in time to witness the interesting spectacle. He stopped the moose, and turned him into an island, which is known as the Isle of Hant; changing the dogs into rocks, he left them there fixed in the same attitude, where they are to be seen this day, watching the moose.

Near Cape d'Or he fed his dogs with the lights of the moose; large portions of this food were turned into rocks, and remain there to this day; the place is called Oopunk. Glooscap now took the old woman and set her down, and telling her to remain there, he turned her into a mountain, which is to be seen to this day; but he told her that when he reached his island home in the far west, she would be there with him. He then left the country, and never came back to it again. He went on to his beautiful isle in the west; and when he arrived, and had fixed his dwelling and furnished it, there in her place was found his faithful housekeeper and her little attendant, Marten.

[Related to me in Micmac by Thomas Boonis, of Cumberland, June 10, 1870.]

LI.

THE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATED CHIEF,
ULGĪMOO.¹

IN ancient times the Kwēdēches and the Micmacs inhabited this country together, on terms of friendship and amity. But in time a quarrel arose; two boys, sons of the respective chieftains, quarrelled, and one killed the other. This was productive of a long series of conflicts, in which the Micmacs, being the more numerous, were usually victorious.

During those wars a celebrated chief arose among the Micmacs, whose name was Ulgīmoo, of whom many strange things were related. He drove the Kwēdēches out of the region on the south side of the Bay of Fundy, they having been compelled to cross the bay in their flight from the enemy; and he urged them on farther and farther towards the north, finally driving them up to Montreal.

Ulgīmoo lived to be an hundred and three years old; he died twice, having come to life after he had been dead all winter; so says the tradition.

He had a brother much younger than he, whose name was Mējelābēgādāsīch (Tied-in-a-hard-knot); this name indicated his bravery, as he could not be overcome. He was head chief after his elder brother died.

Ulgīmoo had one daughter, but no son. This daughter married a man belonging to what is now called Long Island, in the township of Horton.

The Kwēdēches having retired to Fort Cumberland, and thence on to Tantama' (Sackville), before their enemies, and

¹ Either Ulgīmoo or some one of his descendants appears in English history under the name of Agimow.

thence on beyond Petcootkweák (Peticodiac), Ulgimoo built a mound and fortification at the place now called Salisbury, where the mound still remains.

This war lasted for many years, since, when many of the men had been killed off, time was required to raise another race of warriors, who were carefully educated to keep alive the spirit of retaliation. This brought Ulgimoo into the field after he had become very old.

He was a great magician, and one of his principal sources of magic was the pipe. His store of tobacco would sometimes become exhausted; but his *teomul* (tutelar deity), which was in his case Keoonik' (the Otter), would go a long distance and bring him any amount he desired. Being a magician, he could hear and see what was going on very far off, as he possessed all the boasted powers of our modern clairvoyants, adepts in mesmerism and spirit-rappings. Thus, when he was about one hundred and three years old, he learned by means of his mysterious art that a war-party, comprising several braves and wizards, was on the move to attack his village. He was now very feeble, and bent with age; but on the morning of the day when the attack was to be made, he gave his warriors false information of an attack in another place, and so all the men left the village,—the aged and infirm Ulgimoo alone excepted. By and by the war-party made their appearance, and, ascertaining how matters stood, were by no means in haste to begin operations. They came to this old man, but did not recognize him. They took him prisoner, and consulted what to do. One of the wizards suggested that they would better proceed with caution, as he strongly suspected that he was the celebrated chief Ulgimoo; but he was laughed at for his fears and cautions, and the old man was tied, bound to a tree, a quantity of dried wood piled round him, and the torch applied. As soon as the fire began to blaze, he made one spring, and was clear of all cords and green withes, tall, straight, young, and active,

and ready for fight. "There!" said the man who had given his fellows the timely caution; "did n't I tell you it was Ulgimoo? Will you not believe me now? In a moment your heads will be off." It was even so. One blow despatched him, and similar blows fell upon the rest; and only three of the whole army of several hundred men escaped. Ulgimoo did not receive a scratch. The three that were not killed he took prisoners; he cut their ears, slit their noses and their cheeks, then bade them go home and carry the joyful tidings of their defeat, and be sure to tell that they were all slain by one Micmac, one hundred and three years old.¹

It was the beginning of winter when he died; he had directed his people not to bury him, but to build a high flake and lay him on it. This they did, and all left the place. He had told them to come back the following spring. They did so; and to their astonishment they found him alive and walking about, — exhibiting, however, proofs that his death was real, and not a sham. A hungry marten had found the corpse, and had gnawed an ugly-looking hole through one of the old man's cheeks; he still exhibited the gaping wound.

The second time he died he was buried; and a small mound near the river at Amherst Point, in Cumberland, has the honor of being his reputed resting-place. The day before his death he informed his friends that he would die on the morrow, and that they must bury him; but after one night they must open the grave, and he would come out and remain with them forever. He gave them a sign by which they would know when to open the grave. The day would be clear, and there would be not even a single cloud to be seen; but from the clear, open sky there would come a peal of thunder just at the time when the spirit would reanimate his clay.

¹ When his men returned at night, they found the evidences of his victory; he was, however, no longer a warrior, but had settled back into an infirm old man, walking about bending over a staff.

But he did not rise ; his friends and his tribe preferred to let him remain in his resting-place. They not only did not dig him up, but took special care that he should not be able to get out of his grave, even should he come to life. Hence they dug his grave deep, and piled stones upon him to keep him down. The plan succeeded ; he has never risen from the dead.

[Related by Thomas Boonis.]

LII.

ATTACK ON FORT PĚSEGITK' (WINDSOR) BY
THE INDIANS.

AFTER the English had conquered the French, and had occupied Fort Pesequid¹ (Windsor), parties of Indians still sympathized with the French, and being unfriendly to the English, were encamped in the neighborhood. They finally mustered up near the Fort, upon which they planned a descent.

A few nights previous to their attack, an English lady, the wife of an officer residing at the Fort, had an impressive dream; she dreamed that they were attacked and overcome by the Indians. She drew up an account of her dream, and sent it to the Governor, who had recently arrived from Halifax. He laughed at her superstitious whims, tore up the paper, and threw it into the fire. Had he heeded the warning, he might have taken measures to avert the calamity; but God had deprived him of prudence, as a punishment for his cruelty to an Indian woman. This had happened in the following manner: On his way from Halifax, he and his company had passed a solitary wigwam, where one woman was living alone, her husband being at the time out in the forest hunting. The Governor directed the woman to be seized; she was *enceinte*, and near the time of her delivery. He told the people that he had never seen an Indian shed tears, and he would try whether tears could be extorted from their captive's eyes. She was bound according to his

¹ Both spellings of this proper name are retained as in the manuscript. *PĚsegitk'* is the Indian form, and *Pesequid* the English, which Dr. Rand in his Micmac Dictionary spells *Pesegwoid*. — Ed.

directions, and one of her breasts was cut off and roasted in her presence; but the woman neither wept nor groaned. They then cut off the other breast and roasted it before her, but with the same effect. A junk was then cut from the flesh of her thigh, and placed on the fire; but the woman would not weep, and would not please her tormentors even with a groan.

At this stage of the proceedings the captain of the company came up, and inquired what was going on. He was a mulatto, — a kind-hearted fellow, — and was shocked at the barbarity of the Governor and his minions. He instantly drew his sword, and put the poor woman out of her misery by running her through. He then remonstrated with the Governor, and severely reprimanded him for his cruelty. "You have been invested with authority," said he, "not for the purpose of cruelty, — not that you should torture those whom it may be your duty to put to death. If life must be taken, let it be done as gently as possible, and not with the inflicting of unnecessary pain."

The generous conduct of this officer, and his bold remonstrance with the Governor, endeared his memory to the Indians; but they rejoiced that the cruel Governor met the fate that he deserved. He laughed at the fears and warnings of the officer's wife when she sent him an account of her dream, and was consequently unprepared for the attack, which was accomplished suddenly and in the night-time. Many of the English were killed, and the rest were taken prisoners. Among the latter was the lady who had had the dream; after having been detained for some weeks in captivity, she was delivered up to the French at Quebec, whither she and others had been conveyed.

[Related by Tom Boonis, June 11, 1870.]

LIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF ÄBLEEGŪMOOCH.

ÄBLEEGŪMOOCH (the Rabbit) lived with his grandmother; he found it no easy matter, especially in winter, when the snow and ice prevailed, to provide for the wants of his household. Running through the forest one day, he came suddenly upon a solitary wigwam, which he entered, and found inhabited by a man of the Otter tribe. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and the smooth road of ice extended from the door down to the water. An old woman resided in the lodge with Keoonik' (the Otter); as soon as Mr. Rabbit entered, she was directed to set her cooking-machinery in motion. The Otter took up his hooks on which he was wont to string the fish when he caught them, and proceeded to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself at the top of a glassy path that led down to the water, he adroitly slipped along till he reached the water, when he plunged in, and soon returned with a bountiful store of eels, which he handed over to the presiding matron. These were soon passed through the preliminary manipulations; and the fire and the kettle afterwards did their work, and dinner was ready. "My sakes!" exclaimed the Rabbit, "if that is n't an easy way of getting a living! Can I not do that as well as the Otter? Of course I can,—why not?" Whereupon he invited his host to be his guest on the third day after that, and *ādāma-lūsk' kētkewōpk* (goes home).

"Come on!" said he to his grandmother the next day; "let us remove our wigwam down the lake." She acceded to the proposal, and he selected a site just like that of his

friend the Otter. Having prepared the house, he next proceeded to the construction of the "slip." The weather was freezing cold, and so he poured water along on the bank, which was soon congealed; and a road of ice was completed, adown which he was ambitious to slide, otter-fashion, in his fishing-expedition.

The next day, according to appointment, his expected guest came. Äbleegŭmooch gravely told his grandmother to set her cooking-apparatus in motion. "But," said the old lady, "what are we to cook?" "Oh, I will see to that!" said he. Whereupon he prepared a *nabögŭn* (stick upon which to string the eels), and proceeded to the top of his ice-way, down which he attempted to slide. But he made a miserable job of it; he hitched and caught and jumped till he reached the water, into which he plunged. But, alas for the poor brute! he was there quite out of his element; fishing was not his trade. The water was cold, and took away his breath; he struggled, and was almost drowned. "What on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the old woman, who was looking on in amazement. "Oh, I suppose he has seen some one else do this, and thinks he can do it too." "Oh, come out of that!" said the Otter to him, "and hand me your *nabögŭn*." Shivering with cold, and almost drowned to boot, the poor Rabbit crawled out of the water and limped into the lodge, where he required a good deal of nursing before he recovered from the effects of his folly. Meanwhile the Otter plunged in, and soon returned with a good load of the desired provision; but disgusted at the awkward attempts of the silly Rabbit to perform an operation beyond his skill and wholly out of his line, he went home without tasting the meal.

After the Rabbit's recovery from the effects of this expedition, he found one day, in his perambulations, a wigwam filled with young women with red head-dresses. They happened to be a party of the Antawaās (yellow woodpeckers). He entered the hut, and was politely received; one of the young

ladies rose to do the honors by preparing a meal for the stranger. She took a small dish, ascended the sides of an old beech-tree, and by the use of a suitable instrument soon succeeded in digging out a bounteous supply of such eating-material as the Indian denominates *āpchēmooltmkāwā* (rice), because of the resemblance these insects bear to the latter article. This "rice" is soon boiled and set on for dinner. "Ah!" thought the poor Rabbit, "how easily some folks live! What is to hinder me from doing the same? Come over," he added, "and dine with me day after to-morrow."

The invitation was accepted. The guests arrived at the time appointed, and the Rabbit undertook to act the Woodpecker. So he took the hard iron of an eel-spear, adjusted it to his head, shinned up the old tree, and began digging for the rice. Alas! he made but a small impression on the wood, found no insects, got his forehead sorely bruised and torn, and ere long had on the red cap, — for his head was torn and bleeding; but he failed in his work. The pretty Antawāās looked on and laughed. "Pray, what is he trying to do up there?" she whispered to the old woman at her side. "Oh, doing, I suppose, what he has seen some one else do!" "Oh, come down!" she said to the Rabbit, "and give me your dish." He did so, and she soon filled it with dainty morsels.

But our little hero did not learn wisdom by his folly. He next attempted to "do the Bear." Entering the tent of his neighbor one day, he saw how easily the foot of the latter could supply a meal. The great pot was set on, the Bear took a knife, and adroitly cut from the sole of his foot a small piece, which he put into the water and set boiling. Soon the kettle was full of bear's-meat, which was greedily devoured and greatly relished by the parties. Ableegūmooch took a portion of it home, and resolved to supply his table in the same way. Why should not a Rabbit be able to do what a Bear can do? He invited his friend to visit him the day after *kētkewōpk'* (to-morrow).

The appointed day arrived, and Mr. Bear was on hand. *Noogŭmee, kwēsawal wohŭ* ("Grandmother, set your kettle a boiling"), said the Rabbit. "But," said the old lady, who was ever ready with excuses and difficulties, "what are we to boil?" "Never you fear," was the answer; "I will take care of that." So saying, he seized a small knife, whetted it on a stone, and began to do as the Bear had done. But, alas for his poor little lean toes! little bits of skin and fur were all they yielded; he cut and cut, and haggled his poor heels, but all in vain,—he could not raise the expected meal. The Bear looked on, and asked, "What on earth is he trying to do?" "Oh, doing, I suppose, what he has seen some one else do," answered the old lady. "Here!" said the Bear to the Rabbit, "give me the knife." Seizing it, he adroitly severed a small portion from the ball of his foot, tossed it into the kettle, and by the aid of magic and fire it was soon a large piece of cooked bear's-meat. Poor Ābleegŭmooch was so maimed and lamed that it took him a long time to recover.¹

¹ Evidently this is a poetical version of the old idea that the bear, when lying in the winter in his half-torpid state, lives by sucking his paws.

LIV.

THE HARE ASSUMES THE MAGICIAN, AND
RETALIATES.

AFTER a while the Rabbit came out in a new form. He was a great magician, and performed wonders. First he played a trick on the Otter. He went and stole his string of eels while the Otter was away from home. The latter, coming in soon after and discovering the theft, set out in pursuit of the thief. He easily tracked him as he jumped along, touching the fish to the ground successively as he jumped. The poor Hare was aware that he was pursued, and had recourse to a *ruse*. By a wave of his magic wand he constructed a deserted camp, and transformed himself into a small, withered, weak old woman, with sore eyes, hardly able to move, sitting shivering over a little fire. In dashed the Otter, having followed the tracks up to that point, and was amazed to see, instead of the object of his pursuit, a little wrinkled old woman. "Did you see a Hare hopping this way," said the Otter, "trailing after him a string of eels?" "Hare! Hare!" was the reply; "what kind of an animal is that?" "Why, a little white jumping creature!" "No, I saw no such animal. But I am so glad you have come, for I am very poor and cold. Do, please, gather a little wood for me." This reasonable request could not be refused, and the Otter suspended his rage and went out to gather wood. When he returned, to his surprise the little, old, sore-eyed woman had vanished; and all he discovered was the impress of a Rabbit's haunches in the sand. He found that he had been deceived, and darted off after the enemy with increased fury and speed.

He soon came up to an Indian village, where preparations for a festival were going on. He saw a chief dressed all in white, walking about with a singular jumping gait, overseeing the preparations. This was the work of magic,—the production of the Hare to elude his pursuer. The Otter walked up to this chief and made inquiries. "Did you see a Hare running in this direction, carrying a string of eels? I tracked him to this village." "Hare! Hare!" said the chief, with an affected puzzled look; "what kind of a thing is that?" "Oh, a small creature with white skin, long ears, long legs, and short tail." "No, I have seen no such creature about here. But come in! the feast is nearly ready,—come and partake along with us." The Otter consented. But while he was off his guard, a stunning blow on the head laid him stiff on the ground, from which he awoke after a while, as from a sort of dream; all had vanished, and to his mortification he found that he had been outwitted a second time.

But nothing daunted, he renewed the pursuit, determined not to be cheated again. He was soon gaining rapidly upon the Hare. But the resources of the latter were not exhausted. He came up to a large swamp, which he transformed into a lake; and a small knoll, upon which he had leaped, he turned into a large ship,—a man-of-war. This the Otter saw when he reached the bank; the captain, dressed in white, was pacing the deck, and the men were all busy at their work; rows of cannon protruded from the ship's sides all around. The Otter attempted to board, but a shower of bullets turned him back; another and another volley succeeded, and he made for the shore and escaped. He then gave up the game, and all collapsed again into the ordinary routine of forest life.

LV.

THE BADGER AND THE STAR-WIVES.

AWAY back in the forest dwelt two young men, named Abistānaooch' and Team' (Marten and Moose). Each of them owned and occupied a separate lodge, and had a grandmother for housekeeper. Marten was like too many of all nations, — inclined to live upon the labors and good-nature of others. He was always at his neighbor's when he mistrusted the eating process was going forward.

One day Team' had been successful in killing a bear, and had brought home one back-load of meat; but he determined not to let his neighbor know of his success. He needed his neighbor's kettle, and sent the old lady to borrow it, but with the injunction not to let him know what they wanted of it. The kettle was obtained, and the smaller animal "smelled the rat," and calculated on a share of the venison. But no; the others, having used the kettle, washed it out carefully and sent it back empty. But as the good woman entered her friend's lodge with the empty kettle, he sprang up and ran to see what she had brought; when, lo! the kettle was half-full of bear's-meat, all nicely cooked. The little chap had a dash of magic in him, and had found means to extract what was intended to be withheld. The old woman went back and reported that the secret was found out. "All right!" said the master; "he and I will go out to-morrow and bring in the remainder, and share it between us." So they dwelt together on good terms.

One day Marten, in strolling around, came suddenly out to a small lake in which was a party of girls bathing, — their garments lying on the bank. He thought this a fine

opportunity to get a wife; so he selected the prettiest one, snatched up her clothes, and ran off with them. She sprang out of the water and gave chase, calling after him to give her back her clothes. He paid no attention to her entreaties, but ran home, followed by the young woman. As soon as she came up, he gave her a slight tap on the head with a small stick, which stunned her; and she dropped as if dead, but recovered after a while, and consented to remain his wife.

His neighbor came in from hunting, and finding that his friend had obtained such a prize in this rare beauty, he made diligent inquiry as to the how and the where of the capture. Abistānōoch' informed him that at a certain pond he would be likely to find the beauties arrayed in Nature's robes, and instructed him how to proceed if he wished to succeed in obtaining a sharer of his domestic joys and sorrows. Team' proceeded to the spot; and, sure enough, there were the Nereids enjoying themselves in the water, dashing into it, splashing it over each other, amid loud bursts of mirth and laughter. He made his choice, and seizing her garments, ran off. She, dashing after him at full speed, called to him to put down her clothes. He paid no heed, but seizing a club, gave her a blow on the head, which proved to be too heavy; and instead of being simply stunned, she was killed. Disappointed and chagrined, he complained to his neighbor that he did not instruct him correctly.

Marten, after a while, went off to renew the experiment on his own account, as he was covetous of an addition to domestic arrangements. Team' followed him unobserved, and watched the operation carefully. He saw how the business was conducted, and then tried his hand at it again, and succeeded. He brought home a wife, and all went well for a season. But, alas for human happiness! a quarrel broke out between the husbands; and though the two wives of Abistānōoch' were in no wise to blame, they were the occa-

sion of the feud. "You have two wives," said Team', "and I but one." As the result of the quarrel, the two girls determined to decamp. There was no quarrel between them; they loved each other like sisters, and they went off together to seek their fortunes.

Night overtook them, and they lay down in the forest under the open sky to sleep. The atmosphere was clear, the sky cloudless. The bright stars were shining, and it was long before they fell asleep. Gazing at the stars, they were animated by the natural curiosity so beautifully expressed by the poetess, —

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky," —

and they began to imagine them the eyes of lovers looking down on them; they began speculating as to the choice they would make. The younger one said to the other, "Which of those fellows would you choose for your husband, — the one with small eyes, or the one with large eyes?" Her friend replied, "I would choose that fine fellow with the large, brilliant eyes; he shall be my husband." "And mine," said the other, "shall be that one with the small eyes." She had selected a very small star, while the other had chosen a large one.

After a while soft sleep with dewy fingers pressed down their eyelids; and clasped in each other's arms, they revelled in the land of dreams. When they awoke in the morning, one of them unconsciously stretched out her foot, when a voice startled her: "Take care! you will upset my dish of war-paint." She opened her eyes at the sound, and lo! at her side lay a noble fellow, his face adorned in all the glory of an Indian chief, with large, lustrous eyes beaming upon her in kindness. It is the very husband of her choice, — the very eye she selected the evening before.

Meanwhile the other, upon awaking, had also moved; and

a low, squeaking voice had called out also to her, "Take care! you will upset my dish of eye-water!" She looked, and lo! at her side was the man of her choice,—the little red-eye she had selected the evening before; but its owner was a little dwarfish old man, with small, red, sore eyes. But there was no help for it; as she had made her bed, she must lie in it, like her more civilized sisters. And so the two wanderers found themselves again united to husbands, and entered immediately on their respective duties of house-keeping.

Their husbands were hunters, of course, and were frequently away from home, in the forest, for whole days together. The women were left to take care of their homes, and were placed under but one restriction. Not far from their wigwams was a large flat stone, which they were charged not to remove or touch. This injunction they carefully obeyed for a while; but human nature would not be human nature if curiosity could be forever restrained. The older sister was more prudent and firm than the younger. The latter at length could contain herself no longer, and she resolved to raise the prohibited stone and peep under. She started back with a scream at the sight. "Where are they?" Why, actually up above the sky! a hole in which this stone covers as a trap-door, and far down through which she sees the world on which she used to live, and the village and home of her childhood. Her elder sister rushed out, and looked down through this hole in the roof of the world; and they both gave way to their grief, and cried till their eyes were red with weeping.

At evening their husbands returned, and the women endeavored to conceal all; but in vain. The inhabitants of this lower sphere, according to Indian mythology, could divine; and much more the inhabitants of that upper region. "What has been your trouble to-day?" the men asked; "what have you been crying about?" "We have had no trouble, and we have not been crying at all," they answered, afraid to tell the truth. "But you have, though,"

the men answered; "and you have been looking down through the trap-door. You are lonely up here, and long to get away." This was kindly said, and they would not deny the truth; they were longing for home. "Very well; you can go back, if you choose. To-night you shall both sleep together; and if you will carefully obey directions, you shall find yourselves in the morning where you lay down that night in which we were invited to come and marry you." These directions were as follows: They were not to be in haste to open their eyes or uncover their faces in the morning. "Wait until you hear a chickadee sing; and even then you must not open your eyes. Wait still longer, until you hear the red squirrel sing; and still you must wait. Keep your faces covered, and your eyes closed, until you hear the striped squirrel sing. Then open your eyes and uncover your heads, and you will be all right."

With this understanding the two women retired to rest together. In the morning, sure enough, bright and early, they were awakened by the singing of the chickadee. The younger one wanted to throw off the blanket and spring up; but the other checked her. "Wait! wait! till we hear the *abalpákūmēch*." So she lay quiet till the *adoo'dooguēch* began his morning work. The younger girl, always impatient and rash, always getting them into difficulties, gave a spring at the sound, and threw off the covering from their heads. The sun was risen, they were down in their native forest; but, alas! their impatience had interposed a serious obstacle on their way down; and instead of being on *terra firma*, they were lodged on the top of a tall, spreading pine-tree, and descent without assistance was impossible. As the result of their disobedience, they had to wait in the tree-top until assistance came.

By and by men of the different Indian families began to pass, all named from the different animals, and, as usual in the Indian legends, all developing the various habits and qualities of the animals from which their names were derived.

To each and every one, as he came up, the women applied for help. They promised to marry the man who would deliver them from their perilous situation; but, alas! by most of them the proposal was unheeded, and the parties passed on regardless of their entreaties.

By and by Kekwajoo (the Badger) passed by, and they pressed him to come up and bring them down. He at first rejected their offer with disdain; but on reflection concluded very ungenerously to amuse himself at their expense, and so returned and consented to the undertaking on the terms proposed, which they, aware of his dishonest intentions, had not the slightest notion of fulfilling. He, however, began to ascend the tree; whereupon the elder girl took both of their hair-strings, and tied them in a great many hard knots around the branches of the tree. After the second was brought down, they requested him to return and bring the hair-strings, and to be careful not to break them, but to untie all the knots. He went up and began his task, which he carefully performed, though it took him a very long time; they meanwhile, according to agreement, busied themselves in preparing a lodge. By the time he had succeeded in obtaining the hair-strings, it was night. They had finished the lodge; it was a small affair, and in order to impose on their selfish deliverer, they had introduced in one part of it a layer of broken flint-stones, in another part a number of wasps'-nests, and a bundle of thorn-bushes in another; and having thus prepared for his reception, they decamped, and escaped as fast as their feet could carry them.

Down came the Badger, and rushed into the tent. But he could not find the ladies. He heard them speaking, however; and one said, "Come this way," — for ventriloquism is as old as magic itself; and in Indian mythology, as in the mythology of all nations, everything has a tongue. Hastily stepping towards the place whence the voice seemed to proceed, he cut his feet with the sharp flint-stones. When the voice again was heard, it seemed to proceed from a different

quarter. He rushed in that direction, only to find himself among the thorns and brambles ; and then the decoy called him to another quarter, to be assailed by a swarm of wasps.

By this time he was wide awake to the trick which had been played upon him, and rushed out, determined to overtake and be revenged on the authors of his troubles, who had repaid his kindness by their provoking tricks.

Meanwhile the girls had reached the banks of a river, over which they could not pass without assistance. Tūmgwōligūnēch' (the Crane) stood by as the ferryman, to whom they applied for aid. He was a wretchedly homely bird, with long, crooked legs, rough and scaly, and with a long, ugly, crooked neck. But the old chap was as conceited and vain as he was ugly ; he was proud, and loved to be flattered. He would ferry the ladies over, provided they would admire and commend his beauty. They did not hesitate. " You have beautiful, smooth, straight legs," they told him, " and a neck of the most captivating form, — so smooth, so straight, and so graceful ! " This was enough ; the Crane stretched out his long neck for a bridge, and they walked over. He requested them to step lightly and carefully, lest they should hurt his breast ; to this reasonable request they acceded, and were soon at a safe distance from their pursuer.

Here the story leaves the two women for a season, and takes up the narrative of the baffled Badger.

The poor fellow, bent on revenge and boiling with rage, came up to the river, over which he could not pass without the aid of the guardian Crane. As the price of his labors, he demanded the accustomed meed of flattery ; but our hero was in no mood for using flattery, — he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter. " You talk of your beauty ! " said he ; " you are one of the ugliest old dogs that I have ever set eyes on. There ! help me over, will you ? " " Yes, that I will," said the Crane ; " take care you do not joggle my neck as you pass." " Oh, certainly ! " said the Badger, leaping on to the slippery crossing-pole, and beginning to

jump and dance. But anger often defeats itself. About half-way across the river, the insulted ferryman canted the pole and tipped the Badger into the stream. This was now suddenly swollen by an approaching freshet, which carried the old fellow down stream headlong, and cast at length his lifeless body on the shore.

There, some days after, two boys of the Kwědčh tribe discovered it. The carcass had begun to putrefy, and maggots were already hatched in the eyes, nose, and ears; but while they looked on and talked and wondered, he began to move, arose and shook himself, tossing away all the offensive accumulations, and stood before them in all the vigor of an Indian warrior. He managed to gain the confidence of the boys; he decoyed them away down the river; he asked them to let him feel the stiffness of their bows. When he had got these once into his hands, he snapped them into fragments, but told the boys that there were a lot of little chaps across the next point of land, playing near the river; at the same time he caused them to hear the shouts and laughter proceeding from that quarter. They hastened to join the others in play; but when they reached the river on that side of the point, the sound seemed to come from a point farther on. Thus were the two boys deluded and led on,—their playmates seeming ever near and ever retiring as they approached, until they gave up in despair, and returned to their homes.

Meanwhile the mischievous Badger had gone to the boys' home. There he found no one but their mother, into whose good graces he attempted to insinuate himself.

The boys had told him that they were of the Culloo¹ tribe; he pretended to be of the same tribe himself. He eyed with covetous desire the abundant supply of meat which he saw in store in the hut. The woman treated him

¹ The Culloo is a fabulous bird of tremendous size,—probably an exaggerated Condor, the same as the Roc of Arabian mythology, and the Simurg of the Persians.

as an impostor. But he had actually learned one of the Culloo nursery songs, which he sang as proof of his honesty; it was as follows: —

Agoogeäbeöl (A seal-skin strap),
Wetkūsünäbeöl (A shoulder-strap).

But the woman could not be imposed upon. She distrusted his honesty. He seized a tomahawk and despatched her. He then helped himself to a dinner of venison that was stored up; after which he cut off the old woman's head, put it into the kettle, set it a boiling, and decamped.

Soon after this the two boys returned, and wondered what had become of their mother. They also wondered what was boiling in the pot; and as soon as they had found this out, they knew who the author of the mischief was, and set off in pursuit. Their bows had been broken, and they were therefore unarmed; but they succeeded in overtaking him and in snatching off his gloves; with these they returned.

Soon a neighbor, an uncle of the boys, arrived; and they told him their tale of woe. His name was Ka'kakooch (the Crow); he went in pursuit, but all he succeeded in doing was to snatch off his cap. "Thank you!" said the Badger; "you have done me a great favor. I have been getting quite warm, and now I feel better." Soon after, another relative arrived, — Kitpoo (the Eagle). He was sent in pursuit of the depredator; he succeeded in snatching off his coat. "Oh, thank you! thank you!" he exclaimed; "I was just wishing that my younger brother were here, to take off my coat for me." The next friend that arrived was the Culloo; he carried off the Badger, body and breeches, and took him away up to the top of a high cliff, — up to the sky itself, — and set him down. From thence he looked down upon his native land; and it looked green and smooth, like a wigwam newly carpeted with fir-boughs. Turning everything into play and fun, Badger-like, he broke out into song: —

" Kūmūtkenooĕk
 Tēlāptūmunĕk
 Stugāch' kesenagaskĕl'
 Yōgwāōgĕn'
 Yōgwāōgĕnō
 Tēlāptūmunĕk'
 Kūmūtkenooĕk'
 Stūgā' 'inkūdomooskoon."

(Our country, now lost,
 Seems clearly to us
 As though it were all spread with boughs.
 Hei, ho, he, hum!
 Hei, ho, he, hum!
 Our country, now lost,
 Seems now to us
 To be blue like the clear blue sky.)

But though the Badger was thus disposed to make merry even over his misfortunes, the Culloo had not brought him there for sport, but for the stern realities of punishment. He seized and pitched him over the beetling cliff, that he might be dashed to pieces against the rocks of Mother Earth. Down headlong through the regions of ether he fell; but even here his mirthfulness did not fail him, — he could turn even his falling into fun. The winged enemy was pursuing him at hand in his descent. "Hurrah! for a race!" the Badger exclaimed, and flapped his arms, and imitated with his mouth the whish! whish! of the Culloo's ponderous wings. But as he neared the earth, he became somewhat sobered by the prospect. He was descending with accelerated velocity upon a ragged edge of rocks. "Oh, spare my poor backbone!" he shouted, and was dashed to fragments against the rocks.

His flesh, blood, and bones were scattered in every direction, — all save the spine. This bone, enchanted into safety by the magic words uttered, remained entire and intact; there it lay upon the rock.

The place of his punishment was in his own neighborhood; and it so happened that he had a younger brother, who, in walking about, came upon the spot where the naked

backbone was lying. He recognized his brother, and exclaimed, "Pray, what is all this about? What in life are you doing here?" Whereupon a voice came from the bone, calling upon the scattered parts to come and assume their former places: '*Noologoon ba hō!* ("Ho! my leg, come hither"); '*Npetūn ōgrūm ba hō!* ("My arm, ho! come hither"); and so on throughout,—when, in obedience to the summons, all the scattered fragments of bone, sinew, muscle, and skin came together to their places. Then life came into him, and he arose a full-fledged man,—the veritable Badger that was dashed to pieces by his fall from the sky.

The two men went forward; and as they went on they came to the top of a high mountain. Large boulders were lying about, and one was so near the brow of the mountain that they thought they could raise a little sport by means of it. A little effort with the handspike loosened it and set it rolling; away it went, thundering down the side of the mountain, and they after it at the top of their speed, challenging the rock to a race; they kept up till it stopped at the foot of the hill, and then they passed by in triumph. By and by they rested for the night, killed a muskrat, and dressed it; but while the cooking was going forward, they heard a great commotion back in the direction of the rock which they had rooted from its resting-place and challenged to a race. The rock, which happened to be in reality a magician in disguise, had taken a rest, and was now coming on to renew the challenge and finish the race. In vain they attempted to flee,—they could not outstrip the foe; it came thundering on, smashing down trees and clearing a road for itself. They ran to a hill, but in vain. Up after them it rolled, the huge round stone; and the poor fellow had only time to utter the magic words, '*Noogoon ooskood'skūck!* ("Let my backbone remain uninjured!") when he was smitten, rolled over by the stone, and ground to powder. The backbone, however, remained, stripped of all its surroundings, but

intact. The younger brother had adroitly slipped to one side, and had escaped the ruin. When all was still, he returned to the spot where the backbone lay, and said, *Cōgooā' wěj'smook'tāmūn?* ("What are you lying there for?") Whereupon he began to call up the various parts of his body, as before: *'Ntenin ba! hō!* ("My body, ho!") *'Nooloogoon ba! hō!* ("My leg, ho!") and so on, until he had again called all his portions and appurtenances together, — when he arose and inquired wonderingly, "What have I been doing?" His brother reminded him of what had happened: "Yonder stone pursued and destroyed you." "Ah! indeed! Well, I will fix him!" So they attacked the rock; and by dint of fire and hammer, employed for many days, it was reduced to powder, blown into the air, and turned into black flies, all retaining the hatred and spite of the old rock; they attacked men and bit them most viciously, in retaliation for having been conquered.

Having disposed to their satisfaction of the rock, Magician Badger and his brother roamed off into the forest, and by and by came upon a village of Indians. Badger resolved on playing a prank among them, and making for himself a little sport at their expense. He accordingly left his brother at a distance, assumed the form and dress of a beautiful young woman all adorned with finery, and so entered the village. He soon attracted the attention of a spruce young chief, who proposed marriage and was accepted. Things went on very quietly for a while. Rumors, however, soon began to float among the gossips of the neighborhood that all was not as it should be respecting the stranger. Doubts as to the sex of the party were entertained; but the prospect of addition to the family of the young chief dispelled these doubts. When the eventful period arrived, the bogus wife informed the husband that things must be allowed to proceed in this case according to the custom of her own tribe. The labors of parturition needed no assistance; the patient was to be left entirely alone. Accordingly the husband went over to a

neighbor's wigwam. Soon after, the crying of a child was heard, and the young women ran in to see and welcome the little stranger. It was completely rolled up, and they were told that no one was to uncover the face but the father. Away they ran with it, kissing it outside the blanket as they went. He was all expectation,—took the supposed child, and carefully removed the envelope; what was his disgust and horror to find, instead of a babe, a tiny, dead, dried moose-calf that had been made to represent the progress of infant development. Dashing it into the fire, he seized his tomahawk and rushed into his wigwam, to wreak his vengeance on the author of the trick. But the wily Badger was too much for him; he had been making good use of the interim to distance his pursuers, who turned out *en masse* and gave chase. He had taken the smaller boy with him, and pushed on to the river for dear life.

They soon came to a large waterfall. To conceal himself and his brother, he broke down trees and bushes, and stopped the fall by jamming these obstructions on above; then, hiding below, he imitated the *boo oo oo* of the waterfall. He thus evaded his pursuers, but his turn soon came; he was caught in his own trap. The water above, collecting in force, burst the barriers, and rushed down in such volume as to sweep all before it. That is the last ever heard of the Badger.

[Related by Susan Christmas, Sept. 7, 1870. She professes to have learned this story, and many more, when she was a small child, from an old blind woman on Cape Breton. The old blind woman used to interest her and other children, and keep them quiet for a long time, telling them stories.]

But the story is not yet finished; it returns to the two girls. They were left on the opposite side of the river, whither the Crane had conveyed them, and where their pursuer had been left to perish. These, having escaped from

their enemy, pursued the even tenor of their way. At night they came to a deserted lodge, and entered, to remain for the night. There was nothing peculiar about the lodge but the neck and skull-bone of an animal; this was outside, and assumed a prominence that was suspicious. The elder woman (girl, we would better call her), being somewhat skilled in the dodges of magicians, and withal somewhat of a sorceress herself, was disposed to be cautious, and avoided the bone. The younger girl was inclined to insult it, and, despite the warnings of her companion, treated it with great indignity. They had hardly lain down to sleep when a solemn voice was heard outside, complaining of the indignity. "There!" said the elder; "did I not tell you it was a *boovün*, a sorcerer? Now, then! you will catch it." The other girl was terribly frightened. "Oh, hide me! hide me under the boughs that line the wigwam." This was said in a whisper; but the words were instantly repeated by the magician outside, and repeated in a mocking tone. The fears of the poor girl within were redoubled. "Hide me under your *kūneesġām* (large roll of hair on the back of the head)." Under this the girl crawled, reducing her dimensions to suit the occasion. Morning came at last, and the magician, a *senūmājoo* (raw-head and bloody bones ¹), entered the wigwam. But he was disappointed; there were no girls there. He saw one man, who saluted him with great composure, and invited him to be seated. The elder girl, having hidden her friend in her head-dress, had assumed the garb and look of the masculine gender, and was as cool and undisturbed as though nothing had happened. *Senūmājoo* inquired, "Where are the girls that came here last evening?" "Girls! girls!" answered the supposed man; "there were no girls here." The old chap was outwitted, but he did not readily give in; he made no direct attack, however, upon the other. After a while they left the wigwam in company, and went on. They arrived in due time at a wide river, where Mr. Crane.

¹ Drinker of blood.

the ferryman, awaited them, standing, as cranes are wont to do, at the river's brink. He was not the one encountered before; but as the reward of his labors as ferryman, he exacted a similar fee. He was vain of his beauty, and must hear the words of flattery; these the girl readily pronounced, and was safely landed on the opposite bank. But on the passage she told him who and what the other was, and begged him not to ferry him over; so as soon as he returned he spread his heavy wings, and rising into the air, soared away. The girl, now safe from her dangerous companion, cast a look of defiance across the river towards him, assumed her real form, released her sister from her confinement, and the two went on together.

After proceeding down the river for a while, they came to a small stone wigwam situated on a rough, rocky bank. They entered, and found that it was inhabited by an old lady of the Mădooč's (Porcupine) tribe. She treated them with great civility, but it was all assumed. She kindled a fire, and prepared a feast. But the place became very warm, — the house was soon too hot for them; but they bore up against the trouble, and partook of the food when prepared. They were somewhat surprised at the smallness of the supply provided, — there was scarcely a taste apiece for them; but it enlarged itself greatly on being swallowed, and its effects were painful and alarming. In response to their complaints the wily old witch went out to the door of her cave, and began to sing her song of sorcery. As she sang, there was a movement among the rocks in the midst of which her cell was fixed, and they shut down over the two guests and hid them forever. So ends the story.

LVI.

THE STORY OF MĪMKŪDAWŌGOOSK'
(MOOSEWOOD MAN).

A WAY in the woods dwelt a young woman alone. As she had no comrade, she was obliged to depend upon her own exertions for everything; she procured her own fuel, hunted and prepared her own food; she was often lonely and sad. One day, when gathering fuel, she cut and prepared a *noosāgūn* (poker for the fire) of *mīmkūdawōk*, and brought it home with her; she did not bring it into the wigwam, but stuck it up in the ground outside. Some time in the evening she heard a sound, as of a human voice outside complaining of the cold: "*Nūmees* (My sister), *kāōche* (I am cold)." "Come in and warm yourself, then," was the answer. "I cannot come in; I am naked," was the reply. "Wait, then, and I will put you out some clothes," she replied. This was soon done. He donned the robes tossed out to him, and walked in, — a fine-looking fellow, who took his seat as the girl's younger brother; the poker which she left standing outside the door had been thus metamorphosed, and proved a very beneficial acquisition. He was very affable and kind, and withal an expert hunter; so that all the wants of the house were bountifully supplied. He was named *Mīmkūdawōgoosk'*, from the tree from which he sprang.

After a time his female friend hinted to him that it would be well for him to seek a companion. "I am lonely," said she, "when you are away; I want you to fetch me a sister-in-law." To this reasonable suggestion he consented; and they talked the matter over and made arrangements for

carrying their plans into execution. His sister told him where to go, and how to pass certain dangers: "You will have to pass several nests of serpents; but you must not fight them nor meddle with them. Clap one end of your bow on the ground, and use it as a pole to assist you in jumping, and leap right straight across them."

Having received these instructions, he started on his journey. After a while his sister became lonely from the loss of his company, and resolved to follow him. To give him warning, she sang; he heard, and answered her in the same style, instructing her to go back and not come after him. She did so.

He went on till he came to a large Indian village. He followed his sister's instruction, and entered one of the meanest wigwams. There, as he expected, he found quite a bevy of pretty girls. The youngest of the group excelled in beauty; he walked up and took his seat by her side. As she remained seated, and the parents showed their acquiescence by their silence, this settled the matter and consummated the marriage. The beauty of his countenance and his manly bearing had won the heart of the maiden and the esteem of the father. But the young men of the village were indignant. The young lady had had many suitors, who had all been rejected; and now to have her so easily won by a stranger was outrageous. They determined to kill him.

Meanwhile his father-in-law told him to go out and try his hand at hunting, and when he returned successful they would prepare a festival in honor of the marriage. So he took his wife with him in his father-in-law's canoe, and following the directions given by the old man, pushed up the river to the hunting-grounds, where he landed and constructed a temporary hut. He went into the hunting business in earnest. He was at home in that occupation; and before many days he had collected a large amount of fur and venison, and was prepared to return.

But a conspiracy had been formed to cut him off and rob

him of his prize. A band of young men of the village, who were skilled in magical arts, had followed him and reached the place where he had pitched his hut. But now the trouble was, how to proceed; they dared not attack him openly, and in wiles he might be able to outdo them. But they adopted this plan: One of them was to transform himself into a mouse, and insinuate himself under the blanket while the man was asleep, and then give him a fatal stab. But our hero was wide awake. When the mouse approached, he quietly clapped his knee on him, all unconsciously, as he pretended, and squeezed the little fellow most lovingly. The poor little mouse could not stand the pressure, and sang out most lustily. This aroused the wife; who, perceiving that her husband was resting his leg heavily upon some poor fellow, jogged him and tried to make him understand what was going on. But he was wonderfully dull of apprehension, and could not understand what she was saying, but managed by what seemed an all-unconscious movement to squeeze the wily foe, the small mouse, more affectionately. He did not design to kill him, however, but to frighten him and send him off. Finally he released him; and never did poor mouse make greater speed to escape. He carried the warning to his companions, and they concluded to beat a hasty retreat.

Mimkūdawōgoosk' now prepared to return. He asked his wife if she was willing to take the canoe, with its load, back to the village alone, and allow him to go and fetch his sister; she said she was willing, and he saw her safely off. She arrived in due time, and made report to her father. All were amazed at the amount of fur and food collected in so short a time. They conveyed it all safely up to the village, and then awaited the return of the husband. After a few days he came, bringing his sister; and the feasts and sports began.

After racing and other sports, he was challenged to dive and see who could remain the longer under water. He

accepted the challenge, and went out with his antagonist. "What are you?" said Mĩmkũdawōgoosk'. "I am a Loon," answered the other proudly; "but you, — what are you?" "I am a Chĩgũmooeech." "Ah!" Down went the divers; and after a long time the poor Loon floated up to the top, and drifted dead down the river. The spectators waited a long while; and finally the Chĩgũmooeech came up, flapped his wings exultingly, and came to land in triumph. "Let us try a game of growing," said another. "What will you choose to be?" said Mĩmkũdawōgoosk'. "I will be a Pine-tree," answered the other. "Very well; I am the Elm," answered his rival. So at it they went. The one rose as a large white pine, encumbered with branches, which exposed him to the blasts of the hurricane. The other rose high, and naked of limbs; and when the blast came he swayed and bent, but retained his hold on the earth, while his rival was overturned and killed.

The stranger came off victorious in all the contests, and returned exulting to camp. The father-in-law was pleased and proud of him; but his other daughters — and especially the oldest — were dying of envy and rage, and the young men of the village were indignant.

Meanwhile our hero was presented by his wife with a fine little boy; and the oldest sister pretended to be very friendly, and asked permission to nurse the child. But the mother declined the proffered assistance; she was suspicious of the ill-suppressed jealousy of her sister. "I can take care of my babe myself," she told her.

After a while the father-in-law advised Mĩmkũdawōgoosk' to remove back to his native place. The jealousy of the hunters was deepening. They were enraged to find themselves outdone and their glory eclipsed in everything; they determined soon to make an attempt to rid themselves of him. He took the advice, and departed. His father-in-law furnished him with a canoe and weapons, and bade him defend himself if attacked. He went, taking with him his

wife, child, and sister. He had not gone far before he was pursued and overtaken. But he was found to be as good in battle as in the chase; his foes were soon killed or dispersed, and he and his family pursued the even tenor of their way to their own land. And *kēspēadooksit* (the story ends).

[Related by Susan Christmas, Yarmouth, Sept. 7, 1870.]

LVII.

THE STORY OF COOLNAJOO.

[THIS is evidently a story of modern date, and gives reasons to suppose that it was learned from the whites; but I relate it as I heard it in Micmac from Susan Christmas.]

THREE brothers lived together. They had no sisters, and their mother was sick. The youngest was supposed to be a silly fellow, and was always doing outrageous things. One day they killed a pig. The two older brothers went to fetch salt, and told the youngest one to remain and watch the house, and take care of their mother and the pig. They said they were going to salt down the pork, and keep it for the long days. After they were gone, he went out and found some men at work, and told them that if there was a man there named Longdays, he had a pig for him. One of them declared that that was his name; forthwith the pig was delivered to him, and he carried it off. By and by the other brothers arrived, and wondered what had become of the pig. "Why, Longdays has been here and taken it away! Did not you say it was to be kept for Mr. Longdays?" "Oh, you blockhead! we told you it was to be kept for ourselves when the days become long next summer."

Some time after this, Coolnajoo was sent to buy a horse. He made the purchase, and brought the horse home. But there was a long avenue, lined by trees and bushes, extending from the highway down to the house; and when he came to the head of this lane, he gravely told the horse that this was the road, and bade him go on directly to the house.

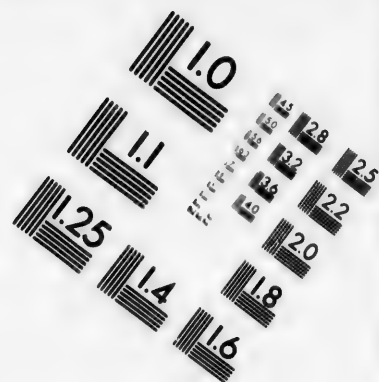
Saying this, he removed the halter; and the horse kicked up his heels and made for home. The boy arrived home, wondering at the stupidity of the horse; and on relating the case to his brothers, they wondered at his stupidity. "You numskull!" they exclaimed, "you can never do anything right. Why did you not ride him down the lane?" "Oh, I will do better next time," he promised.

So, as the old mother got no better, they sent him to find and bring home a woman to assist in nursing her and in taking care of the house. He took his bridle and started. He succeeded in his expedition, and the woman came with him all quiet and kindly till they reached the head of the lane; but there and then he made an attempt to put the bridle on her head, and assured her that she had to carry him on her back, and walk on all fours down to the house. Persisting in his determination, the terrified woman screamed, broke from her persecutor, and ran.

Chopfallen and sad, he went into the house. What was his trouble? they asked him. "Why! I attempted to bring her home in the way you directed; but she screamed and tore away from me, and crying went back, as hard as she could go." "Oh, you abominable fool!" they exclaimed; "was that the way to treat a woman? You should have taken her by the arm, and occasionally given her a kiss." "Ah, well!" he cried, "I shall know better next time."

The next time he was sent for a pig. He led the pig all right until he came to the lane. He then tried to make the pig walk on his hind legs; and when the terrified animal squealed and kicked, he attempted to conciliate it by kissing it; but he received such a return from the tusks of his captive as made the blood flow, and caused him to let go his grip, — and poor piggy went off home at the top of his speed.

Poor Coolnajoo returned crestfallen to his home, to relate his adventures, and to be blamed and lectured for the hundredth time for his outrageous stupidity.



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His next expedition was for a tub of hog's-lard. This he purchased; but on his way home he passed over a portion of road that was dried and cracked by the sun. "Oh, my old grandfather!" he exclaimed, "what a terribly sore back you have got, — so naked and dry! You shall have my lard for salve, and I will rub it on." So saying, he began spreading the lard over the dry road; and when it was all gone, he went home. "Why have you not brought the lard?" "Oh, dear me! I came across a poor old man lying in the road with his back all sore and cracked; and I pitied him, and spread the lard over him." To this the brothers made no objection until they ascertained the truth of the case; when another attempt was made to teach him a lesson, and with the usual success.

His sixth expedition was in quest of a quantity of needles. These were purchased, but on his way home he passed a newly reaped field of grain. He looked at the stubble, and perceived the holes in the top; he was sure that when the rain should fall, the water would fill all those holes, and concluded that it would be a very benevolent act to stop them up. This would be a capital end to which to apply his needles. So he opened the packages, and carefully placed one in every straw; and when the supply was exhausted, many remained undoctored. "Alas, poor things!" he cried, "I cannot help you any more, as my stock is out." So he went home without his needles.

Afterward he was sent for some red flannel. Passing a graveyard on his way home, he looked at the crosses, and took them for poor old penitents kneeling in the cold with outstretched arms, and carefully tore up his roll of red flannel and covered their poor shivering shoulders.

After this the two other brothers went together to town to make some purchases, and left him to take care of the sick mother. They charged him to give her drink, and especially to wash her face. He obeyed the directions, but supposed he must wash her face as he had seen her wash clothes, — by

thrusting them into boiling water. So he set on the great pot; and when the water was boiling, he took up the old woman and thrust her head into it, and held her there. When he took her out, she was dead, and her lips were contracted to a grin, which he affected to mistake for laughter, and placed her back in the bed, and leaped and laughed at her quiet and pleasant countenance. He ran to meet his brothers, and told them that their mother had not been so quiet nor looked so well this long time. She had not stirred nor spoken, and she was laughing all the time. They went in, and were horror-stricken. "Oh, you outrageous simpleton! what have you done? You have killed your mother. We shall all be executed for murder."

But now Coolnajoo began to exhibit his shrewdness, and soon became as clever as he had hitherto been simple. "Never you fear," said he; "we will turn the incident to good account, we will make some money out of it. Wait you here; I will run for the priest." So off he ran post-haste, and informed the priest that his mother was dying, and requested him to come with all haste, to perform over her the indispensable rite of extreme unction. The priest started immediately; but Coolnajoo outran him, and took his dead mother and placed her against the door, inside. The priest reached the house, burst the door open, and tumbled the old woman over. Coolnajoo sprang to raise her. Alas! she was dead. "Oh!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands and weeping, "you have killed our mother!" All three gathered round, and the horrified priest did not know what to do. They threatened to accuse him of the murder. He finally succeeded in pacifying them, and gave them a whole handful of money to hush up the matter and say nothing about it.

The development of his shrewdness proceeded. The two other brothers went away one day, and left the place in his charge. Among other occupations he had to tend the pigs. These he sold; but in order to cheat his brothers, he cut off

their tails and took them down to a quagmire near the shore, and stuck them all up in the sand. When they came back and inquired for the pigs, he told them they had broken out of the pen and rushed down toward the shore, and had sunk in the quagmire. They went down to see; and sure enough, there they all were, just the tips of their tails sticking above the ground. They seized hold of the tails, and tried to draw up the porkers; but the tails broke, and down into the mire sank the bodies, as they believed, and could not be found.

Soon his pranks became unbearable, and the brothers resolved to make away with him. They concluded to drown him. So they tied him up in a bag, and took him down below high-water mark and buried him,—not deep, however,—and left him to be drowned when the tide came in. They returned; and he soon heard the "Uh! uh! uh!" of a drove of hogs, and called lustily for them to come to his aid. If they would uncover and untie him, he would lead them to a place where they could feast on chickweed to their hearts' content. The hogs, attracted by the noise, approached the spot. Their noses were soon thrust deep into the soft earth. The bag was soon reached, and instinct alone was sufficient to pull it out; and they soon removed the string,—when up jumped Coolnajoo, who seized one of his deliverers, transferred him to the bag, and the bag to the hole, drove the others away to the field of chickweed, where they were kept busy till the tide returned and covered the spot where he was supposed to lie.

In due time the tide receded, and compunction returned to the brothers' hearts; they repaired to the spot and dug up the bag, mournfully chanting, "Our poor brother is dead." Astonishment seized them when, on opening the bag, there, instead of the brother's corpse, was a dead pig. Meanwhile Coolnajoo had waited at a distance from the spot until his brothers went down to the shore to look for him. When they returned, he was astride the ridge-pole, laughing at them.

They made another attempt to kill him. This time they planned better; they would take him to a waterfall and toss him in above, and let him be dashed to pieces in going over the rapids. So they tied him up in a bag again, placed it across a pole, and started for the waterfall. They became hungry on the way, and placed him by the side of the road, and went to get some dinner. While they were gone, a drover came by; and seeing the bag, he went up and gave it a kick. "Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what is all this?" Coolnajoo replied, and informed the drover that he and his brothers were on a money-hunting expedition; concealed in this bag, so as not to excite suspicion, he was to be taken to a certain place where they would all make their fortunes. He gave such a glowing account of the matter, and with such apparent truthfulness and sincerity, that the drover was deceived, and offered him a whole drove of cattle and sheep for his chance in the money-hunting speculation. The bargain was struck, and the parties exchanged places. But Coolnajoo gave his substitute some cautions: "You must be cautious not to speak, or the cheat will be discovered; my brothers must not mistrust that it is not I. By and by you will hear the roar of a waterfall; do not be frightened. Before lowering you to the place where you are to find the money, they may give you two or three swings. You must keep still, and not speak; and after that you can have it all your own way." So saying, he went on to the market with the drove. The brothers came back to the bag. "Are you there?" they asked. No answer. But they saw that all was right, placed the bag on the pole, the pole on their shoulders, and moved on.

When they came to the waterfall, they approached as near as they could, and then gave him three swings in order to send him as far out as possible; and just as they let go, the terrified man sang out. They were startled at the voice; it sounded like a stranger's voice. They returned home, and shortly after their brother arrived with his pockets

full of money, — the proceeds of his drove of cattle and sheep.

So they concluded to share the spoil and remain together. But one night a band of robbers was seen advancing upon them, and they ran for their lives. Coolnajoo was the last to leave the house; and the others told him to "bring the door to after him," — meaning, of course, that he shall shut the door. He obeyed to the letter, — took the door off the hinges, and carefully brought it after him. They made for the woods, and took shelter in a tree, — Coolnajoo dragging the door up after him, and holding it carefully all the while. The robbers came up to the same tree, kindled a fire under it, cooked and ate their dinner, and then began counting and dividing their gold. While this process was going on, Coolnajoo got tired of holding the door, and dropped it down among them. It fell with a noise that terrified the robbers, who supposed that it had fallen from the sky; so they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, and left everything behind, — gold, food, and dishes. Down scrambled our heroes, and gathered all up and ran; finally they came to a house, where they remained all night. They divided the money; but Coolnajoo claimed the largest share, as he declared that it was through his efforts that it had been obtained. The next night they called and stayed all night at another strange house. Coolnajoo became thirsty, and hunted around for a drink. Feeling carelessly about, he thrust his two hands into a pitcher, and could not withdraw them. He went out-of-doors, and looked around for something to strike the pitcher against, in order to break it. At length he saw what seemed in the darkness to be a white rock. He gave the pitcher a smart blow in order to free his hands; when, alas! he had struck a young woman in the head, and killed her with the blow. At the sight of what he had done, he was terribly frightened, and called up his brothers. He told them what had happened, and proposed immediate flight. They all departed; and his brothers, fear-

ing that Coolnajoo would ultimately get them into difficulties from which they would be unable to extricate themselves, separated from him. By mutual consent the partnership was dissolved. They went each his own way.

Coolnajoo was bent on making money, and an opportunity occurred soon. He kept his eye on the robbers, and saw them going out to bury a dead child; he watched to see where they deposited the body, and also followed them unseen to their retreat. When night came, he took up the corpse they had buried, and went up to their house. The window was open, and he looked in; they were busy counting and dividing their ill-gotten booty. Piles of money covered the table, and he heard all the accounts of their expeditions. All at once he sent the dead baby flying in among them, — which so frightened them that they took to their heels and left all behind. He leaped in, gathered all the money, and left for home.

He now determined to settle, and to this end built a small house. One day a heavy rain-storm came on; and just at nightfall two weary priests, wet to the skin, called and requested a night's lodging. This he refused, as he had no accommodations for strangers. They pleaded hard, and offered him a large reward; this he accepted, and kept them until morning, but managed to exact a still further contribution from them before their departure.

LVIII.

MOOÏN AND MOONŪMKWĚCH' (THE BEAR
AND THE WOODCHUCK).

TWO old women lived together in a wigwam; there were no neighbors near. They did their own hunting, got their own wood, and lived pleasantly together. They had an abundance of everything, and during the cold winter nights kept a bright, cheerful fire burning in the centre of their wigwam.

One night they lay down to rest, Indian-fashion, *witkñsoo-djik* (heads and points), so that each could lie with her back to the fire. While they were sound asleep, Moonŭmkwěch came up to the door and looked in. He saw that the two women were asleep, one with her feet towards the other's head; and he resolved to have some fun at their expense. So he went and cut a long stick of *owbagoos*, and placed it near the fire until it was hot; he then touched the foot of one, and then of the other. They started, and called out to each other, "Mind! you are burning my feet." "Indeed, I am not!" exclaimed each in turn; and they soon got into a great quarrel. Moonŭmkwěch' enjoyed the game marvellously, and laughed so heartily that he literally split his sides, and fell dead just outside the door.

In the morning the women went out and found the dead Moonŭmkwěch' at the door; they skinned and dressed him for breakfast. The kettle was hung, he was cut up and put in, and the water began to boil; whereupon he came to life. He picked himself up and put himself together; leaping out of the pot, he made his escape. He rushed out-of-doors, seized his coat, — his skin, which had been stretched out there, — slipped it on, and scampered into the woods.

In jumping out of the pot he stood for a moment on the edge; thus disturbing the equilibrium of the pot, and spilling the scalding water into the fire. This threw up the ashes with great splutter, and filled the eyes of the Bear and blinded her. After this she could not go out hunting, and was entirely dependent on her friend,—who was not the most kindly disposed towards her blind sister, and did not give her the most choice morsels, but fed her scantily, and on the leanest and poorest of the meat, though she had a plenty of the best.

One day, while MooĪn was alone in the wigwam, she began to wonder if she could not get her eyes open. So she felt around for her knife, sharpened it upon a whetstone, and then cut across her eyes. Instantly the light dawned upon her. She looked up, and could see a little. Encouraged by her success, she made another incision; and now out of one eye she could see well. She performed the same operation on the other eye, and her sight was perfectly restored. She looked up, and saw an abundance of fatter and better meat than that upon which she had been fed.

Meanwhile her friend came in from hunting, and prepared their dinner. She took a small portion that was the hardest and leanest, and placed it before the Bear. But the latter looked up and cast her eyes upon the fine fat piece hanging there, and looked her companion in the face, who saw with astonishment that her eyes were cured. She was frightened, and escaped the impending, dreaded resentment by an artful dodge. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "I have given you the wrong dish; I had prepared that for myself. There is yours," — changing the dishes as she spoke.

After this the two women lived in harmony in their domestic affairs, as they had done before the appearance of the rascally Woodchuck.

LIX.

OOCHĪGEŌPCH

TWO old Indians lived far away in the forest. They had no daughters, and only one son.

When the boy was grown up, his mother advised him to begin housekeeping on his own hook. He made inquiries respecting the matter, and his mother gave him all due directions. She prepared his clothes for the occasion, and told him which way to go. He must follow the river, and go up stream. In due time he would come to a small Indian village; he would not find the wished-for girl there, but he would obtain directions. He must enter one of the humblest lodges, and make known his errand. This all came out as foretold. He entered the lodge; and there was an old mother, who received him kindly, and a small boy, who took great pleasure in waiting upon him. The old lady had already divined his errand; and when he stated to her the particulars, she volunteered to assist him. She went over to a neighboring lodge, where two young men resided, and told them that a stranger had arrived (*wājoolkw*), and that a fine young man was on a marriage-expedition and needed a guide. Would one of them accompany him? One consented, and his services as guide were accepted. The next day the two went on; they came to a second village, but their directions were to go on to a third. In due time this was reached; it turned out to be a very large one. Here the young man entered one of the poorest and meanest-looking lodges, where an old grandmother and her little grandson, Marten, welcomed them. Before entering, the young candidate for matrimonial honors put off his fine, manly appearance, his ornaments, and his beauty, and assumed

a mean garb and a rough, scabby face. Awkwardly entering the lodge, he managed to hit his face with the boughs that were woven by the side of the doorway to keep out the cold, and to set his face to bleeding. In this wretched plight he entered, and took his seat. The old lady knew well that all this was assumed for the purpose of seeing who would marry him notwithstanding his looks, — intending that his bride should enjoy a pleasing surprise when she found out how handsome he really was.

His comrade informed the grandmother who her guests were, and what the object of their expedition was. She then went out to negotiate. There was a chief there, who had a number of daughters; and to him the old woman made application. The old chief had a streak of magic in him; and, despite the young stranger's appearance, he knew that there was something in him. "Let him come," said the chief, "and take his choice of my daughters."

The girls, all in a high state of expectation, were called in and seated round the lodge. At the word given, in blundered the would-be bridegroom. His face was covered with ugly sores, and he managed to stumble against the brush of the wigwam, so as to set them bleeding; and in this condition he gazed around on the young women, in order to select the most beautiful and lovely one. They were horror-stricken, and screaming rushed out of the wigwam and hid their faces; but the youngest, who was the prettiest and best, kept her seat. He went up and sat down by her side. This settled the matter. The parties were married, but the poor thing could not restrain her tears; these fell thick and fast. But her father told her to stop crying: "He is all right; you will soon find out that you have no reason to be sorrowful."

Meanwhile the other sisters could not restrain their taunts. But she waited patiently for the *dénouement*. In the morning, when she awoke, what was her astonishment in beholding the transformation that had taken place! She could not believe

that that was the husband to whom she had been assigned ; but her mother assured her that he was the very same one. Oh, how delighted she was ! He had applied a little water and washing to his face, and removed all imperfections and impurities ; his cheeks were red, his robes were splendid, and he had all the dignity and manly bearing of a chief. Upon this the other sisters changed their tune, and were enraged at the good fortune of their sister. A festival was ordained, and they had eating, drinking, and games ; and in due time the young couple arrived at their home. The friend of the bridegroom accompanied them as far as his own village, where he left the young married couple to go on. They arrived at their destination, and were welcomed by his mother ; and *kěspěadooksit* (the story ends).

LX.

GLOOSCAP'S ORIGIN.

[THE following information respecting Glooscap was given me by Gabriel Thomas, of Frederickton. I question, however, whether it does not refer to some other fabulous person.]

GLOOSCAP was one of twins. Before they were born, they conversed and consulted together how they would better enter the world. Glooscap determined to be born naturally; the other resolved to burst through his mother's side. These plans were carried into effect. Glooscap was first born; the mother died, killed by the younger as he burst the walls of his prison. The two boys grew up together, miraculously preserved.

After a time the younger inquired of Glooscap how the latter could be killed. Glooscap deemed it prudent to conceal this, but pretended to disclose the secret, lest his brother, who had slaughtered the mother, should also kill him. But he wished at the same time to know how the younger one could be despatched, as it might become convenient to perform the same operation upon him. So he told his brother very gravely that nothing would kill him but a blow on the head dealt with the head of a cat-tail flag. Then the brother asked, "And how could you be killed?" "By no other weapon," was the answer, "than a handful of bird's-down."

One day the younger brother tried the experiment. Procuring a cat-tail flag, he stepped up slyly behind his friend, and gave him a smart blow on the head, which stunned him;

he left him on the ground for dead. But after a while he came to; and now it was his turn. So he collected a handful of down, and made a ball of it; and with this ball he struck his younger brother and killed him.

Glooscap had many enemies, visible and invisible. The wolves were his dogs; and their dolorous howl and the scream of the loon were notes of lamentation. These animals and birds were lamenting for their master, now that he was gone away.

LXI.

A WAR INCIDENT.

[GABRIEL THOMAS, of St. Mary, gave me an account of three war incidents, one of which, he said, occurred with the Indians of Canada, since the conversion of those of the Lower Provinces to Christianity. He also stated that the names of the places in New Brunswick are Micmac, and that the Indians of this latter tribe formerly owned and occupied the place, but were driven back by the Maliseets, whose proper designation is Kùhhùs, —plural, Kùhhùsooòk, Muskrats.]

THE Indians were all assembled in their chapel on Sunday for divine service, when they were suddenly and silently surrounded by a hostile party of Mohawks. They went out of their chapel, and their chief begged permission of the Mohawk chief to utter three words, and to walk round the chapel three times before the work of slaughter began. This not unreasonable request was readily granted. So he deliberately marched round the chapel, singing all the time; and as he came round each time, he uttered a word. The day was fine, and the sky cloudless; but suddenly, as he came round the third time, the heavens were clothed in blackness, and a loud clap of thunder was heard, followed by a torrent of rain. The lightning struck the Mohawks, and prostrated and stunned them all. Whereupon the Christian Indians fell upon and despatched them.

LXII.

AN ARMY DROWNED BY A SINGLE MAN.

AT another time a Maliseet chief, with his wife and two boys, were taken captive. On their march homeward their provisions ran short, and the Mohawk chief told his captive that he had dreamed a singular dream. "I dreamed," said he, "that we roasted one of your boys and ate him." "Well," replied the other, "the boys are in your hands and at your mercy; if you choose to make a meal of one of them, you are at liberty to do so." Accordingly this was done. After a short time the Mohawk dreamed the same thing again; and so they roasted the other boy, the father having given his consent.

The father was bound, and could not interfere, had he desired to do so; and he looked on with well-dissembled indifference. Not so the mother; she, poor thing! was sadly afflicted, and moaned with undissembled grief. So her husband remonstrated with the Mohawk, and urged him to release the woman. "You have killed her children, you have me in your power," said he; "let this suffice. Leave the poor woman, and let her shift for herself." To this the other agreed, and the woman was set at liberty; she remained behind, and the war-party, with her husband, went on.

But they were sorely pressed for food. It was proposed to kill one of their own men; but they came to a lake, and the Maliseet chief assured them that there were evidences of beaver, and that beaver-meat was on every account to be preferred. All hands turned out for a hunt. It was winter; the snow was deep, and the ice thick, and the men were unsuccessful. The captive assured them that if they would

untie him and let him give directions, he would soon obtain a supply of beaver. As no danger could result from this experiment, and as they were sorely pinched for food, it was determined to unloose the captive, and allow him to head the hunting-expedition.

The lake was a singular one, — small coves made up into the woods at short distances from each other; and in each of these coves he directed them to cut holes, and at each hole he placed a man, who was to keep a strict watch. The men were all thus disposed at some distance from each other, and each out of sight of all the rest.

His next move was to go around the lake and visit each hole, to see what the prospect was. Approaching the first hole, he listened and pretended to hear a beaver; and while the other was bent down over the hole and listening with all his ears, an adroit and sudden push sent him headlong under the ice. In this manner, one by one, noiselessly he despatched every warrior, and then returned to camp and made his report to the astonished chief. "And now," said he, "your turn is come; and you can try your skill upon me." But, alas! the poor fellow had lost all courage and all strength of resistance. A blow despatched him; and the conqueror soon rejoined his wife, and with her returned to his tribe, to report his skill in strategy and his success in beaver-hunting.

LXIII.

A WAR-PARTY DROWNED BY TWO WOMEN.

TWO Maliseet families away above the Grand Falls on the Oolástook (St. John River), had gone to the hunting-ground in the fall, and had taken up their residence there for the time being. The men were out in the woods hunting, and the women were keeping camp, when a Mohawk war-party came upon the camp and took the women captive. As the women were acquainted with the river below, and the Mohawks were not, they compelled the women to act as pilots to the fleet. This consisted of a large number of canoes; and as the day was fine, these were all lashed together in a body, forming a sort of raft, and were left to drift with the current.

As night approached, the warriors inquired if the river was as calm and placid below as it was there. They were assured that this was the case; but the women knew well where they were, and that the Grand Falls were not far below. Night settled down upon them, and the men were soon all asleep; but the two pilots kept wide awake. When they had approached sufficiently near to insure the success of their bold enterprise, and sufficiently far off to insure their own safety, the two women quietly slipped down into the water and swam ashore, leaving their captors to the mercy of the river. Their fleet was soon carried over the rapids and dashed to pieces. Some of them were awakened before the final plunge; but they were too far in to extricate themselves, and all perished.

The women were soon joined by some of their friends. They stripped the slain of their clothing and ornaments, and gathered much spoil; then they danced all night for joy, and were highly honored by their nation.

LXIV.

INDIAN STRATEGY.

A LARGE war-party of the Mohawks, coming down the river, were discovered by a solitary hunter. This man was near the shore, and he saw them pass. His canoe was near; but he had taken the precaution to hide it in the woods, knowing that they would land at night. He waited until dark, and then launched his canoe and glided down cautiously until he discovered their fires on the shore. He then landed, carried his canoe on his back round the enemy, and again placed it on the river. He held on his way without stopping until he reached the village to which he belonged, where he spread the alarm. But unfortunately the warriors were nearly all absent on a hunting-expedition, and only three men could be mustered; but these resolutely undertook the task of defending their wives and little ones. Each warrior manned a canoe, and all pushed up the river. They selected their ground, and quietly awaited the approach of the foe.

The place selected as the most suitable for their purpose was the extreme end of a long point, formed by a sharp angle in the river. Here they watched until the fleet of the war-party hove in sight. They now proceeded to action; and their plan was to deceive the enemy in respect to their numbers. The three canoes now showed themselves, and seemed to discover the enemy; then they stopped, and the foremost one landed, and dragged the canoe up after him into the bushes, followed successively by the other two. The enemy also immediately landed, and watched to learn the strength of the other party. Their position was on the

opposite shore, and so far up the stream that the river below the point was concealed from their view. This was what the others had calculated upon; and no sooner had the foremost one landed, than he hastily conveyed his canoe across the point and replaced it in the water, — so that by the time the third one had landed, the first one was ready to land again; and thus they proceeded successively, while their “friends” on the opposite bank watched and kept count. They continued this operation until dark, when they lighted their torches and carried on the work far into the night. The amazed Mohawks counted until they discovered, as they supposed, that their enemies far outnumbered them, and wisely concluded that prudence would be the better part of valor and that they would better sue in time for peace.

About equidistant from the two hostile camps, in the middle of the river, there was a rock; towards this, soon after daylight, a solitary canoe from the Mohawk party was seen making its way with a “flag of truce.” One of the three on the other side, assuming the dignity of chief, moved over in stately composure to meet the other. Terms of peace were proposed, which after due delay and consideration were accepted; and, finally satisfied, they dug a grave, buried their weapons, and never afterward violated the peace. Indians know how to appreciate generalship as well as brute force. In this instance brute force was used; for, during the discussion of peace preliminaries, the Maliseet who pretended to be a chief seized a war-club, and striking a rock, shivered it at a blow; this strength of arm was believed to have had no small influence on the other party in bringing them to terms.

LXV.

THE ANIMAL-TAMERS.

A WAY off in the depths of the forest lived an old couple, who had three grown-up children, — two sons and a daughter. They lived in the usual way; but the boys after a while began to cast about for some better mode of living. The elder suggested that with a little ingenuity and a little magic they could obtain a livelihood more readily than by the precarious method of hunting. "Let us learn the languages of the animals, collect all kinds, tame them, and carry them away to exhibit and sell." "But how can we manage them?" asked the younger brother. "I will gather the horns of all the animals, and you may gather specimens of the quills and feathers of all the birds; and I shall be able to understand their language by listening to them with a horn placed against my ear. You will burn the feathers out of doors; and when the birds smell the odor of the burning quills, each kind will gather to its own, and you can easily catch and tame them."

So, having arranged their plans, they began to put them into operation. The elder one hunted for horns, and was seven years in collecting them; the other hunted for quills the same length of time.

Having collected his horns, the one could easily understand the animals and decoy them into his power, and by this means collected a large menagerie; while the other, having burned his pile of feathers and loaded the surrounding atmosphere with the perfume of them, found himself soon surrounded with every bird of every wing, which he took care to secure.

Their next move was to go to the capital, the residence of the king, and there exhibit their collections, and also dispose of them to such as wished to purchase. They inquired for the king, and sent him word respecting the object of their visit to his city. They asked for a suitable building in which to lodge and keep their beasts and birds; they were supplied with one, and also with seven men to assist them. The king made strict inquiries, before granting this request, respecting their appearance and general bearing. Such a report was made on these points as satisfied the king, and so every facility was afforded them for prosecuting their business.

People flocked from all quarters, proclamation having been made throughout the city and environs that two strangers had arrived with all kinds of beasts and birds, for show and for sale. After all the others had been admitted, the king and queen came with their children. Many of the animals had already been sold; but specimens of each kind remained, and one of each was presented to the king, as a compensation for the privileges granted. The king accepted the present, but took good care to give one in return, and not to be outdone in generosity.

The two men had now accumulated a large quantity of gold and silver; so what remained of their stock was bestowed in largess upon the poor. They took their money and returned home, where they divided the spoil and made arrangements for the future. The older brother agreed to take care of the aged father, and the younger to take the homestead and care for the mother and the sister. The elder one married and began life anew. They divided the land and cultivated it.

The younger man remained for some time unmarried, his sister taking care of the house. She cultivated a garden of her own, and assisted in the more laborious work on the farm. In her garden she had many beautiful white flowers. These for a time were flourishing and beautiful; but one

morning she found them all torn off and withered. She felt very sad, and told her brother so. Now it happened that he was a very sedate, kind, charitable, and pious man, though his brother was the reverse; and he divined the cause of the destruction of the white flowers. It was, he felt sure, the work of a bad spirit. He told his sister to rise betimes in the morning, and she would see a man destroying her favorites. So, bright and early, she arose and peeped out; sure enough, there was a man in her garden, at the work of destruction. She returned and told her brother; he directed her to keep away from her garden seven days, and all would come out right again. This she did; and when she went to look, lo! her flowers had bloomed again in all their freshness and beauty.

Soon after this the younger brother brought home a wife. Then the father was taken ill, and seemed about to die. The younger brother was very anxious, and wished to do something for him; but the other did not seem to mind it. He thought the old man's time had come; and as he had a wife and several children to look after, he did not deem it worth while to take much pains to save his father, even if it could be done. The old man died, and they buried him. The younger brother endeavored to improve the opportunity by admonishing the elder one to prepare for his own demise. But the latter would not listen to him, and laughed at his scruples and fears, still continuing in his own course. Not long after, he too sickened and died; he left his property to his wife and children. The mother and sister died also, and the only survivor was the younger brother.

His sister-in-law became lonely and dissatisfied with the place, and wished to remove; but her brother-in-law dissuaded her. "My brother gave you everything, and you have a good chance to make a livelihood here," he said; "but if you remove, I see no chance for you." So she remained.

Some time after this the surviving brother was taken sick.

At the prospect of death, he earnestly prayed that he and all his family might be taken to heaven together. This request was granted. In the evening he died; and the next morning nothing was seen of his house or anything pertaining to him. The sister-in-law and her family awoke and looked out; to their astonishment, all was gone.

[Related Nov. 10, 1870.]

LXVI.

THE BEAVER MAGICIANS AND THE BIG FISH.

THERE was once a large Indian village where in the dead of the winter food became scarce, and a good deal of suffering was the result. No moose, bear, caribou, or beaver was to be obtained. Finally, one of the women encouraged her husband to try his luck again, and he started off on his snow-shoes. After a while he fell in with other snow-shoe tracks, as though quite a company of hunters had been there. Taking their trail and following it, he came out after a while to a lake, and looking around, up and down the lake, he saw away at the farther end a solitary wigwam, from which smoke was ascending. He approached it and entered. A very old man lay there asleep, while a caribou's head was roasting before the fire. The old man aroused himself at the entrance of the stranger, and welcoming him inquired whether he saw any young men in the woods as he came. He replied that he did not. But after a while they came in, bringing with them a large amount of venison. "What has kept you so long?" inquired the old man. "The caribou head has been done a long time." They were soon ready for their meal, and the stranger shared the repast. After this the old man inquired whence he had come; he told him, and also related how they were faring at his village. "We are in great trouble," he said, "for want of food." "We must assist our friends," said the old man to his hunters. "Tie him up a good back-load of meat and let him take it home." This was done, and he departed.

Arriving at his own lodge, he deposited his burden according to the custom outside the lodge, went in, and sent out the woman to fetch it in, telling her he had a small bundle of

food. What was their surprise on opening the pack to find that it was poplar bark, instead of meat, — food for beavers instead of food for human beings. The old man had been deceived. He had supposed himself in an Indian's hut, when he had been the guest of an old beaver and his litters to the third generation.¹ He had fed on poplar bark instead of beefsteak, and had brought home a back-load of the same, supposing it was moose-meat. [Magicians of all nations and ages are supposed to have the power of making things seem what they are not.]

But the community drew one inference from the occurrence. They concluded that they had at least discovered traces of beavers, and setting the hunter to retrace his steps and lead the way, they started for game. They killed a bear on the way, and returned to camp to supply the hungry ones with food. This done, they again started for the beaver-house. What was the old man's surprise to find that his own track was there in the snow, but all the others had vanished? When they reached the lake, there was no smoke and no hut. The old fellow who had played beaver had been nothing else than a wily magician. He had practised a double deception upon his dupe. All his senses had been deceived, and the magician had taken himself quietly out of the way. So the hunters returned empty-handed to the camp.

The hero of the tale now proposed to go and hunt whales. The others objected. They proposed an excursion to hunt

¹ This, my informant assures me, is the case with the beavers. The old ones with their whelps, with the young of last year's litter, and that of the year before the last, all own and occupy one *wees* (beaver house), and work together as one family. To ascertain such a fact of natural history is worth writing down the story. The beavers get their growth in four years, and begin to breed when three years old, and do not leave the old homestead until then. Thus the family consists of four generations, — first, the two old ones, called *K'esegomskook*; secondly, their young of the year before last, called *P'ilümskook*; thirdly, the young of last year, called *Kujebdneheechk*; and fourthly, the young of this year, called *Peevëchh*. They may bring forth as many as six at a litter. I am told that the wild geese do not begin to lay until they are three years old.

white bears. But white bear's-meat was poisonous, he said, it would make them sick to eat it; and he insisted on looking for a whale. "The wind blows," they urged, "and it is no weather for whale-hunting." But the weather cleared up, and the sea became as smooth as oil; the canoe and the spears were not called into requisition. His *peepoogwōkūn* (a kind of wind instrument) was taken in hand, and the parties went down to the shore. There he sounded his pipe, and the others watched; but no whale made his appearance, and the rest all returned home. Our friend, however, persevered. A whale was seen spouting in the distance, which listened with rapt attention to the flute. It sounded like the cries of his mate. So he pulled for the shore, and before he was aware, he found himself high and dry. The Indian hastened home and made report. All turned out and helped cut up and carry home the meat; they saved the blubber, which they also conveyed home for domestic use. Portions were sent round to all the neighbors, and after this there was no want during the remainder of the season.

LXVII.

CAUGHT BY A HAIR-STRING.

A WAY in the woods there was a large Indian town on the outskirts of which resided two old people who had but two children, and they were daughters; both were very fair and beautiful, but they were shy and coy, and did not allow themselves to be seen by everybody. They rejected all offers of marriage.

The chief of the village had a fine son who was expected to take the office when his father should abdicate or die. This young man knew of the two belles of the village, and sought the hand of one of them in marriage.

He interested his father and some of his friends in the matter, and in due time they repaired to the lodge where the girls resided, to enter upon negotiations. The girls kept themselves out of sight behind a screen. The evening passed pleasantly away. They ate, drank, and engaged in games; in due time the old chief asked of the father the hand of one of his daughters for his son. He replied that he would give an answer the next day.

In the mean time the young women, who had of course heard all that had passed, were questioned as to their wishes in the matter. They decided in the negative; and word to that effect was sent to the old chief, the father himself carrying the message.

Now it happened that there resided in the village a fellow who was ill-looking and stupid, a poor hand at every kind of work. He, hearing of the ill-success of the young chief, said jocosely, "I could get one of these girls, if I chose." Forth-

with some of his companions proposed to accompany him, and suggested that they should go that very evening, — go in suddenly upon them, just as they were beginning their evening meal. This plan was carried out, and the girls had no time to jump behind their screen, so that the boys had a fair opportunity to look into their beautiful faces. They were invited to eat; they said they had eaten their suppers, but yielded to the importunity of the old people.

After supper they engaged in various games, one of which was called the *Mingwōdōkadijīk*; this was played by hiding in the ashes a small ring which was fished for by the parties, who had hidden their faces when the ring was secreted. First, one would plunge a pointed stick in the ashes, and if he missed it, the other would take the stick and try; the one who found the ring won the game.

Thus the evening passed; but not a word was lisped respecting matrimony, nor did the young women vouchsafe a single word to any one. When it grew late, the visitors went home, and the young man who had boasted jestingly about his confidence of success was somewhat rallied by his comrades upon his failure.

Time passed, and the same young man went into the woods a hunting with a companion, from whom he was separated during the course of the day. He met an old woman wrinkled and bent down, whose hair was adorned with a great display of *sākālobeek*¹ (hair-strings) which hung down over her shoulders, binding up her hair and then trailing down to her feet. "Where are you going?" she asked the young man. "Nowhere in particular," he replied. "Where are you from, *noogūmee* (grandmother)?" he asked in return. "I have not come far," she replied; "but look you here, are you anxious to marry one of those beauties?" "Oh, by no means!" he replied. "But I can assist you, and tell you how

¹ The variation of the manuscript in the spelling of this word has been retained. The *k* of *sākālobeek* is doubtless the dative case ending. Dr. Rand in his Micmac Dictionary gives the spelling *sagūlōbe*. — Ed.

you can gain her affections and obtain her for your wife, if you say the word," she continued. He inquired how he was to proceed. "Take this," said she, handing him one of the hair-strings that hung in profusion over her shoulders, "roll it up and carry it in your pouch for a while, and then go watch your opportunity and toss it upon her back; but take care that she does not see you, and that no one knows of the matter but yourself." So he took the *sagülöbe*, and did as directed. Selecting a few of his comrades, he called upon the parties, taking care to bolt in suddenly upon them just as they were about to begin their supper. The girls had not time to hide; the parents treated the visitors with great kindness and attention, and soon an opportunity occurred to toss the *sagülöbe* upon the back of one of the girls. Soon after this the young men retired to their homes.

A day or two later, as the young man was walking alone in the woods, he saw coming toward him the girl to whom he had made love by tossing at her the *sagülöbe*. The old woman who had given him the string was a witch, and the string was a magical snare that had caught the heart of the girl, and she had gone out to meet the object of her affections. She first addressed him. *Tame äleên?* ("Whither are you going?") "I am going a hunting," he answered. "But whence have you come, and what are you doing out here alone? Are you lost?" "Oh, no, I am not lost," she answered. "You would better return home," he said, "and I will go with you and tell your parents that I have found you wandering in the woods, not knowing the way home." To this proposal she agreed. When they arrived, he said to the parents, "I found your daughter lost in the woods, and have brought her home to you." Whereupon the father inquired of the young man if he would like to take her to be his wife. He answered in the affirmative, and without any ceremony save a festival, the matter was settled.

Some time after this the husband inquired of his wife, "Where did you get that pretty *sagülöbe*?" "I found it in my

'*ntüboonk*' (the place where I was accustomed to sit in the wigwam)."

This man now felt disposed to assist the young chief in obtaining the other girl. So he went and inquired if he was still desirous of marrying her. Learning that this was the case, he told him how he could succeed. So they went into the woods together, and soon met the friendly fairy, who questioned the chief as she had questioned the other, gave him a *sagülobe*, and told him what to do with it. He proceeded according to directions, visited the lodge, bolting in suddenly at the evening meal; watching his opportunity, he tossed the magic string upon the back of the girl. It dropped down on the boughs, and was picked up in due time and exercised its magical influence over the heart of the finder, leading her to fall desperately in love with the young chief. He in the mean time had gone home and kept himself very close for a few days. When he went out a hunting, he met the object of his search, as the other had done, escorted her home, and told her parents that she was lost, though, in answer to his inquiries on that point when they met, she had assured him that she was not lost. Her father inquired if he would like to take her home with him. He replied in the affirmative, and led her away to his father's lodge. A great festival followed, and the young men prepared for their young chief a large and commodious wigwam. *Wechoostijik* (the two men whose wives were sisters) were on the best of terms and were much together.

One day the young chief asked his friend if he would like to learn to be a swift runner. He said, "I would." "I will tell you how you can do it," said the other. "Go, gather some feathers, and let them fly when the wind blows hard, and run after them. You will soon be able to outstrip the wind; and the art once acquired will be permanent. You will be able to run swiftly ever after." He went and tried it; he found that it was even so. Having thus by the aid of magic and practice acquired the power of fleet running, he

made further progress. The young chief showed him how he could become strong, and improve his eyesight and his skill in discovering animals in hunting. "Dress yourself up in the ugliest-looking clothes you can find, putting them on outside your ordinary dress. Fight the first man you can provoke to attack you. When he seizes you, slip out of your rags and run; then you can escape after that from any man or beast that may get you in his grasp."

This was done, and he soon met a crazy man, whom he insulted and provoked; as soon as he was attacked, he slipped out from his harlequin dress, which he left in his assailant's hands, who imagined the wearer to be in it; so he beat it furiously and left it for dead, the other looking on and laughing the while, but at a safe distance.

"Take a handful of moose's hair," he said to him, "clasp it in a roll firmly between your thumb and fingers, then hold them up in the wind and blow the hair away; you will be able to see all the moose that are about you for a long distance around. Take the hair of any other animal and do the same thing with it, the effect will be the same: you will see these animals, wherever they are." He took his lesson and put it in practice, and the result was as predicted.¹

Some time after this, in his rambles he entered a house. The man of the house was away, but the mistress was at home. He inquired where her husband was; she pointed to a field, and told him that he was out there. He looked, but could see nothing except a flock of geese.

He now asked his friend how he could learn to see fishes; he was directed to gather all kinds of fish-bones, to burn them, pound them to dust, and blow them up into the wind. This he did; he could now see the fish and call them to him.

He was specially interested in the whales. They are strong,

¹ In order to be able to see birds where they are not visible to common eyes, he must take their quills and strip off the feathery parts, pick them to pieces, blow them into the air, and look in the direction in which they fly.

and he desired to acquire physical strength. So he burned a piece of *bootîpâwigîn* (whalebone), pounded it fine, and then, taking his stand on a rock that juts out into the sea, blew the dust away seaward. He immediately saw an immense number of whales in the distance. Again he blew his whalebone dust towards them, and they moved towards him. The young chief assured him that whales never die unless they are killed, and that with their assistance he could obtain a longevity that should border on immortality. Seven times he repeated the process, and one large, powerful monster came and placed himself alongside the rock on which he stood, and inquired what was wanted. "I want you to make me strong," said the man. "Very well," the whale answered; "put your hand in my mouth, and you will find what you want." So he thrust his hand in the monster's mouth, and feeling around found a golden key. "Take that, and you can accomplish whatever you desire. It will defend you against the attacks of enemies, wild beasts, sickness, or any other calamity." So he took the key and went home.

Everything prospered in the place. The inhabitants were well supplied with food; the animals multiplied and could be called right up to their dwellings. They were protected from the attacks of hostile Indians, and so increased and multiplied.

By and by the father-in-law became old and feeble, and the chief told his brother-in-law that the old man was ill, and asked if he could not be made well and young again. But the other objected to this, and thought that they would better let Nature take her course.

After a while the old chief died, and his son succeeded him. He offered to abdicate in favor of *wechoosîl* (his wife's brother-in-law). The latter declined the offer, but he rendered his friend all due assistance as long as he lived.

LXVIII.

TŪMĪLKOONTAŌO (BROKEN-WING).

AN Indian family resided on the sea-shore. They had two sons, the oldest of whom was married and had a family of small children. They lived principally by fishing, and their favorite food was eels.

Now it came to pass at a certain time that the weather was so stormy they could not fish. The wind blew fiercely night and day, and they were greatly reduced by hunger. Finally the old father told his boys to walk along the shore, and perhaps they might find a fish that had floated ashore, as sometimes happened. So one of the young men started off to try his luck in this line; when he reached a point where the wind blew so fiercely that he could hardly stand against it, he saw the cause of all the trouble. At the end of the point there was a ledge of rocks, called in Micmac *Kwě-sōpskedk'* (Rocky Point), extending far out; at low water the rocks were separated from one another by the shallow water, but were nearly all covered when the tide was in. On the farthest rock, a large bird, the storm-king, was standing, flapping his wings and causing all the trouble by the wind he raised. The Indian planned to outwit him. He called to the big bird, and addressing him as *Niskamich'* (my grandfather), said, "Are you cold?" He answered, "No." The man replied, "You are cold; let me carry you ashore on my back." "Do so," was the answer. So the man waded over to the rock on which the bird was sitting, took him on his back, and carefully carried him from rock to rock, wading over the intervening spaces of shoal water. In going down

the last rock, he stumbled on purpose, but pretended that it was an accident; and the poor old bird fell and broke one of his wings. The man seemed very sorry, and immediately proceeded to set the bone and bind up the wing. He then directed the old fellow to keep quiet and not move his wings until the wounded one healed. He now inquired if it pained him much, and was told that it did not. "Remain there and I will visit you again soon, and bring you some food." He now returned home, and found that the wind had all died away; there was a dead calm, so that before long they were supplied with a great abundance of food, as the eels were plenty and easily taken. But there can be too much even of a good thing. Calm weather continued for a succession of days, causing the salt water to be covered with a sort of scum. The Indians call it *ogökpëgcak'*, and say it is the result of sickness and vomiting among the larger fish; this scum prevents the fishermen from seeing into the water, and consequently is adverse to eel-spearing. This took place on the occasion referred to, and so they sought for a remedy. The big bird was visited and his wing examined. It was sufficiently recovered to admit of motion, and he was told to keep both his wings going, but that the motion must be steady and gentle. This produced the desired effect. It made a slight ripple on the water which dispersed the *ogökpëgcak'* (scum), and the eel-fishery could be attended to without trouble.

After a while the older brother proposed to try for larger fish. "Let us go and hunt for whales," said he. "But how shall we call them?" his brother asked. "With our *peepoo-gwökin* (flute),"¹ was the answer. So away they started on their whaling expedition; but it proved a failure, as the whales would not come.

¹The *peepoo-gwökin* is a wind instrument of any kind, as a flute, horn, or trumpet. I have been unable so far to learn the form of the ancient Indian pipe. But the name *peepoo-gwökin*, I am assured, continually occurs in the ancient stories. Compare the first syllable, *peep*, with *pipe*.

Their next project was of a different kind. At a long distance from their home, there was a settlement of white people, the city of a king. They started on a visit to that city to see what they could find to do. Between them and the city a river flowed, over which was a bridge, guarded by a sentry at each end; no one was allowed to pass over this bridge except the king or some of the royal family. The brothers attempted to pass, but were stopped and positively refused a passage over. So they retired and consulted. They knew of a powerful soporific, and this they sought and prepared. It operated on the olfactory organs; they brought it to the sentries and proposed it as a specific for the headache. They took it, and eagerly snuffed the odor. Very soon they were sound asleep, and the two men passed over the bridge. They walked freely about the town unsuspected. They learned where the king's residence was, and ascertained that it was surrounded by seven enclosures, one beyond another; and that these were passed by seven gates, at each one of which a sentry was posted.

The younger brother aspired to be the king's son-in-law, and the plan proposed for securing the object was first to steal some article belonging to the princess, and having carried this off, the capture of the princess herself would easily follow. But the project was difficult and dangerous.

First and foremost, the seven sentries had to be passed. This required manœuvring. When they reached the first gate, the sentry demanded their name, and they answered, "Pūtāoo (Broth)." They pretended to belong to the royal stables and to have business at the palace. So the guards allowed them to pass, never dreaming that they had come over the royal bridge.

Reaching the palace, they concealed themselves until all were supposed to be asleep. In the mean time they had ascertained the location of the apartments of the princess. After all was still, the man quietly approached her window, pushed it up, and entered the room. The princess awoke

and called out, "Who are you?" "Pūtāoo (Broth)," he answered. He had given the same name when hailed by the sentries at the bridge and at the palace-gates. She screamed, and he caught a quilt from her bed and escaped. His comrade joined him, and in the darkness and confusion they easily made their escape, and concealed themselves until morning. Meanwhile all was noise and excitement at the palace. Every person sprang up and rushed to and fro to secure the intruder. A cannon was fired, and the whole city roused, but the men escaped.

The next day they crossed the bridge without trouble. They reached their home and related their adventures; but the princess-stealing project turned out a failure, as did his brother's attempt to catch the big fish from the deep. He learned to fish in shoaler water and keep nearer home.

LXIX.

A PRIEST LOST IN THE WOODS WITH HIS
SERVANT PETER.

THERE was once a priest who had a servant named Peter. One day they went into the woods hunting partridges, intending to be gone several days. They made provisions for the excursion, and Peter started with a heavy load on his back. They camped out for several nights, and finally got lost. For some days they wandered about until their clothes were torn to tatters, as they had to pass through a thickly tangled undergrowth. After being almost worn out and starved to death, the priest directed Peter to climb a high tree and see if he could discover a human habitation. He succeeded in seeing a hut in a clearing a long way off. They hastened thither as fast as their weary limbs would carry them. About dark they reached the hut, and found it occupied by a man, his wife, and two daughters, who received them kindly and prepared food for them. Peter ate ravenously, but the priest was more cautious; he ate sparingly, for he well knew that it would be dangerous to indulge his appetite too freely. The man of the house was absent, but he came home in the evening. The house was small, the people poor, and the sleeping accommodations scanty. But the two girls offered to take the floor and allow the strangers to occupy their room. To this arrangement the priest would not consent. He and Peter lay down together on the floor.

Now, it happened that the woman of the house had made a large pot of pea-soup, had poured it into a crock and put it away for the morning's breakfast. Peter and the priest had seen where the crock was placed; and the latter,

whose appetite had not been appeased, watched the crock with longing eyes.

Some time in the night, and when the household were all asleep, poor Peter's gnawing hunger led him to covet the pea-soup. He proposed to the priest that they make a raid upon the jar; but the priest objected, because it would be stealing. They must wait till morning, when the mistress of the house would give them their breakfast. They had taken no money with them, and therefore had no means of remunerating their host. Peter could not be persuaded that there could be much harm in taking some of the soup just to appease his craving appetite. After a while the priest concluded to find the crock, first help himself, and then give Peter a share. Having helped himself, which he was obliged to do with his hands for the want of a spoon or dish, he came with his two hands full for Peter; but missing his way in the total darkness, he lost his bearings, stumbled into the girls' room, and landed his cargo of hardened pea-soup on their bed.

The second time he was more successful, and Peter received his portion. He now proceeded a third time to the crock, and plunged in his two hands in his own behalf, when, lo! they stuck fast,—he could not disengage them. He called Peter to his aid, but Peter could not withdraw the crock. They were obliged to go out-of-doors and break it. This was a sad, mortifying scrape to get into. They carefully covered up the fragments in order to hide their mischief. "Shame! shame on us!" said the priest. "This serves me just right; it is a judgment upon me for going a third time to the crock. For the first and second time there was some excuse, as we were hungry; but that should have sufficed."

Soon a sharp contention was heard in the room where the double portion of hardened pea-soup had been misappropriated; and the coming of the mother to settle the difficulty increased the mortification of the priest, as it revealed the

extent and embarrassing nature of the mischief. Nothing remained but to get away as early as possible; they did so, urging as their reason that their home was not very far, and that their clothes were so torn they were not fit to be seen.

When they were a good distance from the house, the priest halted and spent some time in prayer. He had done wrong, he said. First, he should not have undertaken a partridge-hunt on so large a scale; the time would have been better spent in devotion. Then, this crock, — to go and steal! Alas! that was a terrible scrape for a priest. He must pray and do heavy penance, or he would not be forgiven.

But Peter was not so serious. To him it appeared a capital joke; he could not restrain his laughter. He argued that to steal to satisfy one's hunger is not a very great sin. He admitted that it would not do to carry anything home without the knowledge and consent of the owners; and as to praying, that was good and proper of course, but there was a time for all things. If we were to pray all day, how could the wants of the body be provided for? The pea-soup scrape he could not help laughing about whenever he thought of it, and he did not think that the sin was very great. He assured the priest that he was making too serious an affair of it.

The priest thought differently, and could not help feeling mortified and ashamed long after they reached home. He had to command the jocose servant to cease talking about it. Peter complied with the letter of the command, but could not forbear for a good while afterward occasionally proposing another expedition for partridges. But he could never again prevail upon the priest to venture far into the forest. His master's hunting expeditions were of but a few hours' duration, and extended only a short distance.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Dec. 2, 1870.]

LXX.

A FAIRY TALE.

[NEWEL JEDDORE, Jim Paul, and Prosper Newell were some years ago passing along up the Musquedobit River, near its *embouchure*, when they came to a place where the bluff was high. Jim Paul informed his companions that it was reported to be a haunt of Wigûlădūmooch', or Fairies. As a proof of the reality of their existence in that locality, he told them the following story.]

NED JEDDORE, Newel Jeddore's grandfather, was one day stopping near the haunt of the fairies, when he took upon himself to insult them and challenge them to a fight. He pulled off his coat, and cursing them called upon them to come on if they dared; but no fairy appeared to accept the challenge or revenge the insult. So he lay down and went to sleep. When he awoke, he found himself tied hand and foot. He could see no cords; but he was unable to free himself. He called out, "Who tied me?" *Neen* ("It was I"), responded a voice from the cliff. "Oh, untie me!" he cried, "and I will never insult you again." Whereupon he felt the hands of some one passing over his hands and ankles, as if untying the cords, and soon found himself free.

[After Jim Paul had finished the story, some one of the party felt a disposition to try if they could raise the fairies. One of them shouted, *Alasoodumeikoop ho* ("Ho! come to

prayers")! A voice far up the rocks responded, *Alasoodu-meikeep ho* ("Ho! come to prayers")! Another of the party shouted, *Keloowöl ho* ("Ho! come and get your food")! A voice far up the rocks responded, *Keloowöl ho!* ("Ho! come and get your food")!]

LXXI.

A WONDERFUL BULL'S-HIDE BELT.

THERE were once two old people who had one son about fifteen years old (*weegijik keesegook*). One day he was walking out and saw a man skinning a bull. He asked the man what he was doing; the man told him that he was skinning a beautiful bull that died that day. The boy asked him if he would sell him a strip of the hide a few inches broad, cut from the very top of the back. He told him he would. So he went home and asked his father to give him a little money. "What do you want of it?" asked his father. "I want to buy a piece of raw-hide for a belt." "But I have no money to give you; ask the man to trust you." So he went over and requested the man to trust him. This he was unwilling to do, but he offered him a strip of the hide for a day's work. This condition was accepted; the boy went to work, and performed an amazing amount of labor, fully as much as any ordinary man would do in a week. At the close of the day the man cut him off a strip of the bull's hide from the part that extended along the back, from the neck to the tail, and which in Micmac was called *ootokoobalow*. The man asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told him he was going to learn to be a doctor.

The boy took home the strip of raw-hide, dressed it, and made a belt of it. He did not remove the hair. One night he dreamed that a man came and told him to cut a few hairs from the belt, tie them up, and then find seven more bulls and

cut a small bunch of hairs from each of their backs; he told him further that he would then become a very good cattle-doctor, that his skill would continue seven years, that during the same period he was to use the hairs cut up fine for medicine, and that with this belt he could by wishing obtain whatever he desired.

The next morning he followed out the directions given him in his dream. He carefully cut a small bunch of hairs from the belt, then went and found, one after another, seven live bulls, from whose backs he cut a small bunch of hairs and tied them up. He cut them up fine as often as he had to doctor an ox.

He then started on a tour of cattle-doctoring. He soon learned that a rich gentleman had a fine, beautiful bull, which he greatly prized, that was sick. He went and examined the animal, and told the owner that he was a cattle-doctor. The owner set him to work. First, he made a slight incision in the leg to start the blood; after this he inserted his medicine and closed the wound. He then scraped round the roots of the bull's horns, and rubbed in the medicine. He directed water to be brought, in which the animal should be washed all over, and then that something should be given him to eat. He went home, but returned the next day to visit his patient. He found him perfectly well. The owner asked him how much his bill was; he replied that he had no specific charge, but would leave it entirely to the generosity of the other. The man offered him a *wijnoodaâm* (ox); but he did not want animals, he wanted money. "Well," said the man, "I would not have lost the bull for fifty pounds; if that will satisfy you, you shall have it." "That will do," said the boy, pocketing the money. This very successful beginning encouraged him to proceed. *Na kélouk ébâtégû* ("Now, that was good luck"). When he came home, he gave the money to his father, who laid it up. After this he travelled about and practised cattle-doctoring with great success.

He used to sleep with his belt under his head, and one night he dreamed that a man came to him and told him to go and place his belt in a certain large pasture. He must go the next day, but must get both his breakfast and his dinner first, and then he must wait until the same hour of the day, when he would find a very beautiful bull which he might lead away as his own. He followed these directions, and left the belt the following afternoon. The next day, at exactly the same hour, he returned to the place, and there found one of the most beautiful animals of the ox kind that his eyes ever beheld. As he drove him along home, every one who saw him admired him, and the news spread in all directions.

Not far off was a city in which the king resided. The king heard of this wonderful bull, and desired to see him. So the boy went to the city, taking his pet with him. Now, it happened that the animal could understand his master; they could converse together, or at least the bull knew all that was said to him, and so was informed where they were going, and what the object of their journey was.

The king was wonderfully taken with the beauty of the bull, and wanted to buy him. But the owner would not sell him at any price. Now it happened that the king himself had an animal of the same kind that was considered a marvel. But this was quite eclipsed by that of the stranger. The king's bull was a great fighter. He could conquer anything, — bull, dog, lion, bear, or any other animal, — and the king wished to see him try his horn on our hero's bull. So he proposed that they should be let loose in a field together for a fight. To this the owner agreed, and instructed the animal accordingly. He must not kill the king's bull, but knock him down and show that he was entirely in his power.

So the bulls were led out into a large yard, and a host of people gathered to see the sport. The king's bull was soon knocked down, when the king, anxious to save his beautiful animal, asked the doctor to call off his bull. The doctor had

only to speak to him, and the bull quietly left the other and walked away.

The king now inquired if the doctor could cure his bull of the wounds he had received. This he promised to do, and succeeded; the king rewarded him by giving him one hundred pounds and a fine horse. This money he took home and gave to his father, who laid it up as he had done before with the fifty pounds.

After a while he went again to the city, and inquired after the favorite bull. He found him well, but applied a drug to him in some way that made him furious; he raged around, gored the other animals and the people; the whole city was in confusion, hundreds of people being killed by the mad bull, and all the rest terribly frightened, until at length, by the direction of the king, he was fired at with a cannon and killed.

Soon after this, the doctor, sleeping on his magical belt, had another dream. At a certain hour the next day, he was told that he would be visited by the king and one of his servants, who would pretend to desire to see his favorite bull, but whose real design would be to poison him to death. He was directed to drive up the bull and the horse, and to lock them up in the barn; and then, when the king came, to pretend to go and hunt for the animals, but instead of doing so, to go into the woods and wait until the king went away.

He got up early in the morning, fetched home the animals, and locked them up in the barn. At the hour indicated in the dream, the king and one of his servants made their appearance at his house, and inquired how the animals were coming on. They asked to see them. He said he would go and find them; so off he went, slipped into the woods, and waited until near evening; when he came out, he found that the king had got out of patience and gone home. He was jealous of the doctor for having a finer animal than his own, and desired to destroy it, but was defeated.

The king made him a great offer for his bull. He would

give one hundred pounds for him. This was refused, and the king made an offer of three hundred pounds, which was accepted. He was willing to part with him, for he knew that his seven years were nearly up.

After this, sleeping with his belt under his head, he had another revelation. He was directed to collect a quantity of cattle's hair, place the belt upon it, and leave it in the pasture for twenty-four hours. He did so, desiring that the pasture might be filled with cattle. The next day he went out, and, sure enough, there were all sorts and sizes of cattle of the finest breed. He drove them up, and told his father that they were all his. "But how came you by them?" the old man asked. "They were given to me," was his answer. "Who is it that gives all good things? God alone, surely."

Soon after this, by directions in a dream, he placed a handful of sheep's-wool out in the field and laid the wonder-working belt upon it. The next morning, he found an immense flock of sheep there. He did the same with birds, geese, and other animals, and they came forth at the bidding of the belt.

One night he was notified that the devil would make an attempt to steal his animals; in order to prevent this he must be doubly upon his guard, not to sin, not to give the enemy any advantage, and then, girded with his belt, he must go down into the pasture, sit upon the ground, and watch his cattle. This he did, and soon he saw a fellow attempting to drive away some of his animals. But he was baffled in the attempt, and went away at last without being able to take a single animal. He was to put the belt out there; and as the devil approached the belt would fight him and tie him up until the man was willing to let him go. This took place; and when the young man gave the word, the belt unfastened and the devil decamped.

He now consulted with his father about a division of the property. He told his father that he might keep all the

money, and if he survived him he might have all the property. But meanwhile the seven years of promised prosperity had expired,—the belt lost its power and all the riches vanished.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Jan. 17, 1871.]

LXXII.

THE TORTOISES.

TWO Indians of the Tortoise tribe, a man and his wife, dwelt by themselves; they had a very large family. One day when the man was absent, a woman came to the wigwam and introduced herself. She claimed to be a Mikchikch' (Tortoise). "Have you any children?" asked the other. "Yes, I have," was the reply. The next day she came with about thirty eggs, and offered to sell them. The other replied that she had nothing with which to pay for them. "I will take one of your little boys," she answered. But the other would not consent to that. So after a while she offered to give the eggs to the woman, who accepted them, intending to cook them for breakfast. She told her to hide them in the warm sand out-of-doors, to keep them fresh and to prevent the children from breaking them.

The woman complied with these directions, covered the eggs with warm sand and ashes, and left them all until night. The next morning she sent out her old man to bring in the eggs, in order that she might cook them; when, lo! he found creeping around thirty young children,—*little tortoises*. (The mother had got rid of her children, and wished to marry again, having left her first husband.) "What does this mean?" he exclaimed. His wife understood the secret. These are that woman's young children, whom she has thus ungenerously left. "I will kill them," said he. "Oh, no! that will never do," she replied. "But let us pack up and leave them to shift for themselves." This they did, and went on till they came out to a large lake, on the

banks of which was a large town, Mikchikch' oodün (Tortoise town). They were of the tribe called Amalokünökk-cheechk, and were arrayed in the most beautiful robes.¹ They learned that there was a wedding going on; they were invited to join the festivities. They found that the bridegroom was a big, stout fellow, and the bride was the very woman who had so lately forsaken her children. There was assembled an immense number, and they feasted all day and danced all night. There was a beautiful level place all along the shore where they danced. They danced until they became weary, and then suddenly dived into the water and refreshed themselves. The two strangers, seeing them suddenly disappear, supposed they had fallen to the ground. They were themselves seated on the ground, and did not exactly see how they plunged into the water. But after a while they appeared again, and continued the dance.

After several days the word went out for the wedding-feast to cease, and all retired. The old fellow who had come was about to build a wigwam, but the chief of the town told him that he would give him one already made. So he took possession of this, and stayed all night. In the morning, when they turned out, they could see no one. All had disappeared, having plunged into the water. So the old man and his family were there by themselves. He had but little to do (the tortoise is a very lazy animal), so he lay and slept the most of his time.

Two strangers arrived, and stayed there awhile. The old man said to them, *Neen na 'ntoodññm* ("This is my town"). They played a trick upon the old Tortoise. They noticed that his abdomen was very large, and they thought a reduction of the intestines would be no unkindness. So they cut a hole in his belly while he was asleep, and cut off a piece of the gut. After a while they cut off another piece; and so at

¹ This is all poetry from beginning to end. The tortoises lay their eggs in the sand; they are hatched by the heat of the sun. These small fellows are beautifully variegated in their shells. There are three species of them.

several different times they cut off pieces, thus reducing it to a few inches in length. This is the reason why, to this day, the tortoise has so short an intestinal canal and so small a paunch.

By and by these two fellows went home. On their way they met a stranger, and were anxious to know to what tribe he belonged. He evaded their curious questionings. He said he was a Tortoise. They said, "You are not; you are a Badger." He insisted that he was not. They told him that they could tell after a while; they seized him and cut open his belly and examined his internal arrangements. They found that he was not what he professed to be. His bowels were like in form and extent to those of other people. They sewed him up again; he was all right, and they let him go.

Afterward one of these men said to his father, "Father, there is an immense town not far off where we found an old Tortoise, who said it belonged to him." So the old man sent some of them back to examine again. Sure enough, there was a large town; but they did not go very near it. They returned and made a report. The old man told them that it would not be possible to kill these fellows, but it would be very easy to frighten them. So they went down in large numbers. They saw no town, but a great number of logs around the lake, extending far out into it. As they raised a shout, off they jumped into the water. (This is all a poetical description of the tortoise.)

LXXIII.

THE LOON MAGICIAN.

A WAY near a lake there was a large Indian town. One poor couple resided some distance from the main settlement by themselves. They had two small children,—the elder a boy, and the younger a girl. These two children used to go down to the shore of the lake fishing. One day the boy asked the girl, "Can you tell what kind of fish I catch?" She replied, "Of course I can." Soon after the girl flung out a fish and asked of her brother, "Do you know what this is?" "It is a trout," said the brother. "No, it is not," she answered. "It is a *Tâkoodnow* (a species of trout, but brighter in color). "There," said she, "after all your crowing I have beaten you."

They kept on and fished along the shore, when they heard a loon howling in the distance. This brought over the girl a lonely feeling, and she asked her brother to go home. They then returned and carried home their fish, which their mother cooked.

After this the two little children, who were always playing together, built a little playhouse, and were often seen talking very earnestly with each other; but the people could not understand them, and thought them very queer little folks.

One day the boy told his sister that he would make her a suit of clothes. This he did out of leaves of all sorts, colors, and sizes. Having rigged her out thus, he took her away with him down to the shore, and there they soon heard the Loon howling in the distance. The boy said to her, "I will hide; but do you go down and walk along the shore, back

and forth." She did so, and the Loon saw her and came up to her. (Any red or brilliant color attracts the loon, and he will come so close as to be easily killed.) She asked him, "*Nikskamich!* (Grandfather), where have you come from?" He replied, "From nowhere in particular."

She ran back and called her brother to come. He came down, standing behind her so as to conceal himself; and the Loon asked them what they wanted. They replied, "We do not want anything." He gave them instructions and power, and after this, whenever she heard the Loon she felt lonely, and the people saw that she often sat a long time in one place, as if in deep thought. They often saw the children earnestly talking together. The Loon conversed with them, but he did not allow any one else to know what he said. He told them that the whole town was to be destroyed, and a Kookwēs would come and destroy them. He directed them to tell their parents to remove down to the shore, and to go into the water when the Kookwēs arrived.

The children went home and told their parents, "We are to be attacked by a Kookwēs, and the town is to be destroyed." "Who told you so?" asked the father. "The *Kweemoo* told us so." "If the Loon told you so, it must be true," said the old man; "we will remove at once." Forthwith they began to remove. The other Indians inquired what all this was about. "Why are you removing?" "We are to be attacked," was the reply, "and the whole town destroyed." "Who says so?" asked the chief. "My little boy was told so by the Loon," said the old man. "Pooh! your son is not much, and the Loon is nothing. I don't believe a word of it." But the family went down to the shore, and walked on until they heard the Loon call three times. At the third call they halted, and erected a lodge near the shore. The next day the Loon came, and told the children that on the following evening the attack would be made, and that when they heard the yell of the giant they must wade off into the water. In the night, sure enough, they heard the shout and the onset,

the wild screams, and commotion of the sack of the town. They made out into the lake, and remained there until all was over. In the morning they went out and found that the people were all killed, and that some of them were devoured. They remained in their present camping-place, where they were not discovered. The girl and the boy went often down to the shore, and the Loon came and conversed with them. He instructed the boy how he might be able to run fast, and to walk on water, and to fly in the air, so that he could hunt in all these regions successfully.¹

Now they had plenty of everything; Kweemoo tells the young man to think of him should he ever need his assistance, and he will come.

One day Kweemoo asked the girl if she would be his wife. He said that this lake was his country, and if she would live with him she should have everything she wanted. She said, *Mogwāā* ("No"). But when she went home, she consulted her mother, who advised her to accept the offer; for he would certainly be very kind to her. (Loons never quarrel.) So after two or three consultations the agreement was made. One day when she went to see him he gave her a beautiful little plaything, speckled like a turkey's egg, which she carried home and showed to her mother. It was a large beautiful egg. "What shall I do with it?" she said to her mother. "Put it carefully in this bag of feathers." She put it away carefully, and often played with it; she prized it very highly.²

One day the Loon told the girl that he would be in danger the next day. Some men would come to hunt him. She

¹ Two ideas are here to be noted, — the supernatural power of the loon, and the nature of the gift. The loons and other birds give notice of a change of weather by their screams; the change in the pressure of the air affecting them. Seeing that they can foretell some things, it is an easy and natural poetic fiction that they can foretell everything. Power over the water, air, and forest simply denotes being a successful hunter of animals, birds, and fishes.

² This is poetry. This egg plaything, so precious and needing to be handled with such tenderness and care, is a babe, a little loon.

told him to go out behind a rock that stood up in the lake, and remain concealed until the men went away.

Sure enough, the next day a canoe arrived containing two men. They were friendly. They remained, and made a visit, which they then invited their friends to return. The Loon told the girl not to go. The old people and her brother might go if they chose, but she would better not go. The strangers urged her; but she told them that she could not, and showed them what a beautiful little plaything she had to engage her attention, pointing to her loon's egg. So she remained; but her parents and her brother made the strangers a visit after a while at their own village.¹

The young man soon became an object of envy. He outdid his companions in everything. He could hunt, fish, and fowl better than any of them, outrun them, and beat them in all their games; so they resolved to poison him, and planned to carry their design into effect on the following evening. But that night he heard the voice of the friendly Loon, and heeded the warning. He told his parents they would better hasten home.

Soon after this the Loon warned them to remove away from the other Indians to the upper end of the lake. The parents did not go with them, and they were killed.

The Kweemoo told the brother and sister that he would dwell with them, and give them all the assistance in his power for the following seven years. He kept his word. They occasionally removed, and held themselves entirely aloof from the other Indians. The girl was wonderfully delighted with the place, so they never removed from the lake.

When the seven years were nearly ended, the Loon informed them that they must now separate. He went away, remained three days, and then returned. He told them

¹ Another visit was made by the strangers, and the Kweemoo hid again while they were there. This visit was returned, and all went again but the girl; she remained with her friend, who never came to the wigwam, but whom she visited at the side of the lake.

that he had been in his own native town, but had been so taken up with his thoughts of them that he had come back. Soon after his arrival three more loons came and were introduced as his comrades. They all went back after a short visit.

LXXIV.

WEGOOASKÜNOOGWĚJĚT AND HIS WONDERFUL HEN.

TWO old people who had one son, lived by themselves; they also had a *täbülch* (goat), that furnished them with milk.

After the boy had become quite a well-grown youth, he said one day to his parents, "I will go and look for some kind of employment, in order that we may have wherewith to buy food and other necessities." So he went away, and soon came to a large farm, where he saw a man at work, whom he recognized as the master of the establishment, and whom he asked for employment. The man inquired how long he wished to be employed and what he wanted for pay. He told him that he wished to be employed for one week, and that he wanted money, or something that would be useful at home. They made a bargain, and the boy went to work; his employer was astonished at the amount of labor performed. He did as much in one week as ordinary men would do in a year.

At the close of the week they settled, and the man paid him one half in money, and offered him a hen for the remainder. But the boy said, "Of what service will the hen be to me?" "She will lay for you a dozen eggs a day," was the answer. So he agreed to take her as half his wages, and went home. When he reached home, he exhibited the results of his labors, and was questioned respecting the use of the single hen. He told them that she would be a great acquisition to the family, as she laid a dozen eggs a day.

So he put her in a small place by herself for the night, and in the morning, he came in bringing a dozen eggs, and *lokweledasooltjik* (they were all wonderfully delighted.)

After a time the young fellow started off on another expedition. He thought he could make money by selling his wonderful hen. He went on, passing through two towns in succession, and then came to one where a king resided. He asked to see the king, and offered to sell him a remarkable bird. The king told him to bring along his bird and let him look at it. So he returned home and fetched the bird. When he came to show it to the king, the latter was somewhat indignant when he saw that it was nothing but a hen; but when he heard of her remarkable fecundity, he was willing to test the truth of it, and the hen was carefully shut up for safe-keeping for the night. The next morning it was found that the report was true. There were the twelve eggs in confirmation.

The king now asked the price of this wonderful bird. "I will fix no price," he answered, "but you may pay me whatever you choose." So he gave him ten pounds, which he took willingly and went home.

Shortly after this, he was told by a man whom he met in a dream, that he would have a call in a few days from some one who would wish to buy his goat, but that he must on no account sell her to him, as he was an evil spirit, and had no good object in view in offering to buy her. The man, he was told, would go away, but would renew his solicitations the next day. He must then tell him that if he would give him a whole royal city for the animal, he might take her. All this took place. A man came, commended the goat, and was very urgent to buy her. He was decidedly refused, however, but he renewed the request the next day. "I will let you have the animal," the young man said, "if you will give me a whole royal city with all its wealth." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, and took his departure.

Soon after this the boy concluded to take his goat to the

royal city and try to sell her. So he got all kinds of flowers, wreathed them round her head and horns, covered her with a beautiful cloak with fringes, and led her, thus adorned, to the market. The goat was greatly admired. He showed her to the king, who was wonderfully pleased with her, and offered him one hundred pounds for her. This he accepted, the money was counted, and the king had her placed in a yard where the royal pets were kept; the yard was guarded by sentinels, — two at the outer, and one at the inner gate.

In the evening the young man thought it would be a fine speculation if he could steal the little creature and take her back home with him, in addition to the bag of money which he had received for her. So, arranging his plans, he took a few cakes and a couple of bottles of rum, and went up to the outer guards, and told them that the king, fearing lest some one should steal his beautiful goat, had sent him to watch all night with the inner guard. They, on this representation, let him pass; and he told the same story to the other sentry, and took his place with him. By and by he exhibited his lunch, — his cakes, and what he called tea in his bottles. He told his comrade to drink the contents of the bottle and eat the cakes, and he would go and carry some to the other soldiers. So he went back and told them that the king had sent them the refreshments, and assured them that the contents of the bottle would keep them awake. They swallowed the bait, and were soon intoxicated and sleepy. He went back to his other friend, whom he found snoring on the ground; returning, he found the others very sleepy, but trying hard to keep awake. He advised them to take a nap, and let him keep watch. But in the mean time, having put the guard to sleep, he took the goat and decamped. The inhabitants of the city were all asleep; he got away unsuspected, and reached home before daylight, so that no one saw him. He took care of his goat, and then gave an account of his success to his parents.

Soon after this he went away again to seek his fortune.

He soon met a man, who asked him where he lived, where he was going, and all the usual questions that pass between Indians when they meet. He told this man that he was a servant of the king, and that he had a beautiful herd of goats, which he was going to see. From the man's appearance, and his offering to join him in copartnership, he thought that the man must be rich. He accepted the proposal, went home and told his parents, and then went out in quest of his friend. He soon fell in with him again, and the other asked him if he was really the owner of so large a herd of goats. He told him he was not,—that they all belonged to the king but one, and that one the king had given to him.

He now inquired of the other who and what he was. He said, "I am a robber; and if you will join me, we shall soon become immensely rich." So they agreed to go into business together, travel round the country practising in that line, and soon acquire a vast amount of money. They continued together several years; when, as they were passing a solitary place, the young man thought it would be a good speculation to rob his comrade and appropriate the whole of their earnings to himself. So he struck him down while off his guard, and having killed him, flung him into the river, took all his booty, and went home. His father remonstrated with him and blamed him when he heard what he had done. But he was neither commanded nor persuaded; he told the old people that they might have the goat, and he would go and look after himself. Away he went to seek a wife. He had not gone far before he fell in with a man who inquired into his business, and learning what it was, offered to assist him and to lead him to a place where there were some beautiful girls. He accepted the kind offer, and followed the man, who took him to the city, and pointing to a certain house, said, "There is where they live. You can go in; I shall go on my way home." The young man entered the house; he saw two very beautiful girls there, and an old woman, who he learned was their mother. He asked where her husband

was. She told him that she had no husband, — that he was dead. "Would you not like to have a man stop here with you?" he asked. "I do not know," was her answer. He next asked, "Are these your daughters?" "They are," she replied. "Will you let me have one of them for a wife?" "I will, if they have no objections to it," was the answer. The question was then put to one, who replied that she would not marry him unless his name was Pŭlka'jŭmooch. He declared that this was not his name, but that he was called WegooaskŭnoogwĚjĚt.¹ Whereupon the other girl replied that he was the man for her, and he took her for his wife.

The wedding festival was held with all the usual festivities. The young lady asked, "What are we to live on?" He told her that he could easily provide for all her wants. So now he hunted, and they were all well provided for.

One day the chief came running to the village, telling them that there was a great whirlwind coming, smashing down trees, and that they must secure their tents. They all ran out to secure their wigwams; and though the trees were smashed down by the wind, it did not touch the wigwams.

Soon after this, all hands turned, under the direction of the chief, and constructed weirs for eels. This fellow remained in his tent, and did not go to the work. That night a storm of rain came on and swelled the river; during the darkness WegooaskŭnoogwĚjĚt went down to the river and broke the weirs. The next day they went down to look for their eels; but there were none, and the weirs were gone. This fellow told them that the flood had broken and carried them away.

Now, then, one of the men inquired if his name was not Pŭlka'jŭmooch. He told him that it was not, but that it was WegooaskŭnoogwĚjĚt.

¹ WegooaskŭnoogwĚjĚt, an imaginary being, who was supposed to cut down trees with one or two blows. The Indians say that they sometimes hear in the woods, as it were, the sound of an axe upon a tree, and then see the tree fall, even on a calm day, though no one is visible. They suppose that this invisible spiritual being has felled the tree.

By and by the chief heard this, and sent his son over to inquire. But now he denied that his name was Wegoo-askūnoogwějit, but said it was the name of a younger brother who was now dead. He had left this brother seven years before, and had given him a goat. Thus ends the story.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Jan. 27, 1871.]

LXXV.

PŮLĚS, PŮLOWĚCH', AND BEECHKWĚCH

(PIGEON, PARTRIDGE, AND NIGHTHAWK).

A WAY in the depths of the forest were three families, — the Pigeons, the Partridges, and the Nighthawks. "Come on," said they one day to one another, "let us see which will build the finest wigwam." So the Pigeon went to work and erected a high one, not very tight, but built with wicker-work, and made airy and spacious. The Partridge thought she would make hers more lowly, and so kept very near to the ground, and made her habitation so low and so much like the trees and leaves around that an enemy and even a friend might pass without seeing it. Mrs. Nighthawk took less pains than any of the others, and made no hut at all. In due time they all reared families of children, but Mrs. Partridge had the greatest number. Mrs. Nighthawk's family were the most poorly off; for when the rain came down, they had no shelter whatever.

The Nighthawk stated in extenuation of her neglect that she did not intend to remain in that locality long, but meant to remove very early in the fall. The Pigeon too observed that she was not so solicitous about her abode as she would be if she did not have to shift her quarters often, in order to find food. But Mrs. Partridge said that she remained always in one locality.

One day while their mother was away from home, the children of the Partridge saw a man coming along; they were dreadfully frightened, and ran screaming in every

direction, and hid. The man passed on, and they came out of their hiding-places again.

When their mother came home, they told her how frightened they had been. "My young brothers skulked about under roots and into holes," said one of the elder girls, "and hid away where they could neither be disturbed nor seen."

Soon after this they saw the Fox coming along; they were terribly alarmed at the sight, and flew away out of his reach; but he passed on. Going down to the shore, he saw a small keg floating to land, and found, to his joy, that it was full of honey. He ate very greedily of the honey, and then left it; but on second thought, returned and voided his urine over the keg, lest some one else should take possession of it. When he arrived home, he told his wife and children what a feast he had found, and promised them that he would go and bring it home. He went again and ate bountifully, but never carried a morsel of it home. He told the family how sweet the food was, and invited them all to go with him to the place and eat of it. So they all went down together to the shore, and feasted on the honey. As they were coming home, they met a man whose name was Fisher, of whom Wokwēs demanded where he was from and whither he was going. "From no place in particular," he replied; after a few words had passed between them, they agreed to go off together and hunt in company. So the Fox, leaving his family to return home and shift for themselves, went off with the Fisher, and the two came down to the lake. There the Fox told the Fisher that they would have a race round to the opposite end of the lake, one going to the right side of it and the other to the left, so as to meet at the place appointed, and the one who arrived there first should be leader.

So away they ran; and the Fox, having just taken his dinner, made no delay, and, being swift of foot, soon reached the destined place. But the Fisher was hungry, and on his way he saw a Porcupine, which he stopped to kill, skin, and

devour.¹ This delayed him, and the Fox became leader of the company.

They agreed to keep together seven years, and to perform the circuit of seven lakes; this would bring them back to the place of starting. So they went on together.

After a while the Fox got tired of his companion. The Fisher was too slow and too lazy for him. They came out to a lake and saw a man, beautifully dressed all in soft black fur, coming to meet them. The Fox asked him what his name was. He said, "My name is Keoonik' (Otter). He asked in turn, "Who are you?" "I am a Megūmoowēsoo," was the answer; and he proposed to the Otter to join company with him. To this the Otter consented. Meanwhile the Fisher came in from hunting, fetching a load of Porcupines; the Otter came round and began to handle them, when, getting his fingers pricked, he started back and exclaimed, "What is all this?" "Oh, nothing," said the Fisher, "but my pouch!" Meanwhile the Fox was determined to make a change in the company. He said to the Fisher, "You are so slow and lazy that I am tired of you; so we will give up our engagement and separate." He then inquired his name, which he had not known before, and learned that it was Ůpkūmk (Fisher). This led him to insist on separating. The other was not very unwilling to yield to the proposal, and so took himself away.

Now, then, the Fox told the Otter that he was hungry, and the Otter inquired what kind of food he liked. He told him that he was very fond of eels. "Well," said the Otter, "I can catch the eels, if you can dress and cook them." "I can readily do that much," answered the Fox. So the Otter slipped into the water, and soon returned bringing out a very large eel. This he laid upon the bank, and again returned to the water, and soon came back to the shore with another

¹ The Fisher feeds on porcupines; and though he gets quills in him, he does not seem to mind it, for they do not penetrate far and soon rub out; he strips the skin clean off before eating the flesh. (Nancy Jeddore.)

eel. These the Fox soon skinned and cooked, and they took their dinner together.

The Fox admired the dress of the Otter, but was surprised at the size of his tail. He inquired, "What does all this mean?" "Oh!" said the Otter, "that is not my tail; it is my staff."

The two continued together for some time, but the Fox got tired of his comrade. Their natures and their habits were so unlike that they could not agree. Sometimes the Fox wished to run with all his might, and the Otter could not keep pace with him. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Otter preferred swimming rather than walking, and then the Fox could not go with him.

So one day, as they were going along, they saw a man coming to meet them. The Fox inquired his name. He told him it was Amälchoogwěch' (Raccoon). The Fox then told the Otter that he might retire, as he did not want his companionship any longer. The Otter slipped into the water and departed, while the Raccoon joined with the Fox. But he soon found the Raccoon even slower and lazier than the Fisher, and getting out of all patience with him, sent him off. He soon after met two other men, who inquired of him what his name was, and he told them that it was Megūmoowěsoo. He asked one of the strangers what his name was, and was told that it was Amälchoogwěch' (Raccoon). "Bah!" said he, "I do not want your company. You are of no use. I just dismissed one of your tribe, he was such a worthless creature." But the other said his name was Moochpěch' (Mink). So he invited the latter to join him, and they went on together.

They had not proceeded far before they saw three men coming to meet them. One of them had a large pack on his back, and the Fox asked him who and what he was. He said, "I am a Megūmoowěsoo." "And these your companions, who are they?" "One is Mūlgīgūnōp (the Mighty), and the other is Pipsōlk (the Conqueror)." "Well,"

said the Fox, "I would like to join your party." He then turned and said to the Mink, "We can separate now, and you can go about your business, and I about mine." So the Mink slipped off; but before he went the Megūmoowēsoo imparted to him the special gift of crying very easily.¹ To the Fox he also imparted the ability to run fast.

The Mink having departed, and the Fox having joined the three others, there were now four of them. The Fox had by this time passed the series of seven lakes, and arrived at the one from which he started. He told his friends that he had been away from home a long time and must soon think of returning. Upon going a short distance they saw a wigwam, and learned that they were in the neighborhood of a village. They entered the wigwam, and after remaining a time, the mistress came home; she proved to be Mistress Partridge, the same that the Fox visited at the commencement of our story. He recognized the old lady, but she did not know him. He asked her if she did not remember a man that passed that way seven years before. She now remembered him, and was very glad to see him and his comrades. They remained there a year.

Mrs. Partridge told them that there were two more towns just above, and they went on to visit them. The first one they reached was Pigeonville, and they told the queen of the place, the old Pigeon, that they had to pay her a visit; as they had remained one year at Partridgeville, so they would like to stay as long there. But she told them that they could not remain there a whole year, for, as they all lived mainly on berries, they would have to remove and go farther south when food got scarce. But she told them that there was another village a little farther on. They went, and in due time arrived at Nighthawkville. But when they proposed remaining a year there, the Nighthawk chief informed them

¹ The mink is very easily moved to make an ado. If he gets into any trouble, or if he is trying to drag something and cannot succeed, he will squeal and whine, and take on in a very doleful way. (Tom Brooks.)

that they could not remain very long there; that on the approach of the autumn they removed to a warmer climate.

Megūmoowēsoo and Fox now remained together, but sent the Mighty and the Conqueror back, advising them not to form any matrimonial alliance, as they would only be disappointed; for the women of these parts were apt to get tired of any change in the mode of their living and fly back to their own quarters, and this was particularly the case with the young ladies of Partridgeville.

The two men thought they understood their own business best; so they went to the tent of the old Partridge and saw many beautiful young ladies there, and asked the mother to give each of them one for a companion. She readily consented, but gave the girls the hint to fly back, and not go home with the fellows. The two girls went with the men back to where they left their comrades; but before they reached the place the women were directed to sit down behind a large, old, rotten log and await further orders. The two men went on and joined their comrades. When they came up to Megūmoowēsoo and the Fox, they were soon told to go and fetch their wives. The Fox thought he would like to see a plump young Partridge. What a splendid dinner it would make! Back went the two fellows to look for the pretty birds; but as they approached the old, rotten log, up flew the Partridges with a whiz, and away back they went to their own village.

[Such is the story, as related to me to-day, Jan. 28, 1871, by Nancy Jeddore. She has also explained it; and I see an allegory of natural history in it. For the creation of wigwams: the pigeon builds on trees, but merely crosses a few sticks, and takes no pains to make the nest warm and soft, as do the other birds; the partridge gathers a few leaves, and sits among them, her back looking very much like leaves, — so that a passer-by would hardly notice her as she sits there; the nighthawk lays her eggs on the ground without any nest,

and selects a piece of burnt land, because her back most resembles that.

All the birds except the partridge migrate, — the night-hawk first of all, about the beginning of September or the last part of August; the pigeon goes off when the berries fail.

So when the Fox passes, all the little flock of Partridges hides and flies up out of the way of the Fox; and so on through the whole. The incompatibility of animals whose habits and tastes are opposite is set forth in the story. The recurrence of the number seven — seven years, seven lakes — is noteworthy.]

LXXVI.

THE ADVENTURES OF TORNADO AND WAVE.

THERE was an old couple who had two sons; the name of the elder was Tornado, and of the younger Wave. The two boys grew up together, and were always in company, whether they played, worked, or slept. They went off one day together on a hunting-excursion. Tornado hunted the birds, and Wave the fish. They soon collected a large quantity, which they conveyed to their parents, and then started off in company to take a tour. After a while they came out to a large lake, in which they saw a great number of islands. But they saw by the ascending smoke that there was a village on the opposite side. They planned together to rush suddenly upon this town, and overturn all the wigwams, so that they might have a fair sight of all the beautiful girls. Down they rushed pell-mell upon the village, and overturned all the tents; and then, cooling down, they were able to walk round and contemplate the ruin they had caused. The chief inquired their names. "My name is Tornado, and my younger brother's name is Wave." The chief inquired whence they had come; and they replied, "From no place in particular." He asked where they were going; and they said they were travelling about, visiting various places. The chief informed them that there were three more towns beyond him, and after they had passed these they would come to one where a king dwelt. So they left this place, and pursued their route.

When they had passed on to the third town, they made inquiries about the royal city. They were told that they

must go on till they came out to a great clearing, beyond which they would see a high mountain; and on ascending this, they would see the city beyond.

They went on, and found all as they were told. When they reached the royal city, they inquired after the king, and were shown to his residence. He was informed that two handsome-looking fellows had arrived, and were desirous of seeing him. They were called in; and after some inquiries as to who they were, whence they came, and whither they were going, they offered to engage in his service if he would employ them. He inquired what they could do, and they were free to own that they knew nothing about the ordinary work of servants; but they said they could bring in the vast resources of the air and sea. He engaged them for one week, and they went out hunting. They informed him that they could not be separated, but must hunt together. So Tornado first commenced operations on the sea-fowl; he caught an immense number, and Wave assisted him in bringing them to the city. Then Wave went out and brought in fish of every kind, an immense number, — so many that the two could scarcely bring them in.

The king was exceedingly well pleased with their labors, and told his courtiers what a pair of profitable servants he had. Their time was not up, so he offered to hire them out; and one of the rich men of the place took him up, and employed the two servants. Accordingly they hunted for him, and brought him an abundance of the treasures of the sea and of the air.

After the expiration of their week, they were paid off and discharged. Before they left, however, they concluded to give the inhabitants an illustration of their power for evil as well as for good. So they put forth their powers, and made sad havoc in the town. Among other troubles, an immense *āusāmpaak* (tidal wave) rolled in and did a great amount of damage.

After a while Tornado proposed to his brother to go

a hunting in the woods. "But," said the other, "how shall we kill the moose, bear, and caribou?" "We will make the trees fall upon them," said the other. So away they went, and caused a great slaughter among the animals of the forest. "Now, then," said they, "let us go and get us each a wife, and then return to our parents." Said Tornado to Wave, "I will prepare me a dress of caribou-skin; but you must dress up in the skin of a bear, and then go picking berries;¹ there you will have an opportunity of meeting the young women, because they also follow that employment; and I will sit down at a distance and look on." So they carried this scheme into execution. Tornado dressed himself in caribou-skin, while Wave donned the dark robe of the bear; the latter went out to the blueberry plains, whither the girls resorted, and before long he saw a crowd of them at their work of gathering berries. They took him for a bear, and immediately started for home. He watched their movements, and saw the direction they took. They saw farther off what they thought was a caribou. Wave gave the signal to his friend, and they started for the same place. They came out to a lake, which the girls were obliged to go around. Wind went round the lake in the opposite direction, but took a short cut directly across the lake; this caused some commotion in the water. Arriving on the other side of the lake, they waited for the girls, having doffed their disguises,—their bear and caribou skins. When the girls came up, they saluted them respectfully, and went on along with them; but they did not tell their names or whence they came. Aoolamsun said his name was Wíbbún, and the other said his was Kōgūn.² When they arrived at the town, the news soon spread. They were shown where the chief dwelt, and called upon him. He inquired their names, but

¹ *Máwoese*, future *mooesedēs*, to pick berries; hence the name of the bear, — Mooín, the berry-gatherer.

² *Kōgūn* (foam of the sea) is that which collects on the water during a calm, but which is dispersed by the lightest breeze. Thus the two heroes take names from exactly the opposite objects.

they did not tell him. They informed him what their object was in visiting his domain; each was in search of a wife.

There was one man in the village who knew all about them; he told the others what their names were, and that if they harbored the strangers, the town would be in trouble. They were entertained, however, and directed to a place where there were a couple of beautiful girls. They went in; and, sure enough, there were two girls, so very fair and lovely that the strangers were quite pleased with them. The mother did not give them a very cordial welcome. They asked, "Are these your daughters?" "They are," she replied. "Will you give them to us?" they asked. "I will not," she answered; "I cannot spare them under any consideration." "What are their names?" "They are Wībūn (Calm) and Kōgūn (Foam-in-the-water)," she answered.

The old lady now asked who they were, whence they came, and if their parents were still living. They told her in reply their names, and that they had left their parents seven years before, but had left them a bountiful supply of food; that since they left home, they had spent one year (though it was really but one week) in the service of the king, and that now they were desirous of obtaining wives and then of returning home to the old people. The old woman now began to consider the matter, and thought that they must be rich; she told them that she would agree to let one of her daughters go, but the other man must go to some other lodge and select a wife. They told her this could never be. "We are two brothers, and are so indissolubly united that we are in fact one, and must marry sisters. It is the same with your two girls; they are sisters and must always be together, they cannot be separated." "All right," she replied; "you may take them both." So Tornado took Calm, and Wave took Foam. They then had a wedding-festival, and the mother of the girls told the old chief; he raised no objections to the arrangement, but objected to the removal of the parties from his place. They told him they would re-

turn and bring back the girls after having made a visit to their own parents. They went home, and found the old people alive and well, and still supplied with provisions from the store they had gathered before they left home. They remained there awhile, and the women became homesick and desired to revisit their parents. Tornado felt disposed to dispute the point with them, and tried to excite his brother to oppose their going and to raise a storm. But Mrs. Calm was found to have power as well as her husband. She exerted that power in opposition to him, and conquered. There was no storm raised, and they all pleasantly visited the old people. After remaining awhile, the men proposed to return home; they said that if the women were unwilling to go, they would leave them behind and go home alone. To this the mother objected. "Take them along with you," she said. "Should you leave them, they will only be beset by other suitors." So they went together back to the old place.

Some altercation took place now and then between the mother-in-law and the daughters-in-law. The old lady was jealous of the attention shown them by their husbands, and thought herself neglected. She took the greatest dislike to Calm, whose smooth brow she occasionally succeeded in ruffling. But her husband interposed, and argued the case with her. "Like as we are brothers, so they are sisters, and they cannot live if you separate them any more than can my brother and I." He appealed to the old man. "What is your name?" said he. "My name is Tornado." "Well, have you a brother?" "I have one younger than I, whose name is Wave." "Well, do you love each other?" "Indeed we do." "Well, then, let us all live together in harmony."

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 2, 1871.]

LXXVII.

THE ORCHARD-KEEPER.

THERE was once an old man who had been an orchard-keeper to a king. After the king's death a small farm, a house, and an orchard in which stood seven trees of special superiority were given to the old man. The produce of his plantation was sufficient to support the man, his wife, and their two children. The elder child was a son, the younger a daughter. The old people and the son were very devout and exemplary, but the girl was of a contrary disposition. She neglected her prayers, and was reckless in conduct. They dwelt together, and for some time all went smoothly with them.

After a while, when the apple-trees were loaded with fruit, the seven special ones, which were giving great promise, were robbed. One after another they were found in the morning stripped of their fruit, and the owners were at a great loss to know who was the perpetrator of the theft. They determined to watch. The depredations were always committed in the night; and so one evening the father and son placed themselves where they could see and not be seen, and watched for the thief. Before long they saw a bear approaching. He made directly for the trees, and while they looked he seemed to be more like a horse than a bear. But when he came to the trees, he climbed directly up into one, and began shaking off the apples. They were now alarmed, and ran home for their guns.

But before this the old woman had had a dream in which it was revealed to her that it was the devil that stole the fruit,

and that his object was to circumvent and carry off the whole family as well as their *welooöl* (food).

When, therefore, the men returned for their guns, she said to them, "You are mistaken; it is not a bear, it is the devil." They, however, took their guns and returned to the tree, where they saw him under the tree quietly filling a large bag with the apples; this he afterward laid across his back and carried off. They followed him for some time; but he seemed to slip from their sight as if he had suddenly sunk into the ground.

The next day the son proposed to go in quest of him, and with his father's consent he started. Then his father, taking his prayer-book and going out into the orchard again, spent a long time in prayer. There was one tree, the seventh of that cluster of seven, which had been the old king's special gift, and which the demon had not been able to touch; under that tree he kneeled and prayed.

Meanwhile the son pursued his way, intending to go down to the infernal regions to capture the stolen apples. On the road he met a man who inquired where he was going; he answered that he was on his way to the nether regions, that he was pursuing thither a thief who had stolen his father's apples, and that the thief was no other than Mundoo (Satan) himself. On and on he went for a long distance, until, ascending to the top of a hill, he suddenly slipped, and down he went a long distance into a hole in the earth. He reached the bottom without injury, and soon found himself in a large, spacious house, where he saw a huge bag full of apples; these he immediately recognized as the ones which had been stolen from his father's trees. He saw there, too, the author of the theft, and a very large company of women whom the devil had succeeded in decoying to his dark abode.

The young man immediately attacked and overpowered him. He beat him until he was so soundly thrashed that he was glad to beg for quarter. This the young man refused to give except on condition that he would solemnly pledge

himself to let the apples alone in the future, and also promise never to touch one of the family. The terms were conceded to with one exception. Satan said he would have one of them, — the father, mother, and son would be safe, but he would promise no further. He was now released, but the young man walked about as conqueror. He had grappled and subdued the demon in his own den, and had after that no fear.

It was not so easy to return to the upper regions,¹ however, as to go down. He was thoroughly tired of the place before he could get out, and then had to have help. His mother dreamed that he was there, and she was instructed at the same time what to do. She told her dream, and directed her husband to make a strong basket, tie a cord to it, and then take it in the evening and lower it into an old cellar that was not far off. This he did; and down, down, down went the basket a long distance, and finally stopped. Presently a pull was felt and received as a signal from below; when the basket was drawn up, lo! the young man all safe and sound was found in it, with a huge bag filled with the apples, which had been retaken from the infernal depredator. *Lôk weledasit kesegoo*, right glad was the old man to learn that his son had come off victorious. He had spent much of the time during the young man's absence in prayer. He now ceased his severe devotions, and resumed his ordinary work. The son announced the pleasing news that he had subdued the arch-enemy, and extorted a promise from him that hereafter the orchard and the family with one exception should not be molested. He did not say who the unfortunate one would be; but as the daughter was heedless, and would not attend to the concerns of her soul and to the counsels and entreaties of her parents and brother, it was strongly sus-

¹ *Facilis descensus Averno;*

*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

Virgil, book vi. line 125.

pected by her parents and known to the brother that she was the one. They continued to admonish, and she continued to slight their admonitions.

So after a while she took it into her head to go out visiting evenings. This the others had no objection to, provided she did not go alone. Her mother told her to let her brother accompany her, and her brother urged the same thing; but, no! she would go alone and go in the evening. She went, and her brother followed at a short distance to watch her. He soon saw that she was attended by a young man, and he knew too well who it was. He again admonished her to beware, but his warnings were unheeded. Finally she went out and never returned. Her brother knew where she had gone; Satan had carried her off to his dark dominions. So they did not seek her, and soon ceased to mourn for her.

Some time after this, the old man advised his son to go out and seek some other employment. Their little place would support himself and wife; the son could look for something better. So the young man departed to go to the town where *ĕlĕgāwāgikū* (the king resided). Before he reached it he came out to a large pasture filled with various kinds of domestic animals; there were horses, cattle, and sheep feeding in different places, and he saw in a corner of the field a man just rising, who had been lying on the ground watching the animals. This man asked him whence he came and whither he was going; he answered that he came from the country, and was going to the royal city for employment. His father had been in the employ of the former king, who had treated him very kindly, and he was going to see if he might not be as successful with the king's son. The boy now inquired to whom all these cattle, sheep, and horses belonged. The other told him that they belonged to the king, and that he was stationed there to watch them. "Well," said the boy, "I should like to join you, and you could take the cattle and I the sheep." The other, not objecting to this arrangement, instructed the stranger how to

find the city. "Go on beyond those woods," said he, "and on emerging from the woods you will immediately see the town. He ascertained that these directions were correct, and soon came to the royal city. He now inquired for the king's residence, and the king was informed that a young man had come who desired to see him. The king called him in, and inquired who he was and whence he came; when he learned that he was the son of his father's old servant, he was much pleased. "I was well acquainted with your father," said he, "and I shall be most happy to employ you. What can you do?" "Why, I can tend your sheep, and I was just speaking with your shepherd, who told me that he would like much to have assistance." "Well," said the king, "that man has kept my cattle seven years; how long do you think you could stand it?" "I can stand it as long as you please, I think," was the answer; and the bargain was made.

When the young man came to the field, he made an arrangement with the shepherd that he himself should make the sheep his peculiar care, while the shepherd guarded the rest.

While at his work in the field the young man did not forget his devotions, nor neglect to serve God. The other kept an eye upon him, and saw him often upon his knees, lifting up his hands towards heaven, and wondered much what he was about. He noticed that while the young man was acting thus strangely the sheep would gather in a circle round him and smell of him. He concluded that the fellow must be crazy, and thought it his duty to report him to the king.

So he went and related the strange conduct of his fellow-servant. "He often kneels down and remains in that position for some time, lifting up his hands and acting like a crazy man." The king understood the matter better than his servant. He was glad to learn that the son of the pious old servant was treading in his father's footsteps. He was satisfied that he would be none the less faithful to his prince because he was faithful to his God.

There was another thing that puzzled the elder shepherd. The junior partner in the business did not eat his dinner when the king sent it out to the field to them. He took his breakfast and supper with the elder shepherd, but at noon he refused to eat, and said that he had already taken his dinner; sometimes, after he arose from his knees, he took some food that had been placed at his side and ate it. But when the other inquired whence it came he would not tell him. "Oh!" he answered, "some one has dropped it there." He would never tell him what he was doing when he was kneeling.

On learning that he was carefully watched he gave the fellow a severe reprimand. "Why don't you mind your own business and leave me to mind mine?" he asked. "What are you always watching me for? Do you imagine that I am a thief? Do you know what becomes of those who steal? Do you know they go to hell? I shall take good care of the flock committed to my trust, and you would better attend to your own business, and never mind me."

But the other was not to be thus disarmed of his suspicions, or deterred from entering his complaints. This time, however, he met with a severe rebuke from the king. "Do you attend to your own work," he said to him, "and let that other man alone. He is a good man; he prays and serves God, and I can trust him."

The king had another interview with the young man, and promised him that if he would take good care of the sheep he would see him well paid. He had by this time become very anxious about home. He wanted to see his father and mother. The king commended him for his diligence, and wished him to remain, but told him that if he desired to go he might, and that he would be paid. After weighing the matter, however, he concluded to remain a little longer. [It was after this that he gave the other the lecturing for interfering with him. The elder shepherd had noticed another strange thing that he did,—that he would often

walk about the pasture and look in every direction. He was asked to explain this as well as other anomalous actions. "Why, I am watching my master's sheep," he said. "I wish to be faithful to my employer, and I must see that wild beasts or other thieves do not steal any of the flock."]

One day, when he was in the field at his business, whom should he see coming towards him but his father? They were mutually rejoiced at the meeting. They inquired after each other's welfare. The old man told his son that his mother was dead, and that he was lonely and wanted him to come home. The father then returned, and the young man went to the king and told him that his mother was dead, and his father was all alone and wished him to return. So the king paid him off, and asked him if he would carry anything else home in case he gave it to him. He told him he could not. So he took his money and went home.

His father now told him that they would cultivate the piece of land which they owned, and that it, together with the house and orchard, should be his when he himself should die, and that from the produce of this and the apple-trees they would be able to obtain food enough to last them for some time. They received that year a wonderful crop; they themselves ate the fruit that grew on the seventh tree, which was out of the reach of Satan, and under which the old man had been able to pray with such success. From the crop that year they obtained a sufficiency to last seven years, and then they gave themselves wholly up to prayer.

The young man thought they would be more comfortable if they had a housekeeper, and proposed bringing home a wife. But the father decidedly objected to this. It would breed trouble, he feared. "We can live together quietly," said he; "but if you bring a woman she may be dissatisfied, and may not be kind to me, and you would better remain single." To this the other agreed.

But one day he saw a woman pass his window, and she passed several days in succession. It was the same woman

every time, and the young man inquired of his father what it meant. The father cautioned him that it was a temptation from the adversary, and he was bound to be upon his guard. So he paid no attention to her, and her visits were discontinued.

By and by the father sickened and died. Then the son became exceedingly lonely. He concluded to sell all the property except the seventh tree. This was reserved in the compact. He remained unmarried because his father had enjoined it, but he left the place and started off to seek new adventures, with the price of his farm in his pocket.

He had not gone far before he met a man who asked him where he was from and whither he was going; on learning the particulars he offered to accompany him. The man told him his name was Sakawäch (Old Times, or The Ancient One). He gave his name as Neböök' (Forest). Old Times told his comrade that he resided in the ancient town of Old Times, which was not very far away. "Are you a married man?" asked Forest. "No," said the other; "are you?" "I am not," was the answer. "Then let us join interests and go together." To this they agreed, and Forest was invited to accompany him home. He found there a very large town, and learned that the inhabitants were numerous, that they lived promiscuously together, and that there was no such thing as marriage among them.¹ There he remained for a time, but he was not at all satisfied. He could not enjoy the society of the townsfolk; after a while he died and went to heaven, where he rejoined his father and mother.

[Related to me by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 7, 1871. She says she heard the story from her mother, who was a real *Ninjun*.]

¹ *Sakawächwage*. This, as explained by the narrator, indicates the state of society among the Indians in their native heathen condition.

LXXVIII.

WISKŪMOOGWĀSOO AND MAGWIS

(FISH-HAWK AND SCAPEGRACE).

TWO men, Fish-hawk and Scapegrace, met and conversed together. Scapegrace said to Fish-hawk, "I think I can rise as high in the air and fly as swiftly as you can. [The Fish-hawk flies higher than any other bird; he dives down and catches a fish, and is sometimes pursued by the eagle, while bearing off his prize; in that case he drops his fish, which is immediately seized and carried off by the enemy. The Magwis is a heavy-moving bird, and is not particular about his food; so says Tom Brooks.] Scapegrace proposed that they should enter into partnership and hunt together. Fish-hawk said that he was very particular in his choice of food,—he would not eat what was stale; he must have it fresh and sweet. Scapegrace replied, "As to myself, I can eat anything. I do not mind how old and stale the food is; it is still palatable." "Very well," said the other. "Come on, let us take a trip together, and see how we make out. We will go and visit a neighboring town." He made this proposal because he supposed he could very soon outstrip Scapegrace, and leave him to his fate. So they started in company.

Very soon the Fish-hawk was far ahead and out of sight. He reached the town, and reported that an ugly stranger was on the way, and warned them to have nothing to do with him. "He eats all kinds of carrion; he is bringing his food along with him, and will endeavor to persuade you to eat of it.

But do not listen to him; the stuff is poison, and his object is to kill you all."

Fish-hawk, having been entertained and fed, went away. After a while Mr. Scapegrace arrived. He was directed to the lodge of the chief. There, after the usual inquiries had been made, a feast was prepared. Scapegrace ate what he brought, and offered of it to the rest. They pretended to eat it, but took good care not to do so. After the eating was over, he asked them if the food was pleasant to the taste. They replied, "Yes." He now told the chief that he was in search of a wife, and inquired if there were any girls in the village to be disposed of. The chief told him there were, and directed him where to go. He inquired the name of the mother of the young ladies, and was told that it was Amälchoogwëch' (Raccoon). Scapegrace walked over to the lodge that had been pointed out. One of the girls was standing outside, and saw him coming. She called to those in the lodge, *Magwis, wëchkoocë!* ("Scapegrace is coming"). She gave him anything but a kind reception. She ordered him off, saying, *Ūlīmeyë* ("Go home"). But he persevered, entered, and made known his errand. "Are these your daughters?" he inquired of Mrs. Raccoon. "They are," she replied. "Will you give me one for a wife?" "No, I will not," she answered. Thus repulsed, he took his departure.

After he was gone from the place, his comrade, Fish-hawk, returned and inquired, "Did the stranger of whom I spoke come?" "He did," was the answer. "And did he bring his own food, as I said he would?" "He did," said they. "And did you eat of it?" They assured him that they did not. "It was well that you took my advice," he answered. "You would all have died had you eaten of the poisonous stuff."

He now told the chief that in case anything were about to happen to his village, he would be able to give him warning of it. "You will only have to think of me, when you see a bird flying very high over your village, and I will be on hand

to tell you what is going to happen." Fish-hawk now went home. After he was gone, the chief pondered long and anxiously over what he had been told by the stranger. "He must be a great Boöin," thought he. "He could foretell the coming of Magwis, and he spoke of some untoward event about to happen to our village. I wonder what he could mean." One day as he was thinking deeply on the subject, he cast his eyes upward, and saw a bird very high in the air, wheeling about in circles, and wished that it might be Wiskūmoogwāsoo, and that he might come down and pay him a visit. No sooner said than done. The man was there. "You spoke of trouble about to ensue," said the chief to Mr. Fish-hawk, "when you were here before. Did you have reference to anything in particular?" "I did," was the reply. "Your village is to be attacked by a Kookwēs (*γίγας*, giant), and unless you use precautions, you will all be destroyed." "How long before he will be upon us?" asked the anxious chief. "Seven days hence," was the reply. "But you must get into your canoes and push away out into the lake; you must get beyond the hearing of his horrible whoop, or you will be killed by the noise."

Having uttered his dolorous message and given his instructions, the stranger departed again for his home.

Now it happened that there was a clever fellow in the village, named Ooskoon' (Liver), who was somewhat of an adept in the art of magic, and he told the inhabitants that they need not be much alarmed. "The giant cannot kill me," said he. "I know how to manage him, and I can tell you all what to do; but let us get the canoes and all things else ready in time."

When the time came they manned their canoes, and taking in all the women and children, moved out far into the middle of the lake. Ooskoon' directed them to fill their ears with tallow, so as to prevent the whoop of the giant from being heard. All did this, and then awaited the onset. They could not tell, as they could neither see nor hear, whether the

enemy had reached the village or not. But Ooskoon' after a time removed the tallow from one of his ears, and sure enough he heard the whoop; but it did not sound very formidable, nor did it injure him in the least. He therefore told his friends they need not be alarmed. They might remove the stuffing from their ears, as the sounds would not injure them. They followed his advice, and all was silent. The enemy was evidently baffled and had retired. They sent home scouts, who found everything quiet, and returning reported accordingly. So the people went home.¹

In a day or two their friend Fish-hawk made them another visit, and asked if the Kookwēs had visited them as he had predicted. "He did, and we escaped by taking to our canoes and stuffing our ears with tallow." "Which way did he go?" asked Mr. Fish-hawk. "Well, I think you can tell that yourself," was the answer, "as you are well acquainted with the lay of the land around here, and so well informed on all these important matters." Taking the hint, he went home, and did not obtrude any of his predictions or advice upon them afterwards.

But now Mr. Ooskoon' had some adventures. He told his friends that he wished to travel a little and see the world; he would give over the authority to the old chief whose place he had been occupying.

So he started. On his way he met a stranger, who inquired where he was from, and whither he was going, and what he was in quest of. He replied that he was travelling for amusement,—to look at the world and to pray. "To pray," said the stranger,—what is that?" "Oh, nothing," he replied; "I do not choose to tell you what that is. But how far is it to the next town, and what kind of a town is it?" The stranger gave him all the information he required, de-

¹ The villagers were now so pleased with the wisdom and skill of Ooskoon' that he was elevated to the chieftainship instead of Fish-hawk. Ooskoon's opinion was that Mr. Fish-hawk had fulfilled his own predictions, and after all was a man of small consequence.

scribed the place, and told him where he would find the chief's residence. So he went on. After a while he reached a large town; and away across to the very farther side, as he had been told, resided the chief upon whom he, as a stranger, should call. He had not been from home but seven days. The chief inquired his name. "I have no name," was his answer; "my father's name was Ooskoon' (Liver), but he never gave me any name." "Where are you from?" asked the chief. "From no place in particular," said he; "I have been roving about night and day for the last seven years." "Humph!" said the other, "that's a likely story; seven days, you mean." "No," said the other, "I mean seven years; I have been cruising about seven years." "Can you tell the difference between a day and a year?" asked the other. "Of course I can!" "Well, can you tell me how many days there are in seven years?" This was a poser; he could not do the sum, and had to give it up. "Well, see here!" said his friend; "go away yonder to that end of the village, and you will find a man who will be able to tell you the difference between seven years and seven days. He will be able to give you all the information and advice you need." Ooskoon' went on.

He met a man, of whom he inquired where the royal city was. He told him that it lay beyond the adjoining forest, but that it would be difficult to reach it, as the forest abounded in formidable beasts of prey; but should he escape their jaws and get through the forest, he would discover the town just beyond. He thought he could overcome the wild beasts; he could conceal himself in a hollow tree while they passed, and elude them. So he went on; when he heard the roar of the wild beasts or saw them coming, he took refuge in the hollow of a tree, and so escaped. He found the town where the king dwelt, and spread the alarming news that a multitude of wild beasts were coming down upon them, and recommended an immediate turn-out to hunt and destroy them. The alarm spread, and soon reached the royal ears.

The king sent for the stranger, and heard his report. He had come across that forest, he said, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. He had seen an immense number of savage beasts of formidable size coming towards the city. The king mustered all his men, and sent them off armed to meet the savage invaders. Ooskoon' offered to conduct the party, but fell back as soon as he reached the forest, and concealed himself behind a tree, while the army passed on. After they had all gone by, he came out, waited awhile, and then, meeting one of the townsfolk, he sent him back to the king to say that they had destroyed most of the wild beasts, and that it was the unanimous request of the men that he would come out and bring all the royal family to see them. Back posted the fellow in hot haste, and announced the news in the palace. Immediately the royal carriage was brought out, and all hands started to see the beasts. Ooskoon' dodged behind a tree while they passed, and then, hastening to the town and the palace, told the steward that the king had sent him in great haste for some weapons and some money. These were given him immediately; and the rascal made off as fast as his legs could carry him, taking care to go by a path that led in the opposite direction to that in which the king and his soldiers had gone. Having reached a place of safety, he deposited his ill-gotten booty; and after a few days, having disguised himself, he returned to the town. Here he inquired if there had been a stranger there recently, whom he described; they told him there had been. "He is a great rascal," said he, "although he is my brother. I am in search of him; can any one tell me which way he went?" This they could none of them do. He said, "The fellow is a great liar and thief; and if you can catch him, kill him at once." Ooskoon' now went on in quest of further adventure.

He fell in after a while with a fellow-traveller, of whom he made inquiries respecting the geography of the land. "There is a large Indian town," said he, "not far off, where

I reside." "Are there any marriageable young women there?" asked Ooskoon'. "Oh, many of them!" was the answer; "but the chief will not allow any of them to be carried away from the town. He wishes to keep all the young men and young women under his jurisdiction." "But I will manage it," said Ooskoon'; "I will be bound I can steal and carry off two girls, — one for each of us, — if you will unite with and help me." To this the other appeared to agree, and they went together to the town. "But wait a moment," said Ooskoon'; "let us exchange dresses." To this his friend consented; and thus accoutred, they went on. The other directed Ooskoon' to a wigwam where there were several girls, and went along with him. Ooskoon' asked the mother for one of the daughters, and she told him that it depended upon the chief; he must go and consult him. Meanwhile the other said he must step out and fetch the bundle he had left; and as soon as he was outside, he ran over to the chief and gave the alarm. "There is a fellow in yonder lodge who is devising to steal and run off with two of the girls; you would better despatch him at once." The chief needed no urging, but forthwith sent a man, who entered suddenly and killed Ooskoon'.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 15, 1871.]

LXXIX.

THE WHALES AND THE ROBBERS.

THERE were once seven towns not very far apart, belonging to one tribe. On a certain occasion a company of young people, composed of a young woman and a young man from each of these towns, started on an excursion to the sea-shore. They told the chief of the town from which the company set out that they were going to the sea-side, and would bring to him a faithful report of all they saw and heard; and should they find anything to bring away, they would bring that to him also.

Away they went down to the shore, and while there they heard most delightful music. It was so sweet and charming that they thought it surely came from heaven; but they were mistaken. It was the crying of whales;¹ so one of the parties told the rest. Presently they saw a shoal of whales spouting in the distance, crying and coming in towards

¹ I have learned to-day several important points in natural history. (1) The whales, so says Nancy Jeddore, often, and especially when struck with a harpoon and in the agonies of death, utter sounds that resemble the sound of a wind-instrument with a great variety of intonations, very musical and delightful to hear. (2) The fish-hawk will not eat fish that has fallen out of his claws. He will not take any that are dead, though they lie in plenty on the shore. (3) There are three kinds of loons. The largest kind inhabit the fresh-water lakes. This is called in Micmac *Coos'ymeawach*. It is this that makes such a doleful, dismal howl. It is a very handsome bird, spotted, and having a bluish-black neck and head. (4) All the birds that feed on fish and flesh have the faculty of disgorging themselves at will. The paunch is a long sack. They swallow bones and all, and when the flesh is digested, throw up the bones. A crow or an owl will do the same thing. An owl will swallow the leg-bone of a rabbit; this cannot pass the small intestines, and so after the flesh has been dissolved in the stomach, the bone is disgorged as well as the fur. There is a bird of the gull kind that will swallow a mackerel, and then be unable to fly. If alarmed, it will disgorge the fish and fly.

the shore. The noise affected the girls, and made them feel very sad. This the young men perceived, and warned them. "Look at them," said they, "but do not pay any attention to the music they are making. If you do, you will be overpowered by their enchantment and carried off." The girls, however, could not help listening; but when they saw the whales approaching the shore at full speed, they fled alarmed, and concealed themselves in the woods, but the men remained.

One whale seemed to be the chief and leader of the rest; and finding that he could converse with them, they conceived a very high opinion of his abilities. He was certainly, so they learned, some supernatural agent, and could grant them whatever they asked.

So one by one they proffered their requests. The first one wanted to obtain one of the most beautiful girls for a wife; the second desired shrewdness and wisdom; the third, that he might be endowed with great strength; the fourth, that he might be victorious and successful in all he undertook; the fifth, that he might live long; the sixth, that he might be a magician; the seventh, that he might become a king. The friendly whale promised all that they asked for, and then retired. Now said the one who had been dubbed king, "Let us go and look for the girls." Away they went, and soon found the frightened girls; but they did not tell them what had happened. They let them know, however, that they had nothing to fear from the whales.

But the young man who had been promised a beautiful bride immediately made his selection, for the choice of his heart was one of the company; and when he proffered his heart and hand, she, nothing loath, accepted the offer, and they walked home together as man and wife.

When they reached the town whence they had set out, this girl told the chief all that she had seen and heard. "We heard," said she, "the most enchanting music as we sat by the sea-shore. We verily believed that the enrapturing strains proceeded from the sky; but we were mistaken. It was pro-

duced by a shoal of whales. These approached the shore. We looked at them and listened until we got frightened, and then we girls all ran away. Thus have I told you, as I promised, all that we saw and heard. We did not find anything to bring home, except that I found a husband; but him I must keep myself, I cannot give him to you."

The young man who had been promised a kingdom told a dream to his father. *Noo, pāwei'* ("Father, I have had a dream"). "And pray what did you dream?" asked the old man. "I dreamed that I became a king and was made immediately rich." "Very well," was the father's response, "all right;" and he encouraged the son to hope for the fulfilment of his dream.¹

Now, there was one girl of the company who had listened to the sweet music made by the whales, and who could not get the music out of her head. It haunted her night and day, but especially in the night. The would-be king heard of this, and he became enamored of the beautiful maid. "That is the girl for me," said he to himself, "if I can only manage to get her." So he called on the young lady, and made proposals. She at first rejected him. She would not marry until she had found the man who had been destined for her husband, as had been intimated to her by some supernatural means. She had the name of the man, and until she was sought in marriage by one of that name, she intended to remain single. "What is his name?" he asked her. "Nādādássoode (Wisdom)," she answered. "If that is the case," said he, "then I am your man, for that is my name. It was given me by the whale on the day of our visit to the sea-shore." Still she hesitated. But one day while the seven men were together, she heard one of them address one of the others by that name. She was struck with the name and the circumstance, and thought her suitor might be right. She had been told that there was no such name in any of

¹ Then he went to the king, and related the whole circumstance of the whales, and how all seven of the men had received new titles.

the seven towns. But it seemed there was such a name ; and her wily suitor, though it was addressed to the one who had requested to be "wise," had appropriated it to himself, and said to her, "Did n't I tell you so? You heard that fellow addressing me and calling me Nādādāsoode. Now I hope you will believe that I am the man destined to be your husband." Not only did he appropriate to himself the name of Nādādāsoode, but he took all the other names. He was the husband of the beauteous bride, he was the "mighty one," he was "the conquer all," he was "long life," he was "Booöin," and he was "king." Thus deceived, the poor girl consented to become his wife ; and so they were married and their union celebrated with all the usual festivities.

Some time after this, he proposed to go with her again to the sea-shore, and see if they could have another interview with their marine friend. They arrived at the place in due time, and heard the music of the whales. But she, poor woman ! was overpowered by it, and fell dead to the ground. This adventure affected him but little. "Let her go," said he ; "I can easily get another wife." But the whale made his appearance again, and confirmed his previous promise. "You will be king," said he, "in due time." "How many servants shall I have?" "You will have seven servants," said the whale. Satisfied with this confirmation of his aspirations, he returned home, and reported that the whale had carried off his wife. He had this report circulated about the town, and warned the people not to go down to the enchanted shore.

In the mean time the would-be king consulted his father, and recommended him to go in quest of his kingdom. So he started ; but he obtained the companionship of Nādādāsoode,¹ and the two set out together.

On their way they had to pass through a forest where there were a number of large ferocious wild-beasts. "Oh,

¹ This word may be translated "wisdom ;" but "shrewdness, cleverness, subtlety," would perhaps be nearer the real meaning.

what shall we do?" said the terrified would-be king, when he saw the wild beasts making at them. "Climb the nearest tree with all haste," said the other. This direction was immediately put into execution. The animals were not of a kind to follow them up the trees, and they were safe. They remained on this lofty perch until the enemy had retired. Then they came down and went on their way.

By and by they reached a large town where a king dwelt; they found the palace and sought an interview with his Majesty. But previously the would-be king had asked advice of his wily comrade, as to the best plan of procedure. He had proposed the following: "Tell the king you are his brother, and that you were carried off by Indians when a little boy, and that you have lately discovered who you are, and have come to make yourself known to him." This plan he followed. Having been introduced to the king, he informed him, when he was questioned, who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, what his business was. "I am your brother," said he. "Did your parents never tell you that when you were a child, you had a brother that was carried off by the Indians?" "No, they did not," said the king; "I have never heard of such an event." But suddenly, as if just recollecting himself (for Nāḍāḍásoode, who had a touch of the magical about him and could use enchantment, now brought his powers to bear upon the king), the latter exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly! I remember all about it. I did have a brother carried off by the Indians, and have often heard my parents speak of it." "Well," said the other, "I am the man. I have been often told that you were my brother, and have come to make you a visit." He was received with the utmost cordiality and confidence. The king had it proclaimed all over the place that a long-lost brother had been found. The king also told him that he would divide the kingdom with him, and said, "Should you outlive me, you shall be king in my place." A house was furnished him, and seven men given him as servants.

Thus established, he and his wily servant began to plot further. "Our affairs are now going on prosperously," said they to each other. "When we shall have succeeded in obtaining all the wealth we need, we can return to our own home."

Now the king had a very fair daughter, and a plot was laid between the two to draw her into the trap; the plan was carried out in this way: The pseudo-king often rode out with his brother, who treated him with the greatest attention, all the family doing the same, and often visiting him and his friend at their own residence. One day the king was asked by his pseudo-brother if he would be willing that his niece should reside permanently with them and oversee the house, as it was rather dull and lonely there. No objection was made to the proposal. The young and beautiful princess could keep house for her own uncle without any seeming impropriety, and she was soon installed accordingly. To get her for his own wife or mistress was of course out of the question, but he would manage to get her for his friend. This was planned, and the plot went on.

"Uncle," said the young lady one day, "who is this man, and what is he, that you have with you here?" "Oh, he is the son of the parties who brought me up," he answered, "and he is my servant."

One day when the two kings were about going out for a drive, the pretended uncle told the niece that he wanted her to come out and meet them when they returned, and Nādā-dásoode, his servant, would escort her. To this she agreed, and accordingly at the proper time they set out. But Nādā-dásoode led her along to where there were beautiful flowers growing by the wayside, to which he called her attention; she went forward gathering the flowers and admiring them, until he had led her away into the forest, and roamed and roamed until he knew she would never find her way out alone. He then slipped out of sight and left her. She soon heard her call. He knew she was lost, and gave no answer, but took the way that would bring him to meet

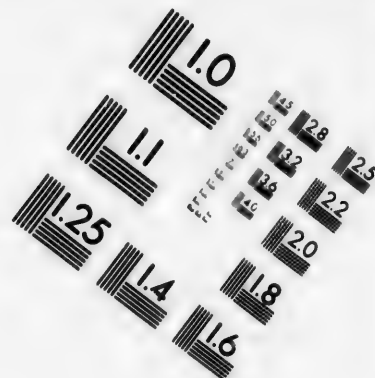
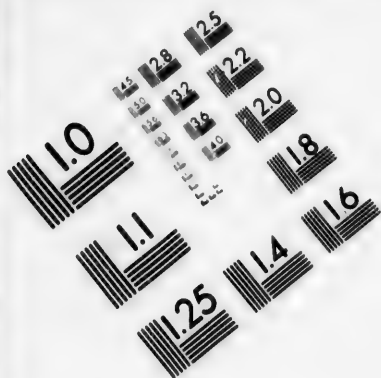
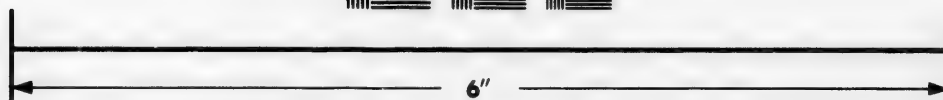
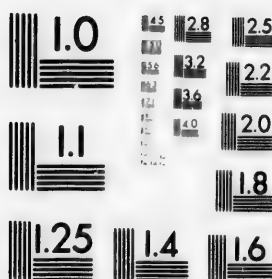


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the kings. They inquired after the princess, and he said he had left her back a small distance gathering flowers. When they came to the place, she was not there, and he said she must have gone home. But when they reached the palace, nothing had been heard of her. The king and all were alarmed. "Can you find her in the forest?" said the king to Nādādássoode. "I will do my best," said he. "Find her," said the father, "and she shall be yours." "Agreed," said the other. "Remember your promise;" and he darted off to the place where he had left her. He called, and she soon answered, and was overjoyed to find her way back. "I lost you," said he, "and thought you had gone home."

When they returned home, the king, her father, did not fail to fulfil his engagement. The princess was given to the fellow in marriage. A great festival was made in honor of the occasion; the citizens were sorely displeased, but the king had his own way.

Soon after this the two rascals concluded that their game must be soon played out. "Let us wind up the business," said they, "and retire." So the pretended brother told the king that his friend had had an alarming dream; and from what he knew of him, he had reason to believe that what he had dreamed would come to pass, for he had never known it to fail. The dream was that they were to be attacked in a few days by an invading army. The town would be sacked and the people destroyed. "Your barns will be burned on the night preceding the attack."

The warning note having been sounded, preparations were made accordingly. It was arranged that the two kings should remain in one house, and that should be the king's palace.

When all was ready, Nādādássoode one night watched his opportunity and set fire to the king's barn. All was commotion and confusion. The king ran to assist in getting out the horses and cattle; while he was out and the house was left alone, the wily robbers laid their hands on as much as they

could carry off, and then ran away. When the king returned, they were not to be found. He could not imagine what had become of them, but concluded that they had probably perished in the fire. Here the story ends.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 10, 1871. She says that she learned it, with No. LXXVIII. and many others, from her mother.

LXXX.

THE DOCTOR.

THERE was once a man who had seven sons. Their mother died when the youngest was but a child. The father was a poor, hard-working man. The eldest son was still small when his mother died, but he could assist a little in taking care of his brothers. They did very well in obtaining food, but fared badly for clothing; they missed the mother sadly in the matter of washing and mending. Sometimes while the old man wrought in the field he would send the eldest son round to beg for clothing for his brothers.

To add to their troubles, one of the boys hurt his knee and was a cripple for several years.

One day, while the father was alone at his work, a stranger came up to him and inquired after his welfare, and also after the state of his family. Now, it happened that a few nights before, he had seen this very person in a dream; he had dreamed that this person asked all the questions which he in reality did ask. He declared that he was a prophet, and that he knew the man's family affairs. He told him that his seventh son would be a great physician, and that he would begin to acquire the art of healing at the age of seventeen, that he would study the nature of plants and roots for a whole year, and would then cure his lame brother; after this his fame would extend, and he would grow rich by his art. His eldest son would become a king. "As for you," he said to the father, "you will die in seven years from this time."

All these things the worthy man treasured up in his mind, but told no one of them until the seventh son had reached his seventeenth birthday. Having arrived at this age, the

young man took to searching and tasting roots and herbs. Towards the end of his seventeenth year, after he had acquired considerable knowledge of the habits and properties of plants, he one day met a stranger in the woods who inquired what he was doing. He gave him at first an evasive answer, but finally discovering that the man knew all about it, he told him the whole truth. The man encouraged him to proceed, and taught him how to know the poisonous and injurious qualities of the plants and roots from their healing virtues. He would be able to test them by the smell. He was also directed never to administer his remedies internally; they were all to be applied to the surface. He was thus empowered by supernatural means both to prepare his remedies and to administer them. He must divide the profits with his father.

The next day he tried his skill on his brother's knee. He carefully rubbed on his preparation and awaited the result. The next week the knee was well. The news soon spread, and it was not long before he had an application to visit a sick person in the neighborhood, who was very low and given over to die. He examined the case, and gave the patient encouragement that he would recover. At the same time he acknowledged that he could not cure all cases. "When a man's appointed time has come," he said, "no skill can save him; then he must die." The next day, after having been thoroughly rubbed and manipulated, the patient was able to sit up in his bed, and in one week he was well, though it took him some time to recover his strength completely.

Soon after, his third brother sickened and died. His father could not readily understand why the same skill that wrought such wonders in the other cases should not be efficacious in this one. But the young physician had already given the explanation; the boy's time had come. "And, father," said he, "yours will soon come too. It is now nearly seven years since you had that visit from the prophet. Did he not tell you that in seven years you would die?" "Yes, he did,"

was the answer; and the event verified the prediction. The man fell sick, and in a few days expired. All the rest of the brothers soon followed, except the oldest and the youngest.

These two concluded to leave the old homestead in the country, now that the rest had all gone, and remove to some town. So they started to travel. After a few days they reached a city where a king resided, whose only child, a son, had been ill for four years. When the two strangers were questioned respecting their place of residence, their business, and their object in visiting this place, they told the straightforward truth. Their father had been a poor man, they said, and they too were poor; but the younger one was skilled in the healing art, and the other could do ordinary kinds of work, and wished to get his living by his labor.

They were soon informed that the king had a very sick child, who had been a long time in a dangerous condition. They managed to acquaint the king with their arrival and skill, and were soon sent for to go to the palace. The child was carefully examined and pronounced curable. The proper remedies were applied and the doctor was about leaving, when the king requested him to remain all day by the patient. But he replied that it was not necessary; he had other patients to attend, and would visit the child on the morrow. The next day when he came, the child was able to sit up, and was much better. In a few days he was wholly cured, though his strength did not return immediately.

The king was so overjoyed that he gave him, as he had promised, half of his kingdom. He declined this for himself, and handed it over to his brother. He continued to practise his profession, and his fame was greatly enhanced by his success at the palace. He opened a school for instructing others in the art, though he could not impart to them the miraculous knowledge which he himself possessed.

One day he had another visit from his old friend, the prophet. He tried to find out his name, but he could not

succeed. The old man told him he had no other name than Neganikchijetĕgāwenoo (the Prophet).

After a while the king was taken ill, and ascertained that his time had come. His son was not yet old enough to assume the reins of government; so the king, calling him to his bedside, gave him a charge. The son was to give the whole authority into the hands of the doctor's brother, until he should become of age, and then he was to assume the half that would fall to him by right. To this all consented, and then the old king died.

In due time the young prince was of age, the authority of his part of the kingdom was handed over to him, and all went on harmoniously. The two brothers became immensely rich, and used their wealth in promoting the interests of the kingdom and of all concerned.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, April, 1871.]

LXXXI.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

THERE was a large Indian village owned and occupied by the tribe of the Sakskadook' (Flying Squirrels).¹ Near by was a large lake, on the borders of which resided two brothers. One day one of these said to the other, "Come on, let us go to the next town and pay a visit." "Agreed," said the other. So away they went; before long they arrived at the town, and inquired for the chief's residence. This was pointed out to them, and they were soon on good terms with the chief's son. But they were astonished at the paucity of the inhabitants; hardly any one seemed to be stirring. But as soon as the sun went down, and evening came on, the town was alive with people. They were running round, scaling the trees, and sailing overhead in the air. One of them asked in his astonishment, "What does all this mean? Are these magicians?" "Oh, no," his friend replied, "they are Sakskadook' (Flying Squirrels)."

The next day they proposed to the young chief to take an excursion with them and see what they could discover. He promised to go in seven days. On the seventh morning he directed the other two to go round the lake, and he would join them on the opposite side. So they did as he directed, while he went across, sailing over in the air; then they all set off together. They went in a northerly direction, and after a while came out to an Indian village. They inquired how far it was to where the king resided. They were told

¹ The flying squirrels move about only in the evening. They make their nests and rear their young in old trees, making their bed of bushels of old, dry bark, wood, and moss.

that they must pass two more villages, and that the third one would be the place. So on they went; but before they reached the *oodin* they came to a wide river; here there was a bridge, which was the peculiar property of the king, and no one was allowed to cross without special permission,—a precaution taken to prevent robbers from entering the place.

The three travellers applied to the servant who guarded the bridge for permission to pass, and he went and made his report to the palace. Inquiry was made as to who they were, when they had come, what kind of looking fellows they were, and what their professed business was. To all these questions satisfactory answers were given, and the three men were permitted to enter the town.

They had taken care all along to let it be known that the leading man of the party was a chief's son, and that they two were servants.

Some days after the three adventurers had taken up their abode in this royal city, they announced that they expected the arrival of a large vessel. The vessel arrived accordingly, manned by a party of the Flying Squirrel tribe. The king, the townsmen, and especially the king's son were greatly pleased with the vessel, and wanted to buy her. So a bargain was struck, and the vessel was sold for a large price; and the sailors who came in her were engaged for a voyage, in which the king's son was to make a pleasure-trip. They made great preparations for the excursion, and a bountiful supply of all sorts of needed stores was laid in, and the expedition started. The two men who were not of the Flying Squirrel tribe acted as treasurers to the adventurers, and took the price of their ship and the sailors' wages, and waited in the woods till the Flying Squirrel sailors should join them.

The ship in the mean time stood off with a fine breeze, and all went on smoothly till nightfall, when the sailors, taking advantage of their ability to sail through the air, left

the vessel and returned to their companions. The prince, on awaking in the morning, was surprised to find the ship floating at the mercy of the waves and winds, minus his crew. They were drifted ashore, and he and his party got home the best way they could, and found that they were all deceived.

Meanwhile the adventurers had divided their booty and gone off home.

The king, finding that he had been duped, pursued the party to their own village. But they were apprised of his approach by one of the leading men, who had been notified of it in a dream. They made use of their wings to escape, so that when their enemies arrived they found nothing but a deserted town; and as there was no possibility of following the trail, they had to return home and bear their loss as best they could.

LXXXII.

THE FAIRY.

A WAY in the woods, in a solitary wigwam, dwelt three brothers, who were all unmarried. Two of them usually went out a hunting, and one kept the house. The one who remained at home and did the cooking usually went into the woods the following day; and thus they hunted and did housework in rotation continually.

One day, just as the evening meal had been prepared, a very small person entered, — small as the tiniest child, — and said that he was hungry, and asked for food. This was freely bestowed, a quantity being placed in a dish and set before him. He greedily devoured it all, and asked for more. This was given and despatched; nor was he satisfied until all that had been cooked for the three men had been eaten up. The little man then retired.

When his two companions came in, their brother related his adventure. They all wondered, and the other two said that it must have been an evil spirit; and should it come back while they were at home, it would not fare so well.

The next day one of the others took his turn at house-keeping, and the same thing occurred; back came the small man just as supper was ready, and solicited food. He did it so piteously, and withal with such apparent earnestness and need, that the man forgot his resolution and fed him to the full, — he devouring again all that had been cooked.

On the third day it was the turn of the eldest to remain at home; he said that he would not be imposed upon, and carried out his threat. He refused to feed the little man, ordered him to leave the wigwam, and when he refused to

do so, the master of the house grappled with him, but found it no child's-play to manage him. The small chap had physical strength equal to his eating powers. The man, getting worsted in the struggle, was glad to let go his grasp; whereupon the imp sprang out of the wigwam and fled, the man following with a sharp iron weapon in his hand. Just as they came to the face of a high precipice, the weapon was thrown at the fugitive and thrust completely through his body; at that instant he darted right into the face of the rock, carrying the weapon sticking through his body.

The next day the same man kept house again, and was visited by the same personage, the iron still sticking through him. He begged the man to withdraw the weapon, but he stoutly refused. Finally the *wig̃lādūmooch'* (or, as Nancy Jeddore pronounces it, *ig̃lādūmooch'*, fairy) promised the man that if he would withdraw the iron from his body, he would take him and his brothers to a place where they would find some beautiful young women for wives. Upon this the weapon was withdrawn. "But how can you get cured of the wound?" asked the man. "Oh, that is an easy matter!" answered the fairy; "I can readily manage that." Upon this the other two men arrived from the woods, and were informed of the bargain that had been made. The fairy led off, and bade the men follow. He led them to the top of a high cliff, and through a door which opened into a large cave; here was a fine and spacious room, around which were seated a row of small women, of the same rank and species as the fairy who had brought them thither. Above these were seated rows of men of the same genus. The three men were led up to the women, and directed to take their choice. At first they rejected the proposal, but finally concluded to take each a wife home, although they well knew that the women would immediately desert them.

So they stepped up to the row of women, and each took the object of his choice. The women followed them home; and the next day they were asked if they understood the

mysteries of housekeeping, — the art of cooking especially. "Indeed we do!" replied the fairies. So, having installed them in office, all the men went out to hunt; but when they returned in the evening, the birds had flown and the cage was empty.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, July 23, 1871.]

LXXXIII.

ÛPSÄÄKÛMOODE.

THERE was once a family of Indians consisting of a father, mother, two sons, and one daughter. They were very poor. After a while the younger son proposed to his brother that they should travel and see if they could not find some better prospect of obtaining a livelihood, or at least of finding them each a wife. The elder brother declined going, but encouraged the younger to try his fortune in some other place. He gave him some sage advice, and among other things directed him to make a large sack of deerskin, — such a sack as is called *Ûpsääkûmoode* (a bag of a particular form and use). He was to gather all sorts of pretty things and put them in this sack, and then induce the girl of his choice to go in and look at them, when he would run off with her. [A poetical representation, I opine, of the various ways devised by young men to entrap and ensnare girls.] The brother followed these directions, and shouldering his sack, started on his expedition.

He soon reached a small town where everything was in its pristine condition, the stone age not having passed away. He asked for the chief, but was informed that there was no chief and that they had no intercourse with strangers and foreigners. He also informed him that there was a town some distance farther on, where the people were like himself, but he would pass, before he reached it, another very large one of the ancient style. So he went on.

After a while he reached the looked-for *sakâwâchwâ oodûn* (ancient town). It was very large and populous, but every-

thing indicated the age of stone. Men were everywhere making *lūtkaamūnūl* (stone arrow-heads). With an old man thus employed he entered into conversation, and was informed that here were none of the new-fangled inventions. They had no intercourse with other nations, and adopted none of their manners. But at some distance farther on there was a town inhabited by Micmacs, like himself.

The traveller passed on, and came first to a deep, broad river, which he forded; after that he reached a lake, went round it, and on the other side found a large town; he inquired for the chief's lodge, and was directed to it. There was quite a commotion produced, the people shouting and running together to see and welcome the stranger. He visited the chief, and was questioned as to who he was, whence he came, and what his business was. He replied that he had come from a long distance, that he had been sent by his father, and that his intentions were friendly. This gave general satisfaction. The chief and all the rest treated him with the attention and respect due to a stranger. He went home with a young man belonging to the common people, who treated him very kindly and became his confidential friend. The young people of both sexes mingled freely in their visits, and conversed together. The stranger, becoming enamored of one of the chief's daughters, determined to steal her and run away.

So in pursuance of his plan, he sallied forth with his *ūpsāākūmoode*, and gathered all the beautiful flowers, stones, and other curiosities that he could find, and put them in the sack. He then came home, and let his friend into the secret, and got him to play a part in the *rôle*. Taking the sack with its contents, he carried it to a place where the young people were gathered together, and allowed them to look at the curious contents. One after another peeped in, and finally the young man who was in the secret was invited to crawl in and remain awhile. When he came out, he related some of the wonders he had seen, and was gravely informed

that he did not stay long enough. Had he remained sufficiently long, he would have seen unhealed wonders. The young ladies were inspired with a longing to see these wonders, but he was not very ready to gratify them. They were allowed to look in, however; and the one he had chosen for his wife was informed that he would allow her to go in and see all the wonders of the magic show-box. She contrived to meet him alone, and he allowed her to crawl into the bag; he told her she must keep moving and not speak for a long time. As soon as she was fairly inside the sack, he tossed it over his shoulder and ran towards home. As she was moving about all the time waiting and watching for the wonders that were to burst upon her sight, she was unaware that the bag itself was on the move, and flying through the forest as fast as Indian feet could fly. But her patience was at length exhausted, and she called lustily to be set free. He then quietly put down the bag, and let out his captive. Her wish to see and know the rare and curious was now gratified; but [like her mother Eve and many of her sisters and brothers of all ages and races] her unlawful curiosity had got her into a scrape from which there was no means of extricating herself. She had now to submit to her lot; she was lost, and had not the slightest idea of her whereabouts; of course it was impossible for her to return. She shed tears, uttered some complaints, and thought how sad her parents would be. They would suppose that she had been drowned in the lake. But now she had no choice left but to submit to her captor; so she followed him home.

They soon came to the ancient town, which was one of the curiosities he had promised to show her if she would enter his magic sack. His promise was now fulfilled to the letter. He showed her all the curiosities of the stone age, and they passed on. When they reached the small town near his own, they remained there several years. The people inquired his name, and he said it was Ũpsāākūmoode (hand-bag).

After the lapse of years he went home to his father. His

brother did not recognize him. He inquired, "Who are you?" It is I," he answered, and was now recognized. The woman was introduced as his wife, and the old people were mightily pleased.

After a short time the young man died, and his brother married his widow.

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LXXXIV.

THE FISHERS AND THE RACCOON.

THERE was an old couple who had four children, two boys and two girls; they were of the Ũpkŭmk (Fisher) tribe.

One day one of the boys asked his mother how many people it would take to kill them all off. She replied that it would not take many; one man could kill them all. But she informed him that they were safe against the attacks of some tribes, — as, for instance, the Porcupines. "They cannot kill us; go and hunt them."

One day this young chap took it into his head to go away on his own account. He had not travelled far when he met a man with whom he entered into conversation. He was one of the Amālchoogwěch' (Raccoon) tribe. They agreed to join their interests and hunt together. After proceeding a short distance they came upon a stone wigwam, which they entered and found empty; but they learned from its appearance that it belonged to the Porcupine¹ tribe.

They now went forward, and before long came out to a large town. It was near a river; they saw a great many people dressed in beautiful black clothes, rich and costly, who belonged to the Otter tribe.

They were received in a friendly manner, and offered to remain and work for their living, if agreeable to all. The Otters agreed to the proposal.²

Now, the Otter tribe is very moral and strictly honest. The other Indians, such as the Bears, the Foxes, the Rac-

¹ Porcupines love to burrow in the rocks.

² Fisher cannot fish, and Raccoon's skill in that line is not great; but one can hunt on land, while the other hunts in the water.

coons, the Wild-cats, and the Squirrels, are all great thieves, and commit depredations upon their neighbors; no one has ever complained of the Otters. They never steal their neighbors' geese or hens, or kill their sheep or cattle. In short, it is a well-dressed, well-behaved tribe. Had the Otters known of Don Raccoon's pranks, they would have demurred in admitting him into partnership.

Fisher would not undertake to hunt, but showed that he was very skilful in skinning and preparing the game; he was, therefore, installed housekeeper and cook.

Away went the Otters into the river, and returned laden with stores of all kinds of fish. While they were out of sight, Raccoon went off in a different direction. The farmers in the neighborhood were relieved of some of their poultry, and these were added to the pile.

Meanwhile Fisher performed the business of skinning eels with marvellous dexterity.¹

The parties dwelt together for seven years, and then Fisher proposed that he and Raccoon should return home. The Otters were so well satisfied with their company that they bestowed upon them, at parting, an ample supply of beautiful clothing, — rich, black, soft, and glossy.

When they arrived at the spot where Fisher met Raccoon, the latter was told by his companion that he need not go along farther; so he stopped, and Fisher went on. When he reached home, he found his mother still living, but his brothers and sisters had all been killed by one of the hostile tribes. His mother was glad to see him, and he remained and took care of her.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Oct. 19, 1871.]

¹ These animals hunt porcupines, whose quills are not able to defend them. Having secured their prey by the throat, plunging their noses right under the belly of the porcupine, the Fisher rips the skin open along the belly, where there are no quills, and then strips it clean off before beginning to eat. Hence, in the allegorical Ahtookwökün, Don Fisher is represented as a capital hand at dressing game.

LXXXV.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND THE MAN-SERVANT.

THERE was once a poor man whose family consisted of two boys and three girls, besides himself and wife. The father died, and the youngest son went away to seek his fortune. He travelled on until he came to a royal city, and introduced himself to one of the king's grooms. He asked for employment. The groom, seeing that he appeared like a smart fellow, engaged him for a while, and found that he gave such good satisfaction that he kept him on for two years.¹ At the expiration of this period the young man began to aspire to higher distinction, and wished to be taken into the king's household; he easily prevailed upon the groom to intercede for him. The king was informed respecting the matter, and appointed the day and hour for an interview.

"Let him come and see me," said he, "to-morrow at such an hour." At the appointed time our hero was on hand, and as soon as the king saw him he recognized his cleverness, and saw that there was something above his station in his bearing. Grasping his hand, he bade him welcome, and inquired into his parentage and place of residence. The young man informed him that his father's brother was a king, that his father had died when he was small, and that his mother had been defrauded of her husband's estate, and reduced to poverty; so he had grown up in want and neglect. The king believed his story, and made inquiries of

¹ He remained two years with the groom, and then served seven years with the king.

the keeper of the royal stables respecting the young man's demeanor, and was pleased to learn that it was in every respect unexceptional. He therefore engaged the youth as coachman and as one of his body-servants. The young man was thus employed for seven years, during which time he was diligent at his work, and used all his leisure and opportunities for improving his mind. He had agreed at first that at the end of seven years, if his services were not satisfactory, the contract should be broken. The king was greatly pleased with the young man, and was convinced of the truth of his story; he liked him better than any of the rest of his servants, for he was diligent, trustworthy, and pious.

Now the king had two children, a boy and a girl. The princess, from the first, conceived a strong affection for the young coachman. From her chamber window she used to watch him while at his work, and he often drove the coach in which she and her brother rode out; she took care to bestow upon her dignified but obsequious servant gentle words and gracious looks. One day, lingering behind after the coach had returned to the palace and her brother had left, she openly confessed her passion, and asked the youth to marry her. She herself, she said, would intercede with the king for the favor. He objected, saying, "I am poor; your father will never consent to the match, and your application can only end in defeat and danger to us both." But she was not to be baffled. "What if you are poor," she answered, "you are of royal descent, noble in your behavior and mien, and riches are easily acquired." He was captivated by her charms and conquered by her arguments, and they agreed that she should broach the subject to the king, her father, and ask his consent.

She did so, and was at first repulsed. She argued that his poverty need be no objection, since that could easily be removed. The king loved his daughter; and his affection for her and also for the young man, whom he believed to be of royal descent, prevailed over all objections, and the nup-

tials were decided on. He called the young man, promised to load him with honors and riches, and appointed the day for the wedding.

Meanwhile the news of the approaching wedding spread over the city. The humble condition of the expected bridegroom was kept secret. It was given out that he was a prince from a distant city. At the appointed time the marriage was celebrated with great splendor. Guns were fired, trumpets sounded, and bells rung. At the palace all was festivity and mirth; crowds pressed round to catch a glimpse of the happy pair, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. After this he returned to his own place, and found his mother still living, and their relatives all scattered, earning their livelihood by manual labor. He took his mother home with him to his palace, and provided for her in an honorable way till her death.

[How like some of our own legends! Is it not really one of our own? In the hands of Tennyson what a splendid poem it would make! He could begin with the misfortunes of the young count, could paint in brilliant colors the progress of events, and introduce a splendid *dénouement* of the plot.

Related, Nov. 16, 1871, by Nancy Jeddore, who, as she says, heard it from her mother, who had a large store of legends.]

LXXXVI.

ŬSKOOS' AND ABŬKCHEECH

(WEASEL AND MOUSE).

THERE was once a large Indian town on the borders of a lake, and out some distance in the lake there was a large island.

In this town resided a widow who had three children, two boys and one girl. The names of the boys were Ŭskoos' and Abŭkcheech (Weasel and Mouse). Weasel was the elder. The family were very poor, and the cause of their poverty was that they were too lazy to work for a livelihood; they lived by plunder.¹ The two boys did the principal part of the plundering; they always lay by in the daytime, and strolled out at night for their depredations, thus escaping detection. As these fellows were never seen at work, it became a matter of wonder to their neighbors how they lived. It was agreed to examine into the matter, and to see if the robbers, whose depredations were beginning to be felt quite seriously, could be detected. So a party of young men, at the chief's suggestion, paid the family a visit one evening. They found the mother and sister bustling about, but the two boys were asleep. They slept the whole evening, until their visitors had gone home; then they slipped out to their pranks.

One day the chief summoned them before him, and submitted them to a cross-examination. "What work do you

¹ The squirrel collects nuts for himself, and hoards up for winter, but weasels and mice never do; they are great thieves.

follow," said he, "and how do you get your living?" They said that they were honest and industrious Indians, and that they hunted to obtain their food and clothing, as other good men did. So they were dismissed; but the chief sent a party to watch them, and while they were being watched, they, in turn, watched the watchers. They would slyly peep forth from their hiding-places, and if the coast was not clear they would slip back and hide. Thus they managed to elude the vigilance of their enemies, whom they finally determined to avenge by an onslaught on a large scale. They went out and mustered all the weasels and mice of the surrounding region, and plundered the whole town. All the meat in the town was carried off in the course of a few nights, and all the clothing and skins were gnawed and spoiled. This was beyond endurance; and the chief summoned his council, and all agreed to remove over to the island. This was done; but our heroes remained behind.

After the rest had gone, they had full sway and plenty to eat. They walked boldly about in the daytime, and were observed from the island. An exploring-party was sent over to inquire into matters, and they found the two robbers in possession of the place, and revelling in plenty. The explorers were accosted in a friendly manner, and treated with all becoming respect. "Are you not troubled with mice and weasels?" they asked. "Oh, not in the least," was the answer; "they have all disappeared from the place." Learning the condition of things, the chief and all hands agreed to return, as their wigwams were all there, ready to be inhabited.

For a while they were unmolested. The two thieves had plenty, and they waited until the others had brought in their supplies, and their own were nearly exhausted, before they commenced operations again. The chief suspected there were necromancers among them; but others thought the rogues, whoever they were, must be something worse than necromancers, even evil spirits, they were so sly and destructive. The chief called the two chaps, Weasel and Mouse,

and consulted them. They offered to rid the neighborhood of the thieves, provided they were well rewarded. "What reward do you demand?" the chief asked. "That your eldest son shall receive our sister in marriage," was the reply. To this the old sachem would not consent, and so the trouble continued on a larger scale, for our heroes again called in the aid of their fellow Weasels and Mice of the surrounding region. This brought the chief to terms, and the young man took home his bride. The two boys now told their mother that they would not steal any more from the old chief because he was providing for their sister. They succeeded, too, according to agreement, in defending the place for some time, their neighbors never venturing over except by special invitation. But after a while the trouble broke out afresh, and the two brothers, who had proved themselves before so clever in protecting the property of their neighbors, were again appealed to. The reward demanded this time was that their mother should be provided for, and supplied with food and clothing. To this the chief agreed, and the thieving stopped. The old lady was removed to her new abode, and the sons told her that they were going away to seek their fortunes, and would not return for three years. A scheme, proposed by the elder brother Weasel, had been concerted between them to go to the place where the white king resided and rob him.

So bidding their mother and sister farewell, they started, and after travelling awhile came to a broad, beautiful valley, through which flowed two large rivers, and where they found an Indian village. There they inquired how far it was from the city where the king lived. They were told that it was very far off, but that they would come to another town before they reached it. So on they went, and arriving at the town they asked for employment. They were introduced to the chief, and he wished to know what they could do. They said that they could do almost anything, but they were special adepts in obtaining and bringing away booty.

He employed them, and they plied their trade steadily for a year, when they were paid off, and went on. They were determined to get an introduction to the king and rob him.

They travelled on a whole week before they reached the city. They could not enter it without leave from the king, as he was jealous of strangers. He was afraid of robbers. They accordingly sent up word that they wished to see the king. They said that their father was originally from this place, and that he died while they were children; they had come to visit the old place, and, if possible, get employment and remain.

In due time they had an interview with the king; he inquired what business they followed. Weasel said that he was a blacksmith by trade, and Mouse said that he could board and shingle houses. There happened to be plenty of work in these two departments, and they were soon installed in their new occupations. In the mean time they waited for night and darkness, in order to begin their more congenial employment; they executed their plans to rob the king. Being men in the day time, they could be Mouse and Weasel both in shape and nature at night. The Mouse cut through into the king's apartments, where the money and other valuables were. The Weasel stepped in through the hole and carried off the prey. Small and sly and slippery as he was, he was very strong.¹ He carried all out; they carefully closed the hole, and then returned to their home. They told their mother that the king had made them a present of all this. This ends the story.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 19, 1872.]

¹ This is true of the weasel. "One of them," says Nancy, "can almost drag a rabbit."

LXXXVII.

THE THREE KINGS.

A WAY very far from other human habitations on the borders of the sea, dwelt two Indian families. One son and three sisters younger than he, besides the two parents, constituted one of these families. The others consisted of the two old people who had no children. They were all poor. They did not know that there were any other Indians; but the father of the four children knew that, far away to the southwest, there was a large city where three kings resided and ruled.

One day after his son had grown to manhood, he told him to go in search of this city and beg of the king some assistance. "Ask him," said he, "for some seed, that we may till the land and raise the means of living. The ground here is fertile, and would make an excellent garden had we but seeds to plant. Ask him to give you instructions how to plant and cultivate the different kinds of seeds; his servants will give you all the necessary information."

The young man immediately prepared to execute his father's orders, and started on the expedition. He was charged to make all possible despatch and not to stay. He started according to instructions, and travelled towards the southwest, and was one whole year in reaching the place.

He had one memorable adventure on his way. He came out to a large pasture full of all kinds of animals, wild and tame, and was alarmed lest they should attack and kill him. So he stepped back into the woods, and started to go round them. He soon heard a voice calling to him, but he could see no one; the voice told him not to be afraid, as the

animals were all under his control, and would not touch him; but first he was questioned as to who he was and what he wanted. He then resumed his course across the field, and through the midst of the herd unmolested.

In due time he arrived at the city. It was large and beautifully built, and astonished the stranger by its magnificence. He entered a house of humble appearance and made inquiries. He was questioned in turn. "Where have you come from? What is your errand?" "I came," he replied, "from a distant place, and I wish to see the king, in order to obtain assistance from him to enable us to support ourselves by cultivating the land." His host informed him that it was as his father had told him, — there were in the city three kings; that this arrangement had been established when the city was first built, and had been adhered to ever since. He told him where the residence of the kings was. He went over to it, and the porter examined him, and, after being satisfied that he was all right, went and spoke to the king in the stranger's behalf. The king fixed a time when he could be seen; and when that time arrived, our friend was on hand. He knelt before the king, who extended to him his right hand, which he kissed. He then made known his errand. The king left him, but promised to be back in an hour. When he returned, one of the other kings came with him. They gave him money and several kinds of seeds, seven of each kind. He was to plant each kind by itself; they told him he must be careful not to pluck the fruit before it was perfectly ripe; then they would realize seven bushels to every seed. This would be sufficient to seed the whole region. He must be liberal with it. Those who were able might buy it, but such as were poor must receive it gratis. The kings invited him to remain there for a season with them, but he declined their invitation, as his father had charged him to return immediately. So they dismissed him, but informed him that there was a much shorter way home than that by which he came. Upon this route they put him, and in one week he was at home.

When spring opened, they prepared the ground and planted their seeds, which came up and grew with wonderful rapidity.

Now it happened that the father was a very religious man; he was strict and regular in his devotions, and prayed a great deal. He chose, as a place of prayer, the field where the crop was growing, which he made it his business to watch. Every day he resorted thither carrying his prayer-book, in which he read morning, noon, and night. The crop grew so rapidly and spread so wonderfully that he could almost see it grow.

One day a voice addressed him,—but he could not see the speaker,—admonishing him that a jealous enemy was meditating mischief, and would seek to destroy his garden, with all that pertained to it; but if he persevered seven days in prayer, the design would be frustrated. "Is this your garden?" said the voice. He answered, "No, it belongs to my son; I am simply here watching it." When he returned home, he informed the family what he had heard; it was concluded that an angel had spoken to him, and that the enemy referred to was the devil. The old man doubled his diligence in his devotions for seven days; and the foe, whoever he was, was kept at bay.

When autumn came, and the crops had ripened, it was found just as the generous king foretold; each seed had produced seven bushels. This was carefully gathered and disposed of according to the directions received. There was enough to supply the neighbors as well as themselves with seed, and plenty besides to be used as food.

Soon after this the old man died, and they buried him. The son felt sad, and thought the mother would soon follow; he told his sisters so, but they thought differently. One day he was gone so long that they became alarmed, and one of the girls went to look for him; she found him dead. Here the tale ends abruptly.

MEMORANDA.

OOTÂBÂKÛNASKOOK.

THIS is a kind of sledge, made flat and wide, of several pieces bent over, like the iron of a pair of skates, at the forward end. The several pieces of which it is composed are about three or four inches wide and half an inch thick, and sometimes ten feet long. No nails are used in its construction, but it is fastened together with green hide strings. Several pieces of wood are laid across, and holes are pierced through the slats; these cross bars are tied down firmly, the string on the outside being sunk into a groove to keep it from catching and wearing off. Rock-maple or beech is preferred as the material for the construction. A small round stick runs along on the top lengthwise, on each side, to which the load is bound. The whole forms a light, convenient, yielding, yet strong sledge for conveyance through the woods. Such sledges are especially adapted for hunting on snow-shoes, as they readily yield to the uneven surface, slipping over the snow and windfalls; and even if they capsize, they sustain no injury, — the load, being bound on, can be readily righted. This was the *tobakun* of olden times.

COOKÛMĪJENAWÂNÂK'.

NAME of a place; signification, the Grandmother's Place. There are two places in Nova Scotia called by this name. One is at the outlet of the Grand Lake into the Shubenacadia River. Right in the middle of the river there is a rock a

little more than a foot above the surface, and sufficiently large for two persons to stand upon and fish. It is looked upon as a very lucky place to fish. The Indians think it was made there for them. They think a great deal of it, and would be sorry to have it removed.

THE END.

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